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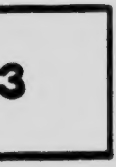

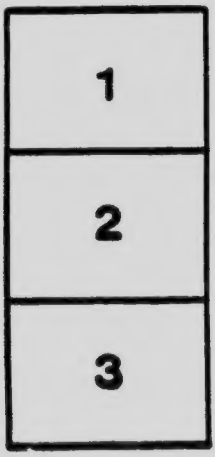

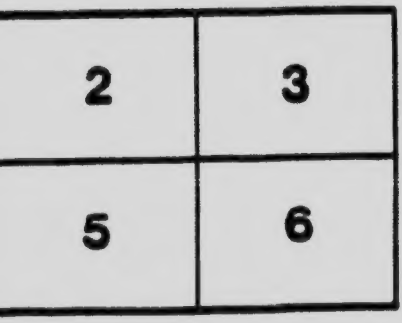

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KING COLE · ILLUSTRATIONS
BY C. ROBINSON

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LONDON: J. M. DENT & CO.
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THIS IS
FAIRY
GOLD,
BOY: AND
'T WILL
PROVE SO
SHAKESPEARE

854

THE·TRUE·ANNALS OF·FAIRYLAND *In the Reign of* KING COLE

EVERY MAN I WILL GO WITH THEE BE THY GVIDE

IN THY MOST NEED TO GO BY THY SIDE

LONDON: PUBLISHED by J·M·DENT·&·CO AND IN NEW YORK BY E·P·DUTTON & CO

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Introduction

TRUE fairy stories are always better than fairy stories that are made up, and real kings are greater than those who never lived at all, so that the true stories told here at the real court of Old King Cole are surely worth your while to read. Where his kingdom lay is difficult to tell, because nearly all the travellers and ambassadors who went there found so much pleasure at the court that they nearly always forgot to come away. To walk into Old King Cole's country was easy enough, but to walk out again was a very different thing. You felt so happy at such a court that it was difficult to tear yourself away.

These stories are true stories told by real people at a real court. Some of them may have been heard by you before, but that proves all the more that the stories are true, for they wouldn't have been told since if they had been found out to be false. Some, indeed, of these stories have been told by dear old Hans Anderson, and some by the brothers Grimm, while others are to be found in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* and in the *Fairy Mythology* of Keightley, and Dean Swift more than a hundred years ago told the tale of the Brobdingnag giants, and Mary and Charles Lamb re-told the story of *Prospero and Miranda.*

"Is Old King Cole still alive?" you ask.

Well that is a hard question to answer, as it is so long since the last traveller came back. The king, however,

was a very old man then, and it is hardly likely that he lived much longer in spite of his jolly old soul and his hearty laugh. Still he must have left a happy kingdom behind him, for all those thousands and thousands of merry little children must have grown up into happy youths and happy maidens and so at last to contented men and women. Their breath was full of laughter, and tears were strangers to their hearts.

If you wish to get to the kingdom over which Old King Cole once reigned, you must be a very good little boy or girl, and listen quietly to any one who tells you a fairy story. Then at night, perhaps, when you lie on your little bed, and the stars are shining with friendly eyes down upon you, someone will come and take you on the back of the wind to this happy, happy place. It will not take you very long to get there, but you will want to stay there for ever and ever and listen to the wonderful tales there told.

Or if you like you can make a kingdom in your own home like that of Old King Cole, a kingdom without a palace and without a throne, but a kingdom of happy hearts and happy faces—with no ill-tempered words and no unkindness or rude behaviour. That is what Old King Cole always used to say to the ambassadors who came to him to find out how he managed things. "Make your children happy and good," he used to say, "and you won't have any more trouble. The kingdom which is the greatest of all is the kingdom of the happy children."

Well, some of the ambassadors went away at last and one in especial who remembered all the stories he had heard at the court of Old King Cole. When the king of that ambassador's country heard the stories, he was so pleased that he said that other kings and peoples of other kingdoms must hear the stories too, and that they must be published in a book. They *have* been published in a book, and this is the book which now you hold in your hand.

THE EDITOR.

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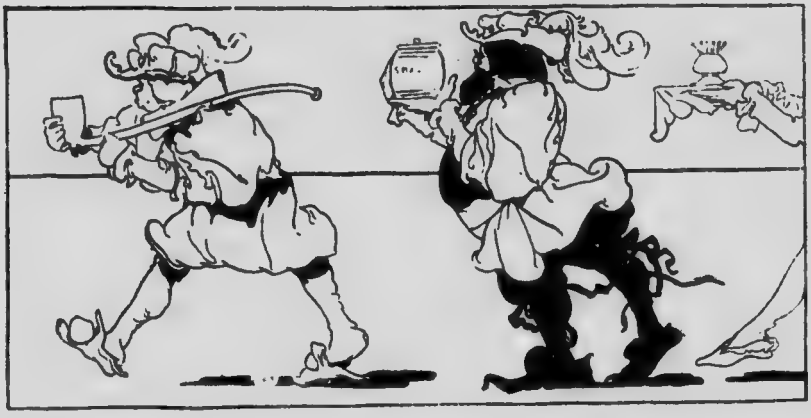
The First Tale

OLD KING COLE was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he. Some kings are merry when they marry, and some are merry when they don't, but Old King Cole was the only king I ever heard of who was merry whatever should happen. Nothing ever made him lose his temper, and

his laugh and his smile were so pleasant that everybody in his court was bound to be happy too.

In all the kingdom of Old King Cole nobody was really poor. There were peasants and working-men, and shopkeepers with only small shops, but all were so happy and willing to work, that they could not help earning enough money to live contentedly and well. Some say that everyone was so happy because there were such lots of little children there. Certainly there were more children than one ever sees anywhere else—children here, children there, and children everywhere. If old King Cole called for his pipe, a pretty little child would bring it in, and



bring such a happy young face with it that the king was happier and merrier than ever. If he wanted a glass, some little four-year-old tottered in with a great big mug, or smiled up from under a bottle. And if he called for his fiddlers three, the fiddlers found three little children pulling

at their coat tails, and telling them that the king wished them to come. Of course the children were not the only

ones that ran messages. If only you saw who brought in the matches and the tobacco jar, you would rub your

eyes with wonder. And one mug was not enough for Old King Cole, he must have a wassail bowl, or he would die.

Some of the ambassadors who came to this country could not understand things. They could not understand how a king could romp about and play bear with the children as you could see Old King Cole doing. One day he would let himself be chased all over the garden by a little cherub, and the next he would be clapping his hands at the dancing of a tiny subject.

The saddest-faced ambassador in all the world tripped over the door-mat, but came up smiling when he saw Old King Cole being chased by a mite of three. No wonder that the sun liked to shine more in the

kingdom of King Cole than anywhere else, and when it was night the stars twinkled and twinkled so merrily that you were forced to laugh whenever you looked at them.

There were lots of children in the kingdom of Old King Cole, but none of them were naughty, and none

had to be punished and so made unhappy. They got so many half-holidays that school was quite nice to go to, and when Old King Cole came along and saw them all trooping out, hundreds and hundreds of them, all as happy as happy could be, and never a tear in an eye, he laughed more merrily than ever.

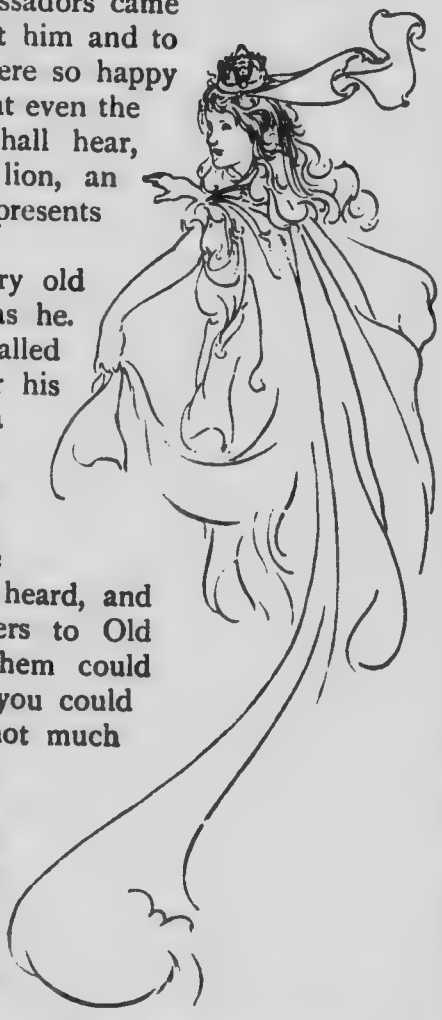
There were flowers and beautiful gardens all over the kingdom of Old King Cole, and every afternoon the palace grounds were open for the benefit of all who wished

to come in. There were sunflowers with their golden faces, and beautiful tall red tulips, and carnations and pansies, all beautifully arranged, so that your heart beat softly when you saw them. In one of the gardens in the palace grounds there were only wild flowers, but this, to my mind, was the loveliest garden of them all. There

were violets, and daisies, and forget-me-nots; there were bluebells and buttercups; there were marguerites and dandelions; and, best of all, there were cornflowers and poppies, so wonderful with their reds and blues that you felt there could be nothing in all the world more beautiful.

The palace itself was all white, built of silver and dainty white marble, and when the sun shone on it, the light

danced so that you could hardly look at it. No wonder that Old King Cole was happy and merry in such a palace. No wonder that ambassadors came from all over the world to visit him and to find out why all his subjects were so happy and contented. No wonder that even the King of the Zulus, as you shall hear, sent an ambassador with a lion, an elephant and a rhinoceros as presents to the king.



Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he. He called for his pipe, and he called for his glass, and he called for his fiddlers three. The first was a German fiddler, the second a Scotch fiddler, and the third came all the way from Russia. All three of them fiddled the merriest tunes that ever you heard, and that is how they became fiddlers to Old King Cole. And each of them could tell merry stories, for unless you could tell a merry story, there was not much chance of your staying very long at the court of Old King Cole.

'Come now," said Old King Cole one evening after a splendid banquet, when they had danced a pleasant dance. "Come now, let us have a story, and let it be a merry one."

"Bravo!" cried all the courtiers. "No sad stories for us."

"The German fiddler will commence," said Old King Cole. "He can fiddle the merriest tunes of them all. He must tell us something about a fiddler of his own country."

"Very well," said the fiddler. "I will tell you the story of the Jew in the Bush."

The German fiddler was a funny little fellow with red hair, and a red beard, red shoes, a red waistcoat, and

a red handkerchief sticking out of his tail coat pocket. He was so funny to look at that you couldn't help laughing at him, and at the end of the story every one was in such a good humour that the whole palace seemed to be laughing.

And this is the story he told,

The Jew *in the* Bush

A FAITHFUL servant had worked hard for his master, a thrifty farmer, for three long years, and had been paid no wages. At last it came into the man's head that he would not go on thus any longer: so he went to his master and said, "I have worked hard for you for a long time, and without pay too. I will trust to you to give me what I ought to have for my trouble; but something I must have, and then I must take a holiday."

The farmer was a sad miser, and knew that his man was simple-hearted; so he took out three crowns and thus gave him a crown for each year's service. The poor fellow thought it was a great deal of money to have, and

said to himself, "Why should I work hard and live here on bad fare any longer? Now that I am rich I can travel into the wide world, and make myself merry." With that he put his money into his purse, and set out, roaming over hill and valley.

As he jogged along over the fields, singing and dancing, a little dwarf met him, and asked him what made him so merry. "Why, what should make me downhearted?" said he; "I am sound in health and rich in purse, what should I care for? I have saved up my three years' earnings, and have it all safe in my pocket." "How much may it come to?" said the manikin. "Three whole crowns," replied the countryman. "I wish you would give them to me," said the other; "I am very poor." Then the good man pitied him, and gave him all he had; and the little dwarf said, "As you have such a kind heart, I will grant you three wishes—one for each crown; so choose whatever you like." Then the countryman rejoiced at his good luck, and said, "I like many things better than money: first, I will have a bow that will bring down every thing I shoot at; secondly, a fiddle that will set every one dancing that hears me play upon it; and thirdly, I should like to be able to make every one grant me whatever I ask." The dwarf said he should have his three wishes; so he gave him the bow and fiddle, and went his way.

Our honest friend journeyed on his way too; and if he was merry before, he was now ten times more so. He had not gone far before he met an old Jew. Close by them stood a tree, and on the topmost twig sat a thrush, singing away most joyfully. "Oh, what a pretty bird!" said the Jew, "I would give a great deal of my money to have such a one." "If that's all," said the countryman, "I will soon bring it down." Then he took up his bow—off went his arrow—and down fell the thrush into a bush that grew at the foot of the tree. The Jew, when he saw he could have the bird, thought he would cheat the man; so he put his money into his pocket

again, and crept into the bush to find the prize. But as soon as he had got into the middle, his companion took up his fiddle and played away; and the Jew began to dance and spring about, capering higher and higher in the air. The thorns soon began to tear his clothes, till they all hung in rags about him; and he himself was all scratched and wounded, so that the blood ran down. "Oh, for Heaven's sake!" cried the Jew, "mercy, mercy, master! pray stop the fiddle! What have I done to be treated in this way?" "What hast thou done? Why thou hast shaved many a poor soul close enough," said the other; "thou art only meeting thy reward." So he played up another tune yet merrier than the first. Then the Jew began to beg and pray; and at last he said he would give plenty of his money to be set free. But he did not come up to the musician's price for some time, and he danced him along brisker and brisker. The higher the Jew danced, the higher he bid; till at last he offered a round hundred crowns, that he had in his purse, and had just gained by cheating some poor fellow. When the countryman saw so much money, he said, "I will agree to the bargain." So he took the purse, put up his fiddle, and travelled on, very well pleased with his bargain.

Meanwhile the Jew crept out of the bush, half naked and in a piteous plight; and began to ponder how he should take his revenge, and serve his late companion some trick. At last he went to the judge, and said that a rascal had robbed him of his money, and beaten him soundly into the bargain; and that the fellow who did it carried a bow at his back, and had a fiddle hanging round his neck. Then the judge sent out his ba liffs to bring up the man, wherever they should find him; and so the poor countryman was soon caught, and brought up to be tried.

The Jew began to tell his tale, and said he had been robbed of his money. "Robbed, indeed!" said the countryman; "why you gave it me for playing you a tune, and teaching you to dance!" But the judge told him

that was not likely; and that the Jew, he was sure, knew better what to do with his money. So he cut the matter short by sending him off to the gallows.

And away he was taken; but as he stood at the foot of the ladder he said, "My Lord Judge, may it please your worship to grant me but one boon?" "Anything but thy life," replied the other. "No," said he, "I do not ask my life; only let me play one tune upon my fiddle for the last time." The Jew cried out. "Oh, no! no! no! for

Heaven's sake don't listen to him! don't listen to him!" But the judge said, "It is only for this once, poor man! he will soon have done." The fact was, he could not say no, because the dwarf's third gift enabled him to make every one grant whatever he asked, whether they liked it or not.

Then the Jew said, "Bind me fast, bind me fast, for pity's sake!" But the countryman seized his fiddle, and struck up a merry tune; and at the first note, judge, clerks, and gaoler, were set a-going; all began capering, and no one could hold the Jew. At the second note the hangman let his prisoner go, and danced also; and by the time he had played the first bar of the tune all were dancing together—judge, court, Jew, and all the people who had followed to look on. At first the thing was merry and joyous enough; but when it had gone on awhile, and there seemed to be no end of either playing or dancing, all began to cry out, and beg him to leave off: but he stopped not a whit the more for their begging, till the judge not only gave him his life, but paid him back the hundred crowns.

Then he called to the Jew, and said, "Tell us now, you rogue, where you got that gold, or I shall play on for your amusement only." "I stole it," said the Jew, before all the people; "I acknowledge that I stole it, and that you earned it fairly." Then the countryman stopped his fiddle, and left the Jew to take his place at the gallows.

"Bravo!" said Old King Cole, when the first fiddler had finished his story. "That's the kind of story I like, where all the rogues are hung. And now I call on the second fiddler, Rory M'Gillivray to tell us another story."

"All right," said Rory who came from Scotland, and carried a sprig of heather in his buttonhole. "I'll tell you a story of an adventure I once had with the fairies."

"What is it all about," said Old King Cole, "and is it funny?"

CHARLES ROBINSON
AT THE FIRST NOTE JUDGE CLERKS AND JAILER WERE SET AGOING.

"At least it isn't sad," said Rory, "for it's all about how I learned to dance."

"Splendid," cried all the courtiers, for Rory was the best dancer of them all, and kept them all in good spirits whenever he danced the Highland fling.

Rory Macgillivray.

"WELL then," said Rory, the second fiddler, "you must remember that no country in the world has so many elves and fairies as Scotland, bonnie Scotland, for they love the mountains and the beautiful clear water that runs and dances down the burns or streams. Now in the forest of Glenavon where my father lived, there are known to be thousands and thousands of fairies, who come out to make sport in the moonlight and hide themselves under the earth or in bluebells and foxgloves by day.

One night two of us, my brother and I, were out searching for some sheep which had strayed, and by some chance we passed a fairy dwelling of very large size. What was our astonishment to see streams of the most wonderful light shining forth through little holes and chinks in the rock—holes which we had never seen there before though we had the sharpest eyes in the country. It was

only natural that we should satisfy our curiosity by going to the place to look more closely. As we approached, we were charmed by the sweetest sounds ever made by a fiddle-string, sounds so merry and gladsome that we felt as jolly as jolly could be. We were glad that we had come, though we now knew that the rock was inhabited by fairies, and indeed I was so overcome by the charm of the music that I had the boldness to propose that we should pay the fairies a short visit and join them in the dance. To this my brother, fond as he was of dancing, would by no means consent, and he earnestly desired me to come away. But every new jig that was played and every new reel that was danced made me still more anxious to join the fairies, and at length, leaving all prudence behind, I leapt into the enchanted rock.

My poor forlorn brother was now left alone and very sad. His grief for my loss suggested to him more than once the idea of sharing my fate by following my example. But on the other hand when he remembered how little the fairies could be trusted, and remembered too the comforts of our father's fireside, he resolved to leave me to my fate. Accordingly he stood at one of the crevices and shouted my name three times, begging me to come back. But whether I heard him and cared not, or whether I was too much taken up with the music, I would not listen, and so my brother had to go home alone.

How can I describe the life I spent with those fairies? There was fiddling and dancing and singing from morn to night, and from night to morn. I soon learnt to fiddle myself, so that when my legs were weary I took up my fiddle and used my arms instead. The fairies treated me so kindly that I felt quite at home, and if I had wished to do so, I could have married t[illegible]ty times over. Indeed, so pleasantly did the time pa[illegible] that though I remained there a whole year it seeme[illegible] half-an-hour, and I might have been there still, dancing to this day, had not my brother carried me away.

Rory Macgillivray

My absence naturally caused great grief to my parents, and all the wise men were asked how I could be rescued from the fairies. At last one of them told a plan by which I might be delivered at the end of twelve months from the day on which I entered.

"Return," said the wise man to my brother, "to the place where you lost Rory a year and a day from the time. Put this charm in your pocket, and the fairies cannot touch you. Enter the rock boldly in the name of Christ, claim your brother, and if he does not come with you willingly, seize him and carry him off by force—none dare stop you."

My brother did not like this plan, which seemed to him very dangerous, but his father and friends begged him not to forget poor Rory, and so he agreed to try, whatever the result might be.

The hour of midnight arrived, and my brother, loaded with charms and encouraged by my father's blessing, went to the fairies' dwelling. On coming near the rock he once again heard the ravishing music, and saw the light streaming from the holes and chinks in the rock. At first he was afraid, but at last with trembling footsteps he entered the place, and amidst the merry throng was delighted to see me dancing the Highland fling upon the floor, with a skill and a grace and an ease which he had good reason to envy. Without losing much time, my brother ran to me, calling out the words told to him by the wise man, seized me by the collar, and insisted on my at once coming home with him to our poor parents. I said "yes, if he would allow me to finish my single reel," assuring him very earnestly that I had not been half an hour in the dwelling. Nor would I ever have believed that I had really been twelve months bewitched, had not the calves, now grown big, and the new-born babe, convinced me that I had spent a year and a day in the place of enchantment. However I got no harm from the visit, and as you know I can fiddle and dance as well as any one in all the world."

DONALD WAS DELIGHTED
TO SEE HIS BROTHER
EARNESTLY DANCING THE
HIGHLAND FLING

"True, true," said Old King Cole, "you have had a wonderful experience, and you are the best of all my dancers. And what is better still, you can tell a good story. Now have you any other stories to tell, fairies stories of Scotland."

"Yes," said the Scotch fiddler. "There is the story of *Colin and Mary*.

"Excellent," said Old King Cole.

"This," said the little Scot, who looked something of a poet, "is not an ordinary story but it is true, for I once knew Colin himself. And as I said before, it is the story of *Colin and Mary*.

Colin and Mary

ONCE upon a time there was a maiden whose name was Mary. She had brown eyes and brown hair, and her hands and arms were all burnt brown with the sun, so that she was brown as a berry. In fact Mary was so brown that they called her the Nut-brown maiden, and some one said once that she was simply a little brownie. She drove out the cows on to the meadows in the morning, and then she went down beside the burn and sang and sang till the burn sang with her, and the sunbeams sang with the burn, and nothing round about her did anything but sing.

That's how it was that Colin began to sing. Colin was just a clumsy lout, till he saw Mary on the other side of the burn. Mary's cattle were on one side of the burn and Colin's cattle were on the other, and you would have thought that they belonged to the same herd, they were so like. But Colin knew better, and Colin hated Mary's cattle till he heard Mary sing. Then it was different.

"Mary," said Colin one day, "I love you."

Mary just laughed and sang and laughed, but never said anything in answer.

Colin and Mary

"Mary," said Colin, after a little, "tell me, are you real or are you a fairy?"

Just then a golden butterfly came past and lighted on Mary's shoulder. Colin saw it, but Mary did not seem to notice.

"Of course I'm real," said Mary, "and I'm only a cow-girl. But Colin," said Mary, "I will marry you to-morrow if you really love me. If you really love me, you will never forget me, will you?"

"Never!" said Colin.

"Well then," said the golden butterfly, interrupting, "Mary is really a fairy and she is going to live with us as a golden bird for a year and a day. If you love her truly, you will wait for her and never forget her, even though you do not see her."

"Yes," said Colin, "I will wait for dear Mary."

"Dear Colin," said Mary, "I am going away, but though you will not see me, you will hear me if you really love me. I will come and sing here every day, and milk the cows in the evening."

"Ah," said Colin, "then you are going away with the golden butterfly."

"Yes," said the golden

butterfly. "Mary will be a golden bird for a year and a day, and if you love her truly you will hear her singing, and then at last she will come back again to her cows and she will marry you."

And just as the golden butterfly said, Mary became a golden bird, and flew away and left Colin alone by the burn with the old cows.

Donald, Mary's father came along soon after, and saw his cows without Mary.

"Hullo," he said to Colin. "Where is Mary?"

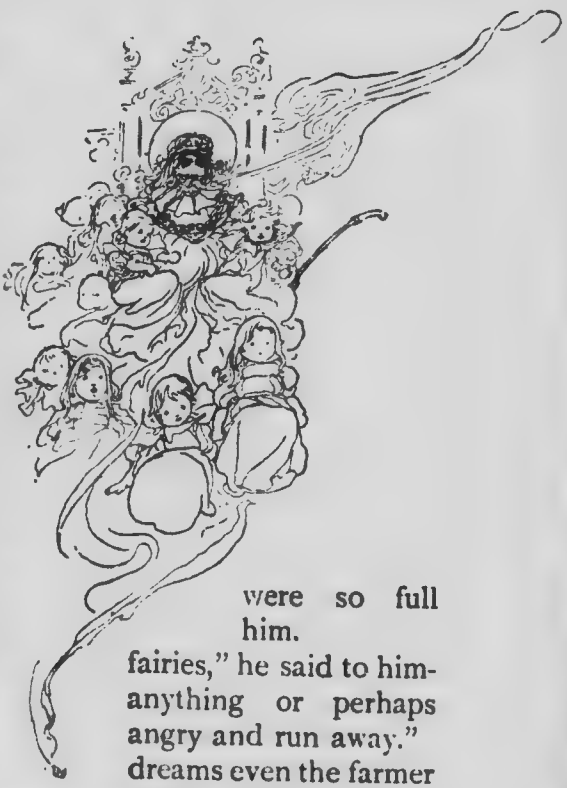
"Never mind," said Colin. "She has become a golden bird, and has flown away. But I can still hear her singing in the distance."

But old Donald thought that Colin was making a fool of him and gave him a good thrashing. Then when he saw Colin crying, he felt sorry again and said:

"Never mind my lad, you can look after the cattle till Mary comes back."

So every day Colin came and watched over the cattle

down by the side of the burn. Some said he was mad and daft; others said that he mistook the singing of the burn for Mary's singing. But Colin himself knew better, but only one person in the world could sing as Mary sang; and that was Mary herself. And he knew that Mary *must* be there, for the cows were milked without his having to touch them.



You say that is impossible, but then you were not there to see. The meadows were rich with grass, and the cows grazed happily and lazily all day, so that when they came home each had milk enough for a whole farm. Colin himself could never have milked them all himself, and the farmer often wondered how the pails were so full with no one to help him.

"It must be the fairies," he said to himself. "But I won't say anything or perhaps they would be frightened or angry and run away."

Sometimes in his dreams even the farmer thought he heard a voice singing, though the words were difficult to make out. All that he remembered when he awoke was just this one verse, which nothing could ever drive out of his mind.

"My Colin has cattle
So grey and so brown,
And warm is their milk
When the sun has gone down."

So for a year and a day Mary lived as a golden bird

among the fairies, and still Colin loved her truly, for he knew that she would come back to marry him. And she did come back, and old Donald gave them a cottage and cattle of their own, so that they lived happily ever after. As I said before, I met Colin, and I met old Donald, the farmer, and old Donald used himself to sing and croon over the words of the verse I have quoted, singing it to music so strange, that I think it must have had some of the fairy music in it.

They all agreed that the story and the song about Colin and Mary were very beautiful, and as Old King Cole and the courtiers and the children, especially the children, wanted another such story, the Scotch fiddler told them the story of the *Jolly Beggar*.

The Jolly Beggar

ONCE upon a time there was a King of Scotland who had never loved anyone, and never meant to. All the ladies of the court wanted to marry him, and tumbled over one another in trying to sit next him at table, but he never would look at them, and spent all his time in hunting and fighting and eating. But as time went on, his knights began to say that he really *must* marry; for if he died without leaving any children, the kingdom would fall to his cousin who was an Englishman and a tyrant. The King, however, would not change his mind, but said that he would never marry till he really fell in love.

One day when the King was out hunting, he came upon a town that he had never seen before, and in this town there was a house. It was not a large house, but the garden in front of it was well looked after, and the flowers grew as he had never seen flowers grow before.

The Jolly Beggar

There were lilies and roses, roses white and roses red. Then the dog outside the door was so strong and big that the King would gladly have had him for his hunting. The King went up to the dog to pat its head, when he heard a voice singing, and singing so sweet that he could do nothing else but listen. It was the voice of a girl, and though he could not see her, he knew that she must be the most beautiful girl in all Scotland.

Then the voice stopped, and the dog of his own accord pushed open the door and went in. The King watched him and almost made up his mind to follow. But "No!" he said to himself. "Perhaps the voice was the voice of a witch. I will come back again to-morrow with twenty-four of my belted knights."

Next day the King called out all his knights, and picked out twenty-four who were the best of his fighters.

"Get ready your spears," he said. "I am going this day to find a queen."

So they all began to polish their spears and got ready for a fight.

At twelve o'clock the King came out into the court-yard where they all sat ready on their chargers, but at first they could hardly see that it was the King. For he had covered over his armour with rags, just like a beggar, and his legs were all covered over with mud. The knights said nothing, but whispered to one another that the King was mad. But the King himself took no notice of them, but simply jumped on his horse and galloped off, leaving them to follow as best they could.

When the King came near the town where the house was, he stopped and tied his horse to a tree and walked into the town to the door of the house. He listened for a moment, and heard a voice singing, the voice that he had heard singing the day before. Then he knocked, the singing stopped, and a girl opened the door, quite simply dressed, but so beautiful that the King was full of wonder.

The Jolly Beggar

"Come in," she said, opening the door wide. "Come in, beggar-man, with your bonny curly hair."

So the King went in and sat down beside the fire, while the girl made him some porridge.

"It's a cold night," said the King, "and the ground is cold to sleep upon."

"I'll give you a bed here," said the girl, "and it is of clean straw and hay, beggar-man with your bonny curly hair."

She went to the barn and took the best straw and hay in her arms.

"That's the best straw and hay," said the King, "and I'm only a beggar."

"Yes," said the lass. "You're only a beggar, with your bonny curly hair." And so she made a bed for him behind the hall door.

Then when night came and the goodman came home, he wanted to turn the beggar out.

"But, no," said the King. "I must sleep here, with my bonny curly hair."

"Then sleep in the barn," said the goodman.

"No," said the King, "But I will sleep behind the hall door, with my bonny curly hair."

"Well, Mary," said the goodman to his daughter, "go and bar the door."

But before she reached the door, the King jumped before her and stopped her, and drew out his bugle and blew a blast, and in a minute his four and twenty knights galloped up to the door, to answer the call of their king. And the King threw off his beggar's rags, and the girl saw that he was the king.

"Ah!" said Mary. "You're the King, with your bonny curly hair."

"Ay," said the King. "And I've come here for my Queen." So they put Mary on a horse, and went off with her to the King's Palace, where he married her, and they lived happily ever after.

"Bravo!" said Old King Cole, when the Scotch fiddler had finished. "That wife was bravely won."

"Indeed," said the Scotch fiddler, "I do not believe that any other wife in all the world was ever more bravely won."

"Not so fast, not so fast," said the German fiddler "You forget Hans the Hunter."

"Who was Hans the Hunter?" asked Old King Cole.

The Jolly Beggar

"Hans the Hunter? why, he was the finest hunter that ever lived. If your majesty permits, I will tell his story."

"By all means," said the King.

"Well then," said the German fiddler, "pray silence for the story of *Hans the Hunter*."

Hans the Hunter.

ONCE upon a time there were three sisters who lived in a cottage near the forest. One of them was called Anna, the second Barbara, but the third had no name at all. The reason why the third had no name was that her father and mother forgot to think of one, and when the time for christening came, and they were asked for the name of their baby, they just stood and looked at one another and said nothing.

Well, near this cottage there lived a hunter, whose name

was Hans, and everyone called him Hans the Hunter. He was still quite young, but no one could hunt nearly so well as he. Whenever he blew his horn, all the wild beasts in the forest trembled with fear, and indeed some were so frightened that they could not run away at all, but just stood still and trembled till Hans shot them down. Hans was proud of his horn, and indeed some people called it a magic horn.

Now Hans had never spoken to the three sisters, but he had seen them, and he often thought that if ever he wanted to marry he would like to marry one of them. So one day he put on his best clothes, and set his best hat on his head, and set out to pay a visit to the three sisters. But as he went, the Wolf saw him and ran off to tell the Wolf Mother, who is the bad fairy of the forest, and the Wolf Mother hated Hans the Hunter, and had always wanted to be revenged on him. So the Wolf Mother hurried off and reached the cottage before him. She did not go in her own shape, for then they would never have let her in, but she put on the form of an old beggar woman. And so when the three sisters saw her, they took pity on her and let her in. But the moment they let her in they repented, for she waved her wand and turned them all into birds.

So when Hans the Hunter came to the cottage, he found it empty, and no one near but an old woman who was hobbling away as fast as she could.

"Hullo!" he said. "Surely I've seen that old woman before. Why yes, that's the old Wolf Mother, and I'm sure she's been up to mischief."

So Hans the Hunter took out his magic horn and blew a blast, and the Wolf Mother in spite of herself, was turned back from an old woman into her own shape, and ran off howling into the forest.

Then Hans the Hunter said to the horn.

"Well done, old horn. Thou art a true and trusty friend, and a sure defence against all evil spirits."

Then Hans the Hunter mounted his horse and rode off

through the forest looking for the three sisters. For a long time he searched, but no one was to be seen. Then suddenly he heard the singing of birds so wonderful and sweet that the whole forest seemed to be full of it.

He looked round and saw that the singing came from three birds, and lifting off his hat, he said:

"Bravo, little birds, you sing splendidly."

Then as he was about to go along further, he felt the horn trembling under his arms, and hitting his sides.

"Hullo, old friend," said Hans the Hunter, "what's the matter?"

The horn could not speak, but only trembled and swung itself about.

Hans the Hunter thought for a minute. He had never seen his old horn behave like this before. So he took it up, put it to his mouth, and blew a blast with all his might.

In a moment the three birds stopped their singing, and when Hans the Hunter looked round he saw, not the three birds but the three sisters, who ran forward to thank him.

"Do not thank me," said Hans the Hunter, "but thank my trusty old horn, who is a sure defence against all evil spirits."

So they thanked the horn, and asked Hans to take them home again.

"But first," said Hans, "first tell me your names."

"I am Anna," said the eldest, who was beautiful as copper with her dark brown hair.

"And I am Barbara," said the second, who was fair and fresh as silver.

"And what is your name?" asked Hans the Hunter of the third, who had lovely golden hair.

"I have no name," she said modestly.

"Then I shall give you one," said Hans the Hunter, "for you shall be my wife."

And so he married her, and they lived happily ever after.

Hans the Hunter

"Excellent!" said Old King Cole, when the German fiddler had finished; "this wife also was bravely won. And now for the third fiddler, and tell him to give us the merriest story he knows."

So the third fiddler was called up to tell a story, and as he was a Russian he told a Russian story.

"I know only one story," said the third fiddler, "and that is the story of my life."

"Well that must be a merry story," said Old King Cole, "for of all my merry fiddlers you are the merriest."

The Third Fiddler's Tale.

"PERHAPS I am merry now," said the fiddler, "but once I was the saddest fellow outside your kingdom, sire, for I had a wife whose temper was so bad that all the milk in the house used to turn sour. If I told her to get up early, she lay in bed till dinner-time, and if I wanted any cakes she refused to make them. Then when I did not want them she would make three times as many as I wanted and scold me because I would not eat them. At last I grew weary of this squabbling and fighting, and so I resolved to make an end of it all, and this is how I did it.

At the foot of the garden there was a wood and in the wood there was a deep deep hole that very few knew of. It was so deep that when I dropped a stone down, I could not hear it touch the bottom.

"Splendid," said I to myself, "this is the place for my wife."

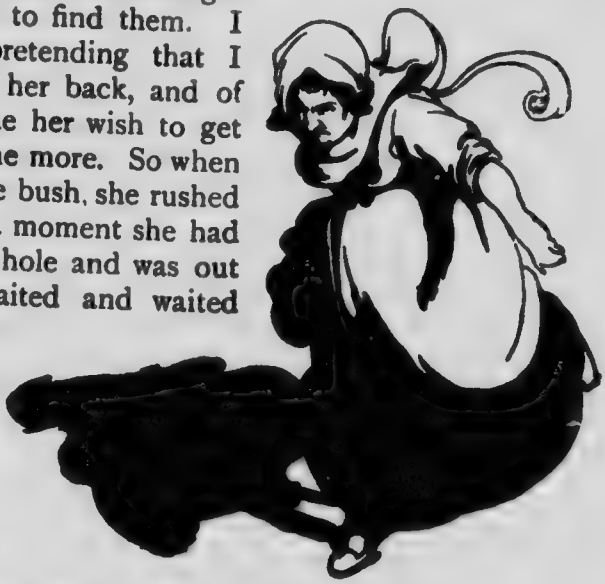
Near this hole was a big gooseberry bush which I easily pulled up and planted beside the hole so as to cover it up. So thick was the bush that if one did not know the hole was there, one was sure to fall down. Then I went home and told my wife not to go near the woods.

"Why not?" said she in a rage.

"Because," said I, "I have found a big gooseberry

bush full of splendid berries, and I want them all for myself."

"But *I* want them all for *myself*," said my wife, and without more ado she went straight off to the wood to find them. I followed her pretending that I wished to keep her back, and of course this made her wish to get the berries all the more. So when we arrived at the bush, she rushed forward and in a moment she had fallen down the hole and was out of sight. I waited and waited but there was no sound.



"Hurrah," I said, "she has gone for ever and I shall now be a happy man."

"And were you happy?" said old King Cole.

"Wait a minute," said the fiddler, "I have not finished my story. For several days I was the happiest man in all the world, but then I began to be a little afraid. I thought to myself 'what if she comes back? will not that be worse than ever?'

So at last to make sure, I went back to the hole to see if there was any trace of my wife. I had brought a long cord with me, and this I let down the hole to see if it had any bottom. Suddenly I felt something catch on to the cord, so I began to pull up as fast as I could. What was my surprise when I pulled up the end of the cord to find there a tiny little mannikin, dressed in black, who had a tail sticking out behind his coat, and who was clearly a devil. I was just going to throw the mannikin down the hole again, when he fell on his knees and begged me to spare him.

The Third Fiddler's Tale

"For heaven's sake," he said, "not down there again. Ever since your wife came down, we have had no peace. If you let me stay up here, I will give you whatever you ask for."

"Very well," said I, "I wish to bring happiness wherever I go."

"Then," said the mannikin, bringing a fiddle out from under his coat, "take this fiddle and play on it, and all who hears it will be well and happy, however ill and miserable they have been before."

I took the fiddle and found that I could play upon it quite easily. So I went home as happy as a king and thanked God for his goodness in ridding me of my wife and making me so happy.

Before long, however, I found that I had great need of my fiddle, for the whole country side began to be full of misery. The little mannikin was full of mischief, and all the wives and daughters of the rich men round about seemed to grow mad. Doctors came from all over the world, but this sickness was something they had never seen, and they

did not make a single cure. Then I thought of my fiddle and went out and played, and at once they all grew happy again and well, and I gained the name of being the greatest doctor in the world. Whenever I was called in to see a patient, I simply played my fiddle, and at once the mischievous little mannikin ran away, and every one in the house grew well again.

One day, however, the mannikin came to a house where there lived a girl so beautiful that the wicked little fellow wished to have her all to himself for ever. She was the daughter of a rich man, and the mannikin determined that he would stay there for ever. So he hopped into my window one day and told me that I must leave him alone this time as he had determined to settle down with a beautiful wife for ever.

"If you come here with your fiddle," he said, "I will tear you in pieces."

With these words he jumped out of sight and went to the rich man's house. Very soon one of the rich man's servants came in a great hurry to my house crying:

The Third Fiddler's Tale

"Master, master, our beautiful young lady is ill. Come and heal her with your fiddling."

When I heard these words I did not know what to do. For I remembered what the mannikin had said, and I was afraid that he would tear me in pieces.

The servant, however, fell into tears when he saw that I did not come at once. "Oh, master, master," he said, "she is very beautiful and very rich. It would be so sad if she died."

So I had pity upon him and went with him to see what could be done. I told him to call all the other servants together outside the window where the beautiful girl lay sick, and where I knew the wicked little mannikin must be. Then I told them to run about as if they were mad and to call out:

"Here comes that wretched woman again! Here she comes; whatever shall we do!"

Then I went into the house. In a moment the mannikin rushed at me and in a rage asked me to begone. "Quick," he said, "or I will tear you in pieces."

"Not so fast," I said, "I came to warn you. Can't you hear them crying outside? My wife has escaped and is coming to look for us."

When the mannikin heard that my wife was coming, he began to tremble.

"It cannot be true," he said, and ran to the window. Then he saw all the servants rushing about calling:

"Here comes that wretched woman again. Here she comes; whatever shall we do!"

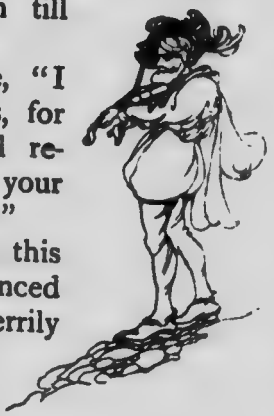
"Oh dear, oh dear," cried the little mannikin, "I dare not wait for her. I must run away and drown myself in the river."

And without looking once behind him he ran away and drowned himself in the river.

"Did you ever see your wife again?" said Old King Cole.

The Third Fiddler's Tale

"No, thank heaven!" said the fiddler, "but in case she ever came back again, I left the country and fiddled my way all over the world till I came to your kingdom, sire, where I hope to remain till the end of my life."



"Bravo, bravo," said Old King Cole, "I shall make you the first of my fiddlers, for so long as you fiddle here we must all remain happy and well. So I drink your health, good friend, and long life to you."

The third fiddler was so pleased at this that he got out his fiddle and commenced to play and set them all dancing so merrily that they never noticed the entrance of a great ambassador with all his servants, who had come to pay his respects to Old King Cole, the merriest monarch in all the earth. The ambassador, who had put on all his finest clothes for the occasion, was amazed to find that nobody noticed him. At last, however, Old King Cole himself saw the strangers and commanded the music to cease.

"Hullo," he said, "I beg your pardon. We were all so taken up with the music that we never noticed you. Who are you?"

"I am an Ambassador," said the newcomer, "and I have come all the way from Germany to pay my respects to you, and to see if the reports were true that your kingdom was so full of mirth and happiness."

"To be sure it is," said Old King Cole, "we are as jolly as jolly can be, and all because of this fiddler and his music."

"Talking of music," said the Ambassador, "that reminds me of a story."

The Third Fiddler's Tale

"Bravo!" said Old King Cole, and he called for another pipe and he called for another glass. "Bravo, another story. Take a seat, Mr Ambassador, and tell us your story." So the Ambassador took a seat and told the story of *The Bremen Town Musicians.*

The Waits of Bremen

An honest farmer had once an ass that had been a faithful, hardworking slave to him for a great many years, but was now growing old, and every day more and more unfit for work. His master, therefore, was tired of keeping him to live at ease like a gentleman, and so began to think of putting an end to him. But the ass, who was a shrewd hand, and saw that some mischief was in the wind, took himself slily off, and began his journey towards Bremen. "There," thought he to himself, "as I have a good voice, I may chance to be chosen town-musician."

After he had travelled a little way, he spied a dog lying by the roadside, and panting as if he were very tired. "What makes you pant so, my friend?" said the ass. "Alas!" said the dog, "my master was going to knock me on the head, because I am old and weak, and can no longer make myself useful to him in hunting; so I ran away: but what can I do to earn my livelihood?" "Hark ye!" said the ass, "I am going to Bremen to turn musician: come with me, and try what you can do in the same way." The dog said he was willing, and on they jogged together, arm in arm.

They had not gone far before they saw a cat sitting in the middle of the road, with tears in her eyes, and making a most rueful face. "Pray, my good lady," said the ass, "what's the matter with you? you look quite out of spirits!" "Ah, me!" said Grimalkin; "how can a body be in good spirits when one's life is in danger? Because I am beginning to grow old, and had rather lie at my ease by the fire than run about the house after the mice, my mistress laid hold of me and was going to drown me; and though I have been lucky enough to get away from her, I

know not how I am to live." "Oh," said the ass, "by all means go with us to Bremen; you are a good night-singer, and may make your fortune as one of the Waits." The cat was pleased with the thought; so she wiped her eyes with her pocket-handkerchief and joined the party.

Soon afterwards, as they were passing by a farmyard, they saw a cock perched upon a gate, and screaming out with all his might and main. "Bravo!" said the ass; "upon my word you make a famous noise; pray what is all this about?" "Why," said the cock, "I was just now telling all our neighbours that we were to have fine weather for our washing-day; and yet my mistress and the cook don't thank me for my pains, but threaten to cut off my head to-morrow, and make broth of me for the guests that are coming on Sunday!" "Heaven forbid!" said the ass; "come with us, Master Chanticleer: anything will be better than staying here to have your head cut off! Besides, who knows? If we take care to sing in tune, we may get up a concert of our own: so come along with us!" "With all my heart," said the cock: so they all four went on jollily together towards Bremen.

They could not, however, reach the town the first day; so, when night came on, they turned off the highroad into a wood to sleep. The ass and the dog laid themselves down under a great tree, and the cat climbed up into the branches; while the cock, thinking that the higher he sat the safer he should be, flew up to the very top of the tree; and then, according to his custom, before he sounded his triumph and went to sleep, looked out on all sides to see that everything was well. In doing this, he saw afar off something bright; and calling to his companions, said, "There must be a house no great way off, for I see a light." "If that be the case," said the ass, "we had better change our quarters, for our lodging here is not the best in the world!" "Besides," added the dog, "I should not be the worse for a bone or two, or a bit of meat." "And maybe," said Puss, as she licked her whiskers, "a stray mouse will be found somewhere about the

With a hideous clatter

premises." So they walked off the spot together towards the place where Chanticleer had seen the light; and as they drew near, it became larger and brighter, till they at last came close to a lonely house, where a gang of robbers lived.

The ass, being the tallest of the company, marched up to the window and peeped in. "Well, Donkey," said Chanticleer, "what do you see?" "What do I see?" replied the ass; "why I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting round it making merry." "That would be a noble lodging for us," said the cock. "Ye[illegible]" said the ass, "if we could only get in." So they laid their heads together, to see how they could get the robbers out; and at last they hit upon a plan. The ass set himself upright on his hind-legs, with his fore-feet resting against the window; the dog got upon his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog's shoulders, and the cock flew up and sat upon puss. When all were ready, Chanticleer gave the signal by pulling puss's tail; Grimalkin mewed, and up struck the whole band of music. The ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed. Then they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, amongst the broken glass, with a hideous clatter! The robbers, who had not been a little frightened by the opening concert, had now no doubt that some frightful hobgoblins had broken in upon them, and scampered away as fast as they could.

The coast once clear, our travellers soon sat down and despatched what the robbers had left with as much eagerness as if they had not hoped to eat again for a month. As soon as they had had enough, they put out the lights, and each once more sought out a resting-place to his own liking. The donkey laid himself down upon a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself upon a mat behind the door; the cat rolled herself up on the hearth before the warm ashes; the cock perched upon a beam on the top of the house: and, as all were rather tired with their journey, they soon fell asleep.

But about midnight, when the robbers saw from afar that the lights were out and that all was quiet, they began to think that they had been in too great a hurry to run away; and one of them, who was bolder than the rest, went to see what was going on. Finding everything still, he marched into the kitchen, and groped about till he found a match, in order to light a candle. Espying the glittering fiery eyes of the cat, he mistook them for live coals, and held the match to them to light it. But the cat, not understanding such a joke, sprang at his face, and spit, and scratched at him. This frightened him dreadfully, and away he ran to the back door; but there the dog jumped up and bit him in the leg. As he was crossing over the yard, the ass kicked him; and the cock, who had been awakened by the noise, crowed with all his might.

At this the robber ran back as fast as he could to his comrades, and told the captain "how a horrid witch had got into the house, and had spit at him, and had scratched his face with her long bony fingers;—how a man with a knife in his hand had hidden himself behind the door, and stabbed him in the leg;—how a black monster stood in the yard and struck him with a club;—and how the devil sat upon the top of the house and cried out, 'Throw the rascal up here!'" After this the robbers never dared to go back to the house; but the musicians were so pleased with their quarters, that they never found their way to Bremen, but took up their abode in the wood: and there they live, I dare say, to this very day—"Jolly companions every one."

"Ha, ha," said Old King Cole when the Ambassador from Germany had finished his story, "music has a wonderful power even though those that make the music are nothing but an ass and a dog and a cat and a cock. But come now, tell us something about the country you come from. Who is the King, and is the Queen beautiful?"

"The Queen," said the Ambassador, "is the most

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The Cock flew up and sat upon puss

beautiful Queen that ever sat upon a throne. Have you never heard of the princess in disguise, little Cat-skin, who was so beautiful that even her own father wished to marry her? Well, that is the Queen of my country, for she married our King."

"Splendid!" said Old King Cole, "Here we have another story, and I shall not let you go till you tell it."

"Very well," said the Ambassador, "I will tell you the story of how my Queen was once *The Princess in Disguise.*"

The Princess in Disguise

THERE was once a king, whose queen had hair of the purest gold, and was so beautiful that her match was not to be met with on the whole face of the earth. But this beautiful queen fell ill, and when she felt that her end drew near she called the king to her and said, "Promise me that you will never marry again, unless you meet with a wife who is as beautiful as I am, and who has golden hair like mine." Then when the king in his grief had promised all she asked, she shut her eyes and died. But the king was not to be comforted, and for a long time never thought of taking another wife. At last, however, his wise men said, "This will not do; the king must marry again, that we may have a queen." So messengers were sent far and wide, to seek for a bride as beautiful as the late queen. But there was no princess in the world so beautiful; and if there had been, still there was not one to be found who had golden hair. So the messengers came home, and had had all their trouble for nothing.

Now the king had a daughter, who was just as beautiful as her mother, and had the same golden hair. And when she was grown up, the king looked at her and saw that she was just like his late queen: then he said to his courtiers, "May I not marry my daughter? she is the very image of my dead wife: unless I have her, I shall not find any bride upon the whole earth, and you say there must be a queen." When the courtiers heard this they were shocked, and said, "Heaven forbid that a father should marry his daughter! Out of so great a sin no good can come." And his daughter was also shocked, but hoped the king would soon give up such thoughts: so she said to him, "Before I marry any one

The Princess in Disguise

I must have three dresses: one must be of gold, like the sun; another must be of shining silver, like the moon; and a third must be dazzling as the stars: besides this, I want a mantle of a thousand different kinds of fur put together, to which every beast in the kingdom must give a part of his skin." And thus she thought he would think of the matter no more. But the king made the most skilful workmen in his kingdom weave the three dresses: one golden, like the sun; another silvery, like the moon; and a third sparkling, like the stars: and his hunters were told to hunt out all the beasts in his kingdom, and to take the finest fur out of their skins: and thus a mantle of a thousand furs was made.

When all were ready, the king sent them to her; but she got up in the night when all were asleep, and took three of her trinkets, a golden ring, a golden necklace, and a golden brooch; and packed the three dresses—of the sun, the moon, and the stars—up in a nut-shell, and wrapped herself up in the mantle made of all sorts of fur, and besmeared her face and hands with soot. Then she threw herself upon Heaven for help in her need, and went away, and journeyed on the whole night, till at last she came to a large wood. As she was very tired, she sat herself down in the hollow of a tree and soon fell asleep: and there she slept on till it was midday.

Now as the King of Germany, to whom the wood belonged, was hunting in it, his dogs came to the tree, and began to snuff about, and run round and round, and bark. "Look sharp!" said the king to the huntsmen, "and see what sort of game lies there." And the huntsmen went up to the tree, and when they came back again said, "In the hollow tree there lies a most wonderful beast, such as we never saw before; its skin seems to be of a thousand kinds of fur, but there it lies fast asleep." "See," said the king, "if you can catch it alive, and we will take it with us." So the huntsmen took it up, and the maiden awoke and was greatly frightened, and said, "I am a poor child that has neither father nor mother left;

have pity on me and take me with you." Then they said, "Yes, Miss Cat-skin, you will do for the kitchen; you can sweep up the ashes, and do things of that sort." So they put her into the coach, and took her home to the king's palace. Then they showed her a little corner under the staircase, where no light of day ever peeped in, and said, "Cat-skin, you may lie and sleep there." And she was sent into the kitchen, and made to fetch wood and water, to blow the fire, pluck the poultry, pick the herbs, sift the ashes, and do all the dirty work.

Thus Cat-skin lived for a long time very sorrowfully, "Ah! pretty princess!" thought she, "what will now become of thee?" But it happened one day that a feast was to be held in the king's castle; so she said to the cook, "May I go up a little while and see what is going on? I will take care and stand behind the door." And the cook said, "Yes, you may go, but be back again in half an hour's time, to rake out the ashes." Then she took her little lamp, and went into her cabin, and took off the fur skin, and washed the soot from off her face and hands, so that her beauty shone forth like the sun from behind the clouds. She next opened her nut-shell, and brought out of it the dress that shone like the sun, and so went to the feast. Every one made way for her, for nobody knew her, and they thought she could be no less than a king's daughter. But the king came up to her, and held out his hand and danced with her; and he thought in his heart, "I never saw any one half so beautiful."

When the dance was at an end she courtesied; and when the king looked round for her, she was gone, no one knew whither. The guards that stood at the castle gate were called in: but they had seen no one. The truth was, that she had run into her little cabin, pulled off her dress, blackened her face and hands, put on the fur-skin cloak, and was Cat-skin again. When she went into the kitchen to her work, and began to rake the ashes, the cook said, "Let that alone till the morning, and heat the king's soup;

The Princess
in Disguise

I should like to run up now and give a peep: but take care you don't let a hair fall into it, or you will run a chance of never eating again."

As soon as the cook went away, Cat-skin heated the king's soup, and toasted a slice of bread first, as nicely as ever she could; and when it was ready, she went and looked in the cabin for her little golden ring, and put it into the dish in which the soup was. When the dance was over, the king ordered his soup to be brought in; and it pleased him so well, that he thought he had never tasted any so good before. At the bottom he saw a gold ring lying; and as he could not make out how it had got there, he ordered the cook to be sent for. The cook was frightened when he heard the order, and said to Cat-skin, "You must have let a hair fall into the soup; if it be so, you will have a good beating." Then he went before the king, and he asked him who had cooked the soup. "I did," answered the cook. But the king said, "That is not true; it was better done than you could do it." Then he answered, "To tell the truth I did not cook it, but Cat-skin did." "Then let Cat-skin come up," said the king: and when she came he said to her, "Who are you?" "I am a poor child," said she, "that has lost both father and mother." "How came you in my palace?" asked he. "I am good for nothing," said she, "but to be scullion-girl, and to have boots and shoes thrown at my head." "But how did you get the ring that was in the soup?" asked the king. Then she would not own that she knew anything about the ring; so the king sent her away again about her business.

After a time there was another feast, and Cat-skin asked the cook to let her go up and see it as before. "Yes," said he, "but come back again in half an hour, and cook the king the soup that he likes so much." Then she ran to her little cabin, washed herself quickly, and took her dress out which was silvery as the moon, and put it on; and when she went in, looking like a king's daughter, the king went up to her, and rejoiced at seeing her again, and

when the dance began he danced with her. After the dance was at an end she managed to slip out, so slily that the king did not see where she was gone; but she sprang into her little cabin, and made herself into Cat-skin again, and went into the kitchen to cook the soup. Whilst the cook was above stairs, she got the golden necklace and dropped it into the soup; then it was brought to the king, who ate it, and it pleased him as well as before; so he sent for the cook, who was again forced to tell him that Cat-skin had cooked it. Cat-skin was brought again before the king, but she still told him that she was only fit to have boots and shoes thrown at her head.

But when the king had ordered a feast to be got ready for the third time, it happened just the same as before. "You must be a witch, Cat-skin," said the cook; "for you always put something into your soup, so that it pleases the king better than mine." However, he let her go up as before. Then she put on the dress which sparkled like the stars, and went into the ball-room in it; and the king danced with her again, and thought she had never looked so beautiful as she did then. So whilst he was dancing with her, he put a gold ring on her finger without her seeing it, and ordered that the dance should be kept up a long time. When it was at an end, he would have held her fast by the hand, but she slipped away, and sprang so quickly through the crowd that he lost sight of her: and she ran as fast as she could into her little cabin under the stairs. But this time she kept away too long, and stayed beyond the half-hour; so she had not time to take off her fine dress, but threw her fur mantle over it, and in her haste did not blacken herself all over with soot, but left one of her fingers white.

Then she ran into the kitchen, and cooked the king's soup; and as soon as the cook was gone, she put the golden brooch into the dish. When the king got to the bottom, he ordered Cat-skin to be called once more, and soon saw the white finger, and the ring that he had put on it whilst they were dancing: so he seized her hand, and

kept fast hold of it, and when she wanted to loose herself and spring away, the fur cloak fell off a little on one side, and the starry dress sparkled underneath it.

Then he got hold of the fur and tore it off, and her golden hair and beautiful form were seen, and she could no longer hide herself: so she washed the soot and ashes from off her face, and showed herself to be the most beautiful princess upon the face of the earth. But the king said, "You are my beloved bride, and we will never more be parted from each other." And the wedding feast was held, and a merry day it was, such as was heard of or seen in that country, or indeed in any other. And so little Catskin became our Queen and so we have the most beautiful Queen in all the world.

When the story was ended all the courtiers clapped their hands and said that it was a splendid story. And Old King Cole was very pleased and said he felt sure that the queen of the country from which the Ambassador had come, must be very beautiful.

"But one thing I want to ask," said Old King Cole. "If your Queen is the most beautiful queen in the world, surely the King her husband must be one of the bravest kings in the world, or else he would not have deserved to marry her."

"Yes, he is brave," said the Ambassador, "and we all think him the bravest man in the world; but the King himself says that he is not the bravest man, but that the bravest man is Jack the Giant Killer."

"Who is Jack the Giant Killer?" asked Old King Cole.

"What!" said the Ambassador in amazement. "Have you never heard of Jack the Giant Killer?"

"No," said the King, and "No," said the courtiers, "tell us all about him."

So the Ambassador told them the story of

Jack the Giant Killer

NEAR to the Land's End of England, in the county of Cornwall, lived a wealthy farmer, who had a son named Jack. He was brisk and of a ready wit, so that whatever he could not perform by force and strength he completed by his cleverness.

Now the Mount of Cornwall was kept by a large and monstrous giant of eighteen feet high, of a fierce and grim countenance, the terror of the neighbouring towns and villages.

He lived in a cave in the midst of the Mount. Never would he suffer any living creature to keep near him. He fed on other men's cattle, which often became his prey, for whenever he wanted food, he would wade over to the mainland, where he would seize whatever he could find, for the people at his approach would all forsake their houses. Then would he seize upon their cows and oxen, of which he would think nothing to carry over upon his back half-a-dozen at one time; and as for their sheep and boys, he would tie them round his waist like a bunch of candles. This he practised for many years, so that a great part of the county of Cornwall was made very poor by him.

Jack having undertaken to destroy this greedy monster, he furnished himself with a horn, a shovel, and a pickaxe, and over to the Mount he went in the beginning of a dark winter's evening, where he fell to work, and before morning had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep, and in width nearly the same, and covering it over with sticks and straw, and then strewing a little mould over it, it appeared like plain ground. Then, putting his horn to his mouth, he blew a blast, which

noise awoke the giant, who came roaring towards Jack, crying out—

"You villain you shall pay dearly for disturbing me, for I will boil you for my breakfast."

These words were no sooner spoke, but he tumbled

headlong into the pit, and the heavy fall made the whole Mount to shake.

"O Mr Giant, where are you now? Oh, faith, you are gotten into Lob's Pound, where I will surely punish you for your threatening words. What do you think now of boiling me for your breakfast? Will no other diet serve you but poor Jack?"

Having thus spoken and made merry with him a while, Jack struck him such a blow on the crown with his pole-axe that he tumbled down, and with a groan expired. This done, Jack threw the dirt in upon him and so buried him. Then searching the cave, he found much treasure.

Now when the great men who employed Jack heard that the job was over, they sent for him declaring that he should be henceforth called Jack the Giant Killer, and in honour thereof presented him with a sword and a belt, upon which these words were written in letters of gold—

"Here's the valiant Cornishman,
Who slew the giant, Cormoran."

The news of Jack's victory was soon spread over the western parts, so that another giant, called Old Blunderbore, hearing of it, vowed to be revenged on Jack, if it ever was his fortune to light on him. The giant kept an enchanted castle situated in the midst of a lonesome wood.

About four months after, as Jack was walking by the borders of this wood, on his journey towards Wales, he grew weary, and therefore sat himself down by the side of a pleasant fountain, when a deep sleep suddenly seized him. At this time the giant, coming there for water, found him, and by the lines upon his belt immediately knew him to be Jack, who had killed his brother giant. So, without any words, he took him upon his shoulder to carry him to his enchanted castle. As he passed through a thicket, the jostling of the boughs awoke Jack, who, finding himself in the hands of the giant was very much

surprised, though it was but the beginning of his terrors, for, entering the walls of the castle, he found the floor strewn and the walls covered with the skulls and bones of dead men, when the giant told him his bones should be added to those he saw. He also told him that the next day he would eat him with pepper and vinegar. This said, he locks up poor Jack in an upper room, leaving him there while he went out to fetch another giant who lived in the same wood, that he also might share the pleasure they should have in the death of honest Jack. While he was gone dreadful shrieks and cries frightened Jack, especially a voice which continually cried—

"Do what you can to get away,
Or you'll become the giant's prey;
He's gone to fetch his brother who
Will likewise kill and torture you."

This dreadful noise so frightened poor Jack, that he was ready to go mad. Then, going to a window he opened it, and beheld afar off the two giants coming.

"So now," quoth Jack to himself, "my death or freedom is at hand."

There were two strong cords in the room by him, at the end of which he made a noose, and as the giants were unlocking the iron gates, he threw the ropes over the giants' heads, and then threw the other end across a beam, when he pulled with all his might till he had throttled them. Then, fastening the ropes to a beam, he returned to the window, where he beheld the two giants black in the face, and so sliding down the ropes, he came upon the heads of the helpless giants, who could not defend themselves, and, drawing his own sword, he slew them both, and so delivered himself from them. Then, taking the bunch of keys, he entered the castle, where, he found three ladies tied up by the hair of their heads, and almost starved to death.

"Sweet ladies," said Jack, "I have destroyed the

monster and his horrible brother, by which means I have obtained your freedom."

This said, he presented them with the keys of the castle, and proceeded on his journey to Wales.

Jack having got but little money, thought it prudent to make the best of his way by travelling hard, and at length, losing his road, he was benighted, and could not find an inn, till, coming to a valley between two hills, he found a large house in a lonesome place, and took courage to knock at the gate. To his amazement there came forth a monstrous giant, having two heads, yet he did not seem so fiery as the other two, for he was a Welsh giant, and all he did was by underhand tricks, while pretending to be friends. He bid Jack welcome, showing him into a room with a bed, where he might take his night's repose. Upon this Jack undressed himself, but as the giant was walking

to another apartment Jack heard him mutter these words to himself—

> "Tho' here you lodge with me this night,
> You shall not see the morning light,
> My club shall dash your brains out quite."

"Say you so?" says Jack. "Is this one of your Welsh tricks? I hope to be as cunning as you."

Then, getting out of bed, and feeling about the room in the dark, he found a thick billet of wood, and laid it in the bed in his stead, then he hid himself in a dark corner of the room. In the dead time of the night came the giant with his club, and he struck several blows on the bed where Jack had artfully laid the billet. Then the giant returned back to his own room, supposing he had broken all his bones. Early in the morning Jack came to thank him for his lodging.

"Oh," said the giant, "how have you rested? Did you see anything in the night?"

"No," said Jack, "but a rat gave me three or four slaps with his tail."

Soon after the giant went to breakfast on a great bowl of hasty pudding, giving Jack but a small quantity. Jack, being loath to let him know he could not eat with him, got a leather bag, and putting it artfully under his coat, put the pudding into it. Then he told the giant he would show him a trick, and taking up a knife he ripped open the bag and out fell the pudding. The giant thought he had cut open his stomach and taken the pudding out.

"Odds splutters," says he, "I can do that myself," and, taking the knife up, he cut himself so badly that he fell down and died.

Thus Jack outwitted the Welsh giant and went on his journey.

Now Jack fell in with the son of King Arthur, who was so generous with his money that he gave it all away to poor people. As they were going along together the king's son said—

"Jack, since we have got no money where can we lodge to-night?"

Jack replied—

Master, we will do well enough, for I have an uncle who lives within two miles of this place. He is a huge and monstrous giant, having three heads. He will beat five hundred men in armour, and make them fly before him."

"Alas!" said the king's son, "what shall we do there?

He will eat us up at a mouthful—nay, we are scarce sufficient to fill one hollow tooth."

"It is no matter for that," says Jack. "I myself will go before and prepare the way for you. Tarry here, and wait my return."

He waited, and Jack rode full speed. Coming to the castle gate, he immediately began to knock with such force that all the neighbouring hills resounded. The giant, roaring with a voice like thunder, called—

"Who is there?"

"None, but your poor cousin Jack."

"And what news," said he, "with my cousin Jack?"

He replied—

"Dear uncle, heavy news."

"God wot! Prithee! what heavy news can come to me? I am a giant with three heads, and besides, thou knowest, I fight five hundred men in armour, and make them all fly like chaff before the wind."

"Oh," said Jack, "but here is a king's son coming with a thousand men in armour to kill you, and to destroy all you have."

"O my cousin Jack, this is heavy news indeed, but I have a large vault underground where I will run and hide myself, and you shall lock, bolt, and bar me in, and keep the keys till the king's son is gone."

Jack, having now secured the giant, returned and fetched his master, and both made merry with the best dainties the house afforded. In the morning Jack furnished his master with gold and silver, and having set him three miles on the road out of the giant's smell, he returned and let his uncle out of the hole, who asked Jack what he should give him for his care of him, seeing his castle was thrown down.

"Why," said Jack, "I desire nothing but your old rusty sword, the coat in the closet, and the cap and the shoes at your bed's head."

"Ay," said the giant, "thou shalt have them, and be sure keep you them, for my sake. They are things of excellent use. The coat will keep you invisible, the cap will furnish you with knowledge, the sword cuts in pieces whatever you strike, and the shoes are very swift. They may be of use to you, so take them with all my heart."

Jack took them, and immediately followed his master. Having overtaken him, they soon arrived at a princess's dwelling, who, finding that the king's son wished to marry her, prepared a banquet for him, which being ended, she wiped her mouth with a handkerchief, saying—"You must show me this to-morrow morning, or lose your head," and then she put it in her bosom.

The king's son went to bed right sorrowful, but Jack's cap of knowledge instructed him how to obtain the handkerchief. In the midst of the night Jack whipped on his coat of darkness, with his shoes of swiftness, came quietly upon the princess, who could not see him, took the handkerchief and brought it to his master, who, showing it the next morning to the princess, saved his life. This much surprised the princess, but he had yet a harder trial to undergo. The next night the princess told the king's son he must show her the next day the lips she kissed last or lose his head.

"So I will," replied he, "if you kiss none but mine."

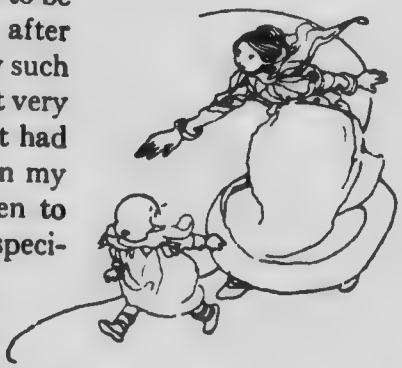
"It is neither here nor there for that," says she. "If you do not, death is your portion."

Now the princess was under an enchantment and every night a witch came to her and spoke to her. And the princess on this night kissed the lips of the witch.

Jack, standing up with his sword of sharpness, cut off the witch's head, and brought it under his invisible coat to his master, who laid it at the end of his bolster, and in the morning, when the princess came up, he pulled it out and showed her the lips which she kissed last. Thus, she having been answered twice, the enchantment broke. Then she appeared her former self, both beauteous

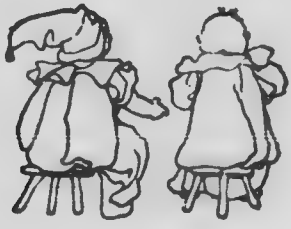
and virtuous. They were married the next morning, and soon after returned with joy to the court of King Arthur, where Jack, for his good services, was made one of the knights of the Round Table.

Now as I said before there were lots and lots of children in the kingdom of Old King Cole, and these had to go to bed earlier than the others. By the time that the ambassador had finished telling the tale of Jack the Giant Killer, it was quite late and all the mothers came running into the room to put them to bed. But none of the children wanted to go to bed, and so they all hid themselves behind the big grown-up courtiers, and ran away laughing when they were seen, till the whole court seemed to be nothing but mothers running after their children, and you never saw such sport. Old King Cole thought it very good fun, but soon he saw that it had lasted long enough. "Silence in my court," he called out, "and listen to me. Let's have one more story especially for the little ones, and then they must all really go to bed and be good. Now who can tell a story for the little children?"



"I can," said the Scotch fiddler, "I'll tell you the story of the Miller's Daughter."

"Good!" said Old King Cole, "now sit down everybody and be quiet, and the Scotch fiddler will tell the story of—

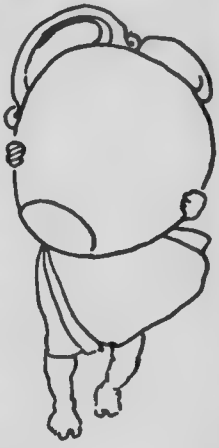


The Miller's Daughter

"ONCE upon a time," said the Scotch fiddler, "there was a miller's daughter. She was not beautiful and there were no princes in the country round about to come and marry her. Her father, the miller, did not care for anything except to be covered all over with flour and be as white as a snow man, so that the miller's daughter was left all to herself and some people say that she was very unhappy. She used to sit all day long beside the mill-stream and watch the water flowing by, and there she would dream and dream of things till it was time to go home. Then she would rise and whistle to her greyhound and go home to her father, the miller.

Well, one day as she was sitting by the mill-stream and looking into the water, suddenly she saw something that made her almost frightened. Before this she had always seen only fishes in the water, but now as she

looked down into a deep pool it was just like a glass case, and down at the foot she saw a lot of dear little babies walking about without a single nurse to look after them. She would not have wondered if they had been ordinary babies, but these were so good and played about so quietly that she felt there was something magical and strange in their natures. When it began to grow dark, they all stopped playing of their own accord, and said their prayers and went to bed. One day she whistled to her greyhound and told him to look in, wondering if he would find anything strange in the pool. To her joy he too was clearly surprised at what he saw, and jumped about and barked as if he too were almost frightened at what he saw. That evening when they went home together, the miller's daughter sat in front of the fire, and put her arm round the greyhound's neck and put her plaid or shawl over him and said—



"Greyhound, will you come down with me to-morrow to see the babies play?"

The greyhound looked in her eyes, and the miller's daughter saw he meant "yes!"

They sat there together for hours and hours looking into the fire dreaming, till their eyes grew tired, and then, somehow, the miller's daughter began to hear the fire singing. This was the song that the fire sang—

"There was a miller's daughter,
She couldna want a baby, O,
She took her father's greyhound,
And wrapped it in a plaidie, O.

Singing hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye
Hush-a-bye my baby, O,
An 'twere na for your lang beard,
I would kiss your gabbie, O!"

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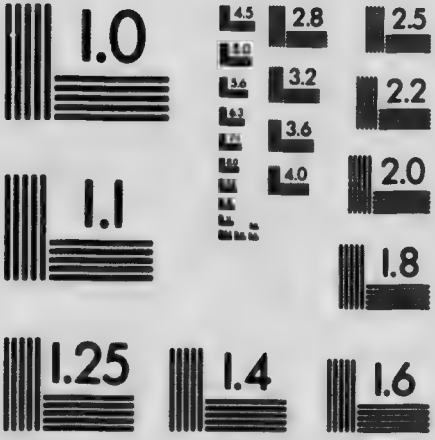

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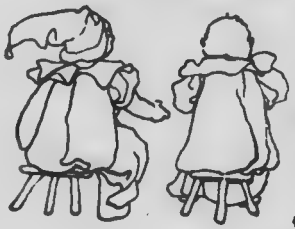
The Miller's Daughter

When the fire had stopped singing, the miller's daughter said—

"Dear old fire, have you heard of the babies in the pool of the mill stream?"



"Yes," said the fire, "walk straight in, take the first turn on the right, the second on the left and there you are. Goodnight."

And then the fire went out.

* * * * *

The Scotch fiddler stopped speaking.

"That's not all," said the children, "what happened afterwards. Did the miller's daughter go again to the stream and did she visit the babies?"

"Yes," said the Scotch fiddler, "she went down to the stream next day, when the sun was shining ever so brightly, and the greyhound went with her. She remembered what the fire had said, so when she came to the pool she walked straight in. The water was so pleasant and cool after the hot sunshine, that she did not at first think of going any further. But after a little the greyhound pulled at her skirt, and she saw that he wanted her to go to a passage that ran under the water.

"Take the first to the right, the second to the left, and there you are," the fire had said.

The first to the right was guarded by a gate, but as soon as the Miller's daughter stood in front of it the gate opened, and she found herself in a passage all covered with beautiful green moss. For a long time there was no road turning off this passage and the Miller's daughter wondered if there was a "second to the left" at all. At last she came to a wicket-gate on which was written the word "France." Peeping over the gate she saw beautiful green pastures with

trees, and roads running through them. At some of the cross-roads there were crosses and images of the Virgin Mary. The Miller's daughter thought it all looked lovely, but she remembered what the fire had said and went on. Then she came to another wicket-gate, and on this was written the word Germany. As she peeped over, she saw nothing but bare ground and ugly country, and everything seemed so unpleasant that she almost thought of going back, but she remembered what the fire had said and opened the gate and—there she was.

Babies here and babies there and babies everywhere. The Miller's daughter had never seen so many babies in all her life, and now all the country seemed to have grown beautiful again. Presently she saw a beautiful lady all dressed in white who was taking care of all the babies, so she whistled to her greyhound and went up to the lady in white.

"Who are you?" said the Miller's daughter with a curtsey.

"I am the Lady Bertha," said the lady in white, "and these are my children, my elves."

"I saw them playing," said the Miller's daughter, "when I looked into the deep pool. The fire told me how to get here."

"Yes," said the Lady Bertha, "they have been playing, because it is holiday time just now. But to-morrow they work."

"Work?" said the Miller's daughter in astonishment, "surely these babies cannot work!"

"Yes, they can," said the Lady Bertha. "They carry water for me in little pitchers and so they help me to till the ground."

Then suddenly there was music in the air, and all the babies stopped their play.

"Bed-time, bed-time," cried the Lady Bertha, and in a

moment she was running about and chasing all the jolly little babies to bed.

The Miller's daughter watched it all and laughed at the sport. It was so funny to see the little things running about, being chased by the Lady Bertha. But when she looked down at her greyhound, she saw great tears in his eyes.

"Dear old greyhound," said the Miller's daughter, "why are there great tears in your eyes? Can't you see how happy they all are?"

But the greyhound only rubbed his nose against her hand, and the tears fell faster than ever.

Soon the Lady Bertha came up and joined them again. She looked at the greyhound and smiled.

"I know," she said, "I know why there are tears in his eyes. Silly old fellow, he thinks he knows all about this country, but he doesn't really understand. Come along and I'll tell you all about everything."

The Lady Bertha led them through the beautiful green country to a huge cave, bright with gold and silver and diamonds, and all lit up with wonderful fireflies which darted about the roof and shone like falling stars. It was so bright that the Miller's daughter could not see at first, but after a little her eyes grew used to the bright light, and she saw a great iron trough. Before this trough there lay rows and rows of old men and women, evidently sleeping.

"What are these doing here," asked the Miller's daughter.

"They are the old folk," said the Lady Bertha, "but I shall grind them young again."

Then they came to an oaken trough before which lay youths and maidens sleeping. The Miller's daughter was just going to ask why these were here, when suddenly a little farther on she saw another oaken trough in which lay rows and rows of the little babies all fast asleep under a glass case which prevented anything from falling on them or hurting them.

"Here they are," she said, clapping her hands with joy, "how sweet and pretty they look!"

"Yes," said the Lady Bertha, "they are sweet and they are

pretty, and though the greyhound has great tears in his eyes they are as happy as happy can be."

"How do they all come here?" asked the Miller's daughter.

"They are the souls," said the Lady Bertha, "of those who have died before they were baptised, or they are the souls of unborn babes. If any one wants a baby, I take my golden key and open the glass case and send the little thing up to the earth above. But if the mother and father behave so badly that they do not deserve the child whom I have sent to them, I take it back again and keep it happy and safe among the other elves."

"How beautiful!" said the Miller's daughter. "Then my little brother, who died the day after he was born, must be here."

"Yes," said the Lady Bertha, "he is here. You will see him to-morrow."

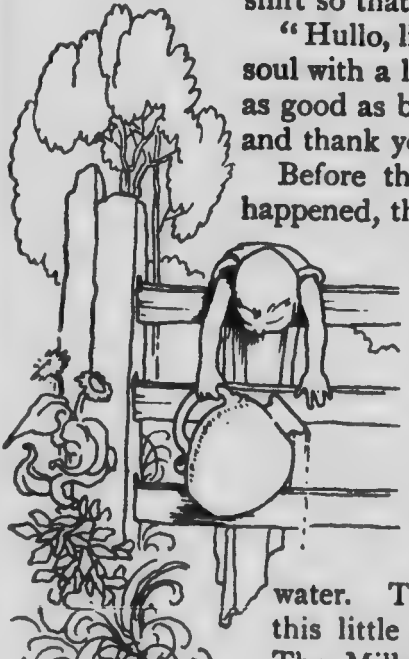
When to-morrow came, the Miller's daughter was wakened by the sound of little feet running here and there. She rubbed her eyes, and found herself in the country again beside a half-ploughed field. The Lady Bertha was ploughing, and hundreds and hundreds of little baby-souls came

running up to her with pitchers of water to help her to soften the earth. They all wore short little white shirts

which did not quite reach down to their knees, and they looked so jolly and pretty that even the greyhound was forced to laugh. The Miller's daughter sat watching them for a long time till suddenly she saw one of them trip and fall. He had somehow got a longer shirt than the others, and as he ran he tripped over it and fell.

"Hullo, little draggle-tail," said the Miller's daughter, "let me come and help you."

And so saying she took off her garter and tied up his shirt so that it didn't reach down so far.



"Hullo, little Draggle-tail," said the little baby-soul with a laugh, "you have a name now and are as good as baptised. Goodbye, Miller's daughter, and thank you for your kindness."

Before the Miller's daughter knew what had happened, the little baby-soul had vanished, and the Lady Bertha had one less of a family to look after.

"Well," said the Miller's daughter, "that was strange. I must not give names to any others, or the Lady Bertha will be angry."

Not long after, she saw a tiny little mite staggering along with a big pitcher on its shoulder, and wearing a shirt all dripping with water. There was a fence in the way, and this little mite found it difficult to get over. The Miller's daughter took pity on the little

thing, and ran to help it. She took it in her warm arms and kissed it, and behold! it was her own little brother who had died the day after he was born.

"Poor little fellow," said the Miller's daughter, "how is it that your pitcher is so full and your shirt so wet?"

"Your arms are warm," said the little baby-soul, "but your tears are heavy. You and my father, the Miller, are always weeping for me upon the earth above. Every tear that falls, falls into my pitcher and makes it heavier for me to carry. If you want me to be happy, don't cry for me but laugh and be jolly. Good-bye, and give me a kiss."

The Miller's daughter took her brother's little baby-soul in her arms and kissed him, and as soon as she got up on earth again she told her father all she had seen below. Then her father laughed and she laughed, and the mill-wheel ran laughing round, and in all the wide, wide world there was not a happier family than that of the Miller and his daughter.

Suddenly in the middle of the story of the Miller's Daughter, a funny thing happened, and Old King Cole laughed till his sides were sore. The little Princess, Mary was her name, grew so excited with all the story telling, that she could keep quiet no longer.

"Let me tell a story, too," she said, "Let me, let me, let me."

The German fiddler stopped and laughed quietly at the little Princess.

"What story will you tell, Princess Mary? Are you Mary, Mary, Quite Contrairy.'

"Yes," said the little Princess, "I am Mary, Mary, Quite Contrairy."

"Then how does your garden grow?" said the German fiddler.

"Silver bells," said Mary, "Silver bells and cockle-shells, and pretty maids all in a row."

"And what," asked the German fiddler, "is the story you will tell?"

"It is the story," said Princess Mary "of the *House that Jack Built.*"

And so the Princess Mary told the story of the *House that Jack Built.* You may wonder how it was that Mary Mary Quite Contrairy ever lived, but it is perfectly true that she was the daughter of Old King Cole and that her mother was the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. For the kingdom of Old King Cole was the funniest kingdom in all the world, and there were more famous people there than ever you would find at any time in the history of France or Germany, or even Great Britain. They were all there, and they all stayed there; for no one ever wished to leave so happy a place, or a palace where there was so much fun and the children had such a good time. Princess Mary was Contrairy, but she was not naughty; or if ever she was naughty, she was so soon sorry for her naughtiness that it didn't matter. She had the loveliest golden hair, and she always wore a clean little pink pinafore over a blue dress made to match, with dark blue stockings. She held her head up straight, and her dreamy blue eyes were the loveliest eyes that ever you saw. Sometimes Old King Cole used to take her on his knee and look deep, deep, into those eyes.

"What do you see, father?" Princess Mary would ask when she found him looking into her eyes.

"I see your heart," said Old King Cole, "and I see that your heart is as good as your eyes are beautiful. I see your heart, little one."

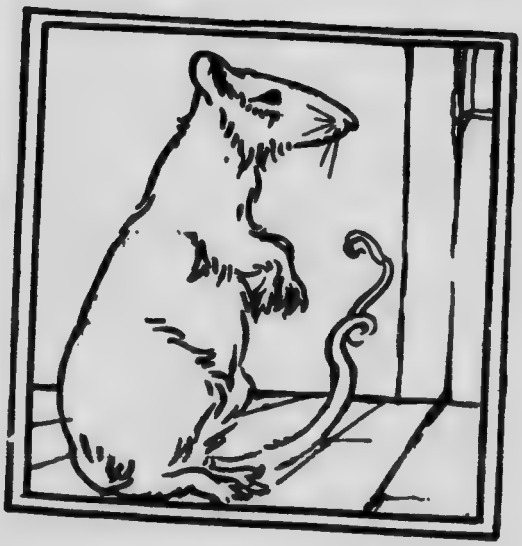
The Miller's Daughter

But you must be getting impatient now, and wonder when the next story is to come. Don't be in too much of a hurry, or you will tumble over. It is an old story, and it can wait, just as you can wait. So just set the cushion comfortably and sit back in your chair, and when everything is nice and ready, turn over the next leaf and you will find the story that Princess Mary told, the wonderful story of the *House that Jack Built.*

The House that Jack built
This is the House that Jack built.

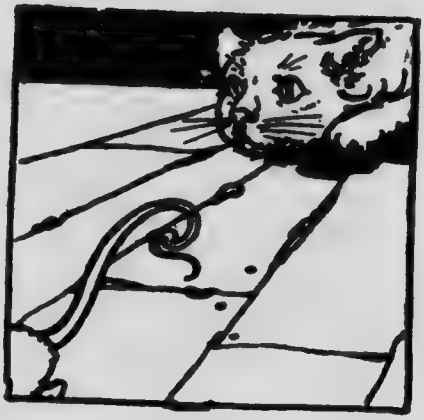
The House that Jack built

This is the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the rat
That ate the
That lay in
that Jac

The House that Jack built



This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that
Jack built.

This is the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that
Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

The House that Jack built

This is the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

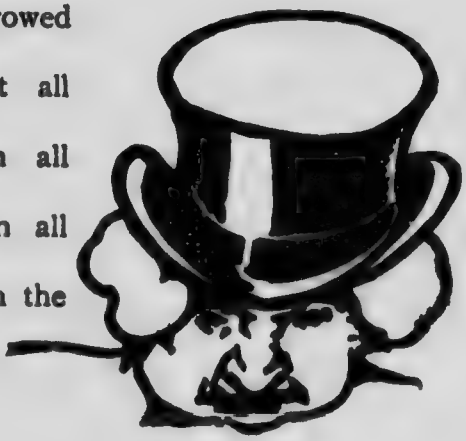
This is the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

The House that Jack built

This is the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



The House that Jack built

When Princess Mary had finished her story she sat down so suddenly that they all laughed, and if you had been a mile away from the Palace you would have heard them laughing.

"Well, now," said Old King Cole, "now that we have heard the story of the *House that Jack Built*, let the Scotch fiddler go on telling his story."

"There isn't any more to tell," said the Scotch fiddler; "at least, not that I remember."

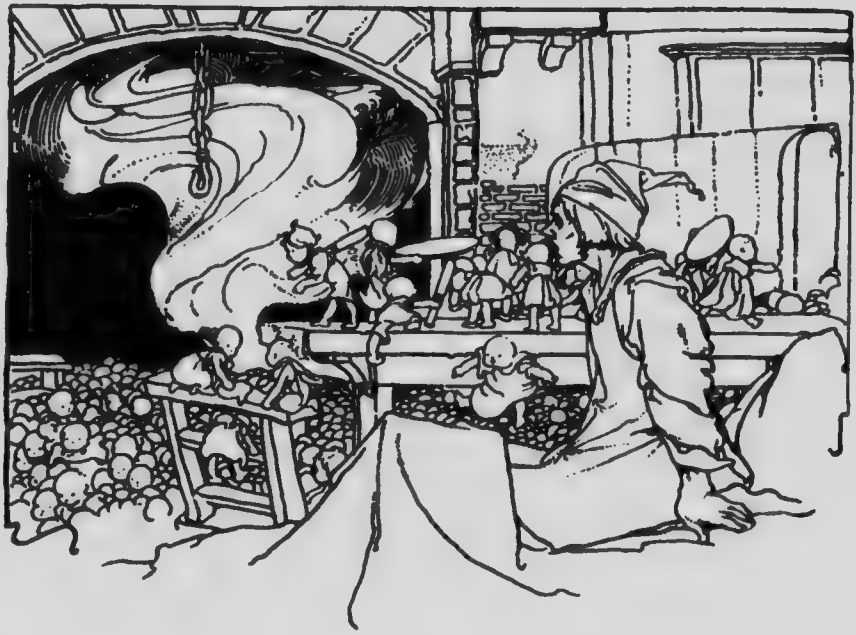
That's a fairy story," said the German fiddler, when the Scotch fiddler had spoken, "that may very likely be true. I've heard tales of the Lady Bertha and her elves before. And there's one story in particular which I once heard of these wonderful little baby-souls."

"Tell us, tell us," cried all the children, "we want to hear more about the Lady Bertha."

"Go on," said old King Cole, "go on, and then we'll send the children to bed, and end up the evening ourselves with a dance; and you shall play the tune."

"Bravo, bravo," cried all the courtiers. "Tell us the story."

"Very well," said the German fiddler, "I will tell you the tale of *The Furious Host*."



The Furious Host

"ONCE upon a time there was a peasant who lived away in the mountains, and had a beautiful cow with a bell tied round its neck, so that he should always be able to find it if it got lost. The bell not only told him where the cow was, but it was also a magic bell and kept all the wicked fairies away who might have wished to do harm. One Sunday, however, the peasant took the bell away from the cow's neck because the beast was restless and kept him and his children awake with always moving about.

There was not a star in the sky and the moon was obscured by clouds. Suddenly the peasant awoke to find that his whole cottage was full of light, and that thousands and thousands of little elves were running about setting up the fire, which had almost gone out, and generally making themselves busy. Along with the elves was a lady in

white whom he easily knew to be the Lady Bertha, her face was so sweet.

"Good evening," said the Lady Bertha, "won't you get up and join us?"

"What are you going to do?" asked the peasant.

"We are going to have a grand feast," said the Lady Bertha. "My elves have just killed your cow and you will soon have roast beef, such as you never tasted in your life before."

The peasant was sad when he heard that his cow was killed, but he knew it was his own fault for taking the bell off its neck. So he made up his mind to make the best of a bad job, and waking his children to get up and prepared to join in the feast.

Everything was ready, and a delicious smell of roast meat filled the cottage, when the Lady Bertha said—

"One thing, however, you must remember. You and your children may eat the flesh, but on no account may you touch or gnaw the bones. If you do, you will be sorry for it."

So they all set to and feasted, and the peasant and his children agreed that they had never tasted a better dish in their lives.

When it began to grow morning, the Lady Bertha and her elves packed all the bones into the cow's skin, set them in the middle of the floor and danced round and round till the peasant grew dizzy with watching them. Then they stopped suddenly, for the Lady Bertha cried—

"Stop, something is missing! Some one has eaten a bone."

They stopped and counted the bones in the bag, and sure enough one little bone was missing.

"Too late, too late!" she cried, "the sun will soon be risen. We must away!"

Then there was a whirring of wings and a sound as if thousands and thousands of birds were flying away, and the peasant found out that he was left alone with his children.

Too tired for anything else, he fell asleep and did not waken next day till it was noon. Then one of his children came running into the room.

"Father, father," cried the child, "come and look at the cow."

He rose and went to look at the cow. There it stood in its stall as if nothing had happened—all except one leg which was lame as if one of the little bones had been broken. The neighbours came round to see what was the matter, and when they heard that Lady Bertha and her furious host of elves had spent the night in his cottage, they crossed themselves and told him that it was lucky he was still alive, and that the fairies had not carried away one of his children.

The cow is lame to this day.

Next day there was great excitement at the court of Old King Cole. Messengers went flying about from door to door, all the windows were crammed with faces of people looking out, and you would have thought that the end of the world was at hand, Old King Cole himself, however, was as calm and cool as a cucumber.

"Ha, Ha," he laughed, "this is the funniest thing I

ever heard of. To think that the King of the Zulus should send an ambassador. Well, he must wait till I have had my breakfast, even though he came from the South Pole to see me."

And so Old King Cole laughed and finished his breakfast.

The ambassador from the King of the Zulus was as black as coal and nearly seven feet high. He carried an assegai or spear in his hand, and behind him in chains walked a lion, an elephant and a rhinoceros. That was why all the windows were crammed with faces, and that is why there was such excitement. After a little, the King went to his throne and ordered his courtiers to assemble. Then the Zulu ambassador was called in, the doors were flung open and in walked the lion, the elephant and the rhinoceros.

"All Hail!" said the Zulu.

"Welcome," said Old King Cole. You have come a far distance, and you deserve a hearty welcome. Cup-bearer, wine for the new ambassador!"

"Nay," said the Zulu, "I drink no wine, but only water. But to my business; I come, O mighty King, from farthest Africa to do homage to one whose fame has reached our shores. They say, sire, that in this kingdom there is no unhappiness, but only mirth and good will. My King has sent me to find the secret of this happiness, that he also should give it to his subjects."

"There is no secret," cried Old King Cole, "we are all happy because we can't help it." Then calling the herald. "Herald," he said, "tell all the children that they have

a whole holiday to-day, in honour of the coming of the ambassador of the Zulus with the lion, the elephant and the rhinoceros. And tell them that they can either go out and play, or come to my Palace to hear more stories like those told last night."

The herald ran out to tell the children, and in less than no time in trooped the dear little things, all with their shining morning faces to hear some one tell a story.

"Come now," said Old King Cole to the Zulu, "you have come a long way. Can you tell us a story of your own land, a fairy story."

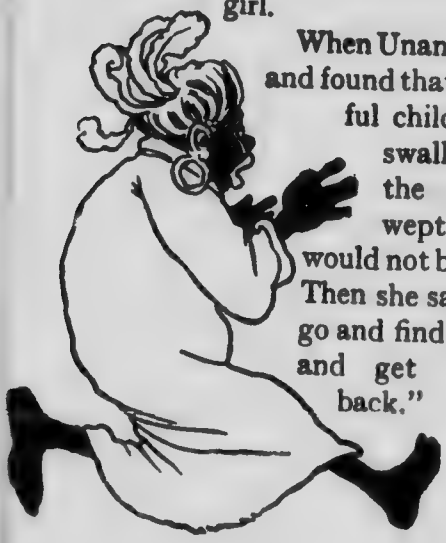
The Zulu thought for a moment.

"Yes, sire," he said at last. "I can tell you the story *of Unanana and the Elephant.*"

Unanana and the Elephant

ONCE upon a time there was a woman called Unanana who had the most beautiful children in all the world. Whenever she went out and left her hut, all the animals came to see how beautiful the children were. One day when Unanana was absent, an elephant came to see the children, and, before the other animals could stop him, he had swallowed them all up, all except the youngest little girl.

When Unanana came back and found that all her beautiful children had been swallowed up by the elephant, she wept bitterly and would not be consoled. Then she said, "I will go and find the elephant, and get my children back." All the animals were sorry for her, and when she asked them where the elephant was, they told her



willingly. The antelope told her, and the leopard told her, till at last she came to the place of tall trees and white stones where the elephant lived.

"Sir," she said to the elephant, "where is the wicked elephant who swallowed my children?"

"A little further on," said the elephant.

But she would not believe him. Then as she stayed and kept on asking where the wicked elephant was who had swallowed her children, he rose up and swallowed her too.

When Unanana reached the elephant's stomach, she found that it was much more comfortable than she expected. It was all like open country, with trees and villages and people walking about. And there were her children, still alive but very hungry.

When she saw that they were hungry she said: "Let us kindle a fire.

Unanana and the Elephant

Now none of the people there had ever thought of making a fire before, so they all gathered round to watch her. And Unanana kindled a fire, and cut off the elephant's liver and cooked it for her children. And when the others saw how easily it was done, they also kindled fires and cooked parts of the elephant.

When the elephant felt the woman cut his liver out and when they began to kindle fires, he wished that he had never swallowed her at all. But it was too late, and the pain was so great that he soon died.

When the elephant died, Unanana began to cut her way through the side, and before long she had cut a hole out into the open air. When the other people inside the elephant saw that Unanana had cut a hole out into the open air, they were glad, and followed her when she climbed out. And when they had all got out, they thanked Unanana.

But Unanana did not wait long to be thanked. She took her

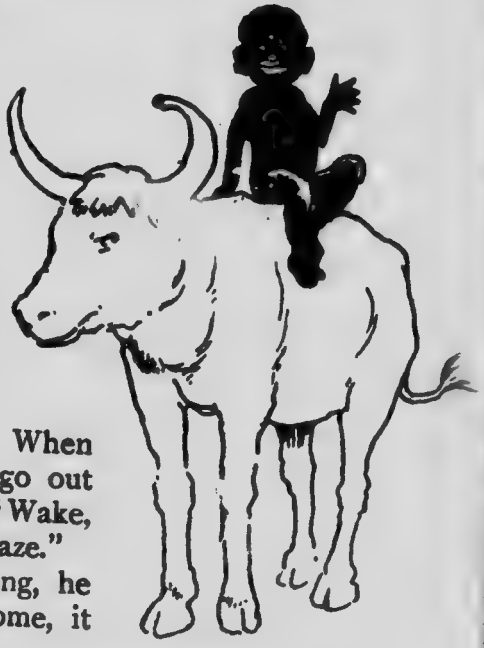
beautiful children and hurried home to her youngest little daughter, who was waiting for her to come back, and who was glad as glad could be to find her mother and sisters safe from the elephant."

"Yes," said Old King Cole, when the Zulu Ambassador had finished, "that is a good story, but rather short. Have you any other story of your native land?"

"Yes," said the Zulu, "I can tell you the tale of the *King's Son and Ubongopu, the Cow.*"

The King's Son and Ubongopu

ONCE upon a time there was a cow who bore a calf called Ubongopu. Now, just about the same time the king's wife bore a child, and the king decreed that his new born son should be placed on the back of Ubongopu and should live and sleep there. And so it was done.



By and by the king's son grew up to a strong boy, but he still lived and slept on the back of the ox, and never came down. The ox grazed with the other cattle and came into the pen with the other cattle, and was the leader of the other cattle because the king's son lived on its back. When it was morning and time to go out to graze, the king's son said: "Wake, wake, Ubongopu, 'tis time to graze."

And then when it was evening, he would say: "Go home, go home, it is time for the pen."

And the rest of the cattle did just as Ubongopu, and the king was pleased that his herds were so well kept.

Sun or rain, wind or calm, the king's son wore no clothes but sat and lived on the back of his dear Ubongopu

The King's Son and Ubongopu

One night there came some robbers to steal the king's cattle bearing sticks in their hands to drive them off. But they might beat the cattle as much as they liked, none of the oxen would move till Ubongopu moved, and Ubongopu would not move till the king's son should say: "Wake, wake, Ubongopu, it is time to graze."

So the robbers went away without the cattle that night. Next night they came again, and the night after, but they only broke their sticks over the backs of the cattle, for none would move till the king's son should speak.

At last the king noticed that the backs of the cattle were all covered with wounds, where the robbers had beaten them, and he grew very angry. He did not strike his son, but he was very angry that the cattle should be beaten so.

Next night the robbers came again, and tried to drive away the cattle. By this time they saw that the ox Ubongopu with the king's son on its back was the leader, so they said to the king's son: "Speak to the cattle."

Then the king's son said: "Wake, wake, Ubongopu, it is time to graze with the robbers.

So Ubongopu rose up and went out, and the other cattle followed. And when they came to the robbers' village; "Go home, go home," said the king's son, "it is time for the pen."

The King's Son and Ubongopu

When all the cattle were in the pen, the robber chief said to the king's son: "Now, we will kill Ubongopu, so that the cattle cannot go back."

But the king's son said, "Ye will die yourselves if ye try to kill Ubongopu."

The robbers laughed at this, and flung their spears at Ubongopu. But they could not hit it, and their spears flew past and hit some of themselves.

Then for the first time in his life the king's son stepped down from his seat on the ox and trod upon the earth. And the robber chief slew Ubongopu and cut the beast to pieces.

When it was dark and the robbers were all asleep, the king's son came back to where the pieces of Ubongopu were strewn, and put them together and said:

"Back to life, Ubongopu, it is time to go away."

Then the pieces of the ox joined themselves together, and Ubongopu stood up, and the king's son seated himself again on the ox's back.

"Wake, wake," said the king's son, "it is time to graze."

And Ubongopu and all the other cattle left the robber's village, and went along the road to their own home.

Now the king was alarmed when he heard that the cattle and his son had not returned at night, so he gathered his army together and set out in search of them. Thus it was that the king and his army met Ubongopu and the cattle coming home.

"My son, my son," said the king, "I feared that the robbers had slain thee."

"My father, my father," said the king's son, "the robbers pursue us and are already at hand."

"Then," said the king, "my army will destroy them."

"Nay," said the king's son, "I do not need your army."

Then the king's son spat and out of his spittle grew a great storm in the shape of a spirit.

The storm spirit bowed before the king's son and said: "Great chief, what shall I do?"

The king's son said: "Destroy the robbers," and the

storm spirit swept over the earth and destroyed the robbers.

The king was astonished at the power of his son and

said: "I will give you the most beautiful maiden in all the tribe to be thy wife."

But the king's son said, "I do not wish the most beautiful maiden in all the tribe. I do not wish to go down on to the earth. I have lived on the back of Ubongopu, and on the back of Ubongopu will I die. Go home, go home, Ubongopu, it is time for the pen."

"You must have wonderful animals in your country," said Old King Cole, when the Zulu Ambassador had finished.

"Yes," said the Zulu, "and that is why I have brought these three here, a lion, an elephant, and a rhinoceros. They are a present from my king."

"Thank you," said Old King Cole, "you shall teach me how to become friends with them. But tell me, have you any other kind of animals? Have you any were-wolves?"

"What is a were-wolf?" said the Zulu Ambassador.

"What!" cried Old King Cole, "Don't you know what a were-wolf is? I feel inclined to tell you the story of one myself."

The King's Son and Ubongopu

"Bravo, bravo!" called all the courtiers, and "Hurrah, hurrah!" cried all the children, "Old King Cole is going to tell us a story."

"Very well," said Old King Cole, "I will tell you the story of *Little Hans and the Star of Bethlehem*."

Little Hans and the Star of Bethlehem

"ONCE upon a time there was a peasant in a great forest who had a son called Little Hans. Now this peasant was a very good man, and always took Little Hans to church and taught him to say his prayers, and especially at Christmas time the peasant would teli little Hans the story of Christ and the Wise Men of the East who came to the Baby in the Manger, led by the light of a star.

"What became of the star?" little Hans used to ask, when his father had told the story, "did it always stay over the Manger at Bethlehem, or did it go away?"

"It stayed where it was," said the peasant, "but only very, very good little boys can ever hope to see it; and you can only see it on Christmas night."

Little Hans

Little Hans was so glad that the star did not leave Bethlehem, and that it was still possible to see it. He made up his mind to be very, very good, and run about helping his father instead of playing as other little boys would have done, so that in all the forest there was not a better boy than Little Hans.

At last Christmas came round, and the heart of Little Hans began to beat quicker and quicker with excitement. He used to lean out of the window and look at the stars

in the sky, to see if he could find any sign of the Star of Bethlehem. At last it was Christmas Eve, and Little Hans knew that if he was to see the Star at all, it would be to-night.

'Little Hans, Little Hans," he said to himself. "The Star, the Star!"

The sky was so clear that you could almost see right into heaven. Not a breath of wind moved the leaves of the trees, not a breath of wind moved the snowflakes that lay so soft upon the ground. Father lay asleep, and Little Hans opened the door.

He looked at the sky in the East.

Yes, yes, it was there, shining so bright that all the

other stars looked pale beside it. The Star seemed to beckon to him, and little Hans went out into the forest.

On and on and on!

Suddenly there was a growl and Little Hans looked round with a start. He was not afraid, but the growl was so sudden.

There, close beside him was a huge wolf with great, blood-red eyes, ready to spring on him.

But what cared Little Hans!

"Wolf, wolf," he said, "look at the Star, the Star in the East, the Star of Bethlehem. Look how brightly it shines."

Why was it that the wolf did not spring upon Little Hans? He stood there with no one to guard him, and the wolf was so hungry.

Little Hans looked round again and found that the wolf lay cowering in the snow. It seemed to be in pain, and its growls sounded almost like sobs.

"Poor wolf, poor wolf!" said Little Hans, "what is the matter. Let me help you."

And Little Hans ran and put his hands round the wolf's neck. As he put his hands round, he felt something hard. It was a buckle, and when he looked at the buckle he saw that it had seven tongues.

"Wolf, shall I open the buckle?" said Little Hans.

The wolf nodded its head and great tears fell from its eyes.

Little Hans unfastened the buckle with its seven tongues, and as he did so, the great shaggy skin fell off and behold! it was not a wolf at all but a beautiful princess, who took him in her arms, and kissed him and blessed him and kissed him again.

"Dear Little Hans," she said, "the charm is broken. For my sins I became a wolf by night, though a princess by day, and when I was a wolf I killed and ate every human being whom I met. I would have killed you, but you had seen the Star, the Star in the East, the Star of Bethlehem, and the charm was broken. Dear Little Hans, you have saved me, you have saved my soul. Come, Little Hans, come and be my own little child. I have no children, and it is so lonely in my castle."

Little Hans looked up at the Princess.

"No," he said, very softly, "I cannot be your child, Princess. I must go back to father, Princess. But I will come some day to your castle, Princess, and you will tell me your story."

And so Little Hans kissed his hand to the Princess, who had been a were-wolf, and ran away back to the father, the peasant, in his cottage."

"But O!" said the children, "what about the Princess. "Did Little Hans visit her afterwards, and did she tell him her story?"

"Yes," said Old King Cole, "she told him her story, but I am afraid it is not happy enough for me to tell here."

"Oh yes it was," cried the children, "at least it ended happily in the story that went before."

"Well," said Old King Cole, "I'll tell you the story. It is called *The Princess and the Count of Oldenburg.*"

The Princess and the Count of Oldenburg

ONCE upon a time there was a Count of Oldenburg who was famed all over the world for his success in hunting. There was no animal in Europe that he had not hunted, and the walls of his great castle were covered over with the skins of those he had shot. But especially he loved to kill a wolf, for the wolves had killed his best friend and he hated every wolf because of it.

Now in the neighbourhood of his favourite hunting ground was the mountain of Osenberg which he usually avoided because it was said to be bewitched. Some talked of an old magician-king, and some of evil fairies, but as no one had ever come back alive from the deep forests on its sides, no one knew what exactly the danger was.

But one day in the excitement of hunting a splendid stag, the Count of Oldenburg found that he had strayed into a piece of forest that was strange to him. Although the foliage was so dark that scarcely any sunlight could pierce through, there were bright and wonderful flowers on every side of him, and the flowers seemed to wave and beckon him on and on. He would have turned back if he could, but as he had lost his way anyhow, he thought he might as well keep on as go back. So he patted his

horse's head, looked to his saddle girth, and cautiously went on.

Now, as it happened, the Count of Oldenburg was on the enchanted mountain, and the old magician-king who lived there chuckled and rubbed his hands to think that he was about to win so fine a prize.

"I shall make him yield to me his castle and lands of Oldenburg and he shall marry my daughter."

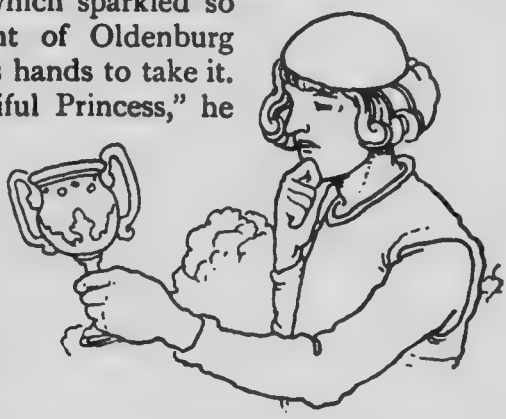
So said the old magician-king, and told his daughter to get a charmed drink ready for the count. His daughter was the Princess whom Little Hans met, and it was her duty to entice any strangers within the mountain, so that her father could work his evil will upon them. Now the Princess was so beautiful that up to this time she had never failed. Every man who had seen her fell madly in love with her at first sight, and when she offered them a cup of water and asked them to come inside the enchanted castle, they never paused for a moment but walked straight into the trap.

When the Count of Oldenburg had gone on for a little, suddenly it seemed as if the side of the mountain opened, and he found himself in front of a gate, worked all in gold and silver, which seemed to be the gate of a splendid castle. The gate opened, and out came the Princess, the magician-king's daughter.

"Good-day to you, sir," she said, "you are a stranger here, I see, but you are very welcome. If you have lost your way, I can show it to you. But you look tired and

hungry and thirsty, will you not have something to eat and drink?"

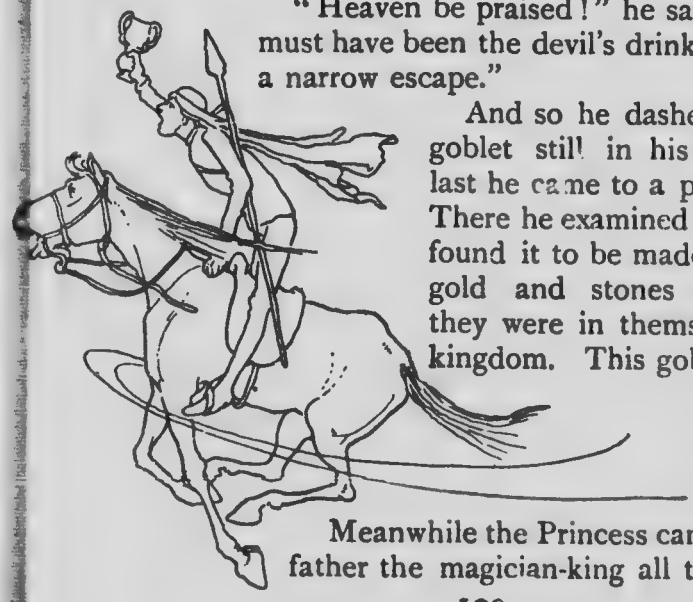
So saying the Princess ran away and came back quickly with a goblet of wine which sparkled so brightly that the Count of Oldenburg eagerly stretched out his hands to take it.



"Your health, beautiful Princess," he said, and was about to raise it to his lips when suddenly fear came over him, and he suspected danger.

"Nay," he said, "I cannot drink," and tossed the wine over his shoulder.

With a scream his horse dashed away, bearing the Count of Oldenburg on its back. Looking over his shoulder the Count saw that some of the wine had fallen on the poor beast's flank, and that it was all scorched by fire.



"Heaven be praised!" he said, "that wine must have been the devil's drink. I have had a narrow escape."

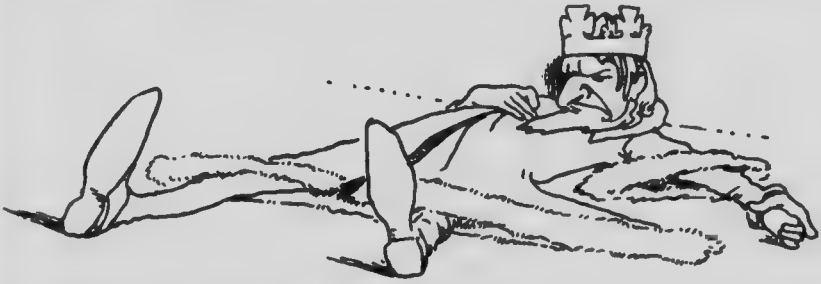
And so he dashed on with the goblet still in his hand, till at last he came to a place of safety. There he examined the goblet and found it to be made of silver and gold and stones so rare that they were in themselves worth a kingdom. This goblet remains in the hands of the Counts of Oldenburg to this day.

Meanwhile the Princess came back to her father the magician-king all trembling with

fear. For the first time in her life she had failed to entice a man into the enchanted castle, and she had lost the goblet. The old king was in a terrible rage.

"Child," he cried, "you have ruined me. Within an hour I must die, for the goblet is gone and with it all my power. One thing only can I do with this my dying breath and that is to curse you. The Count of Oldenburg is a hunter, and especially a hunter of wolves. Behold! I turn you to a wolf, that he may hunt you and bring you to a miserable death."

The old king waved his hand and had half finished his enchantments when the hour came to an end, and before he had time to finish he expired at her feet.

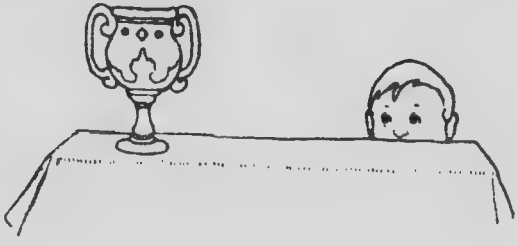


The spell was not completed but half of it came true. By night the Princess became a wolf, and in a shaggy skin crept through the trees of the forest, while by day she remained a Princess. But who could be happy in such a state? She hated the castle where she was forced to live. All the enchantment had gone out of it. The gold turned to copper, the silver to lead, and the rich stones to glass. No one could be more miserable than she, but at last Little Hans went out to see the Star, the Star of the East, the Star of Bethlehem, and broke the last spell of the dead magician.

"That reminds me," said the German fiddler, "of what happened to an ancestor of mine who had a terrible adventure out of which he came with less good fortune than the Count of Oldenburg.

"Tell us the story," cried all the courtiers.

"Very well," said the German fiddler, "I will tell you the story of *The Little Forget-Me-Not.*"



The Little Forget-Me-Not

"My ancestor," said the German fiddler, "was a fine handsome fellow who dearly loved to make himself look smart. When there was dancing, no one danced so well as he, and all the girls liked him to be their partner.

One day as he was walking along through the forest, he saw a beautiful little blue flower such as he had never seen before. He would have plucked it, but it looked so sweet and pretty that he thought it better to leave it alone. But as he was leaving it behind, "Forget-me-not," said the little blue flower.

"You are very kind," said my ancestor. "See, I will pluck you and put you in my hat, and none will look so gay or fine as me."

So he plucked the little blue flower and put it in his hat, and lo and behold! the ground opened before him, showing a beautiful cave all full of gold and silver and precious stones.

The Little Forget-me-not

"Well, I am in luck," said my ancestor, and, "Forget-me-not," said the little blue flower.

He entered the cave and a beautiful lady dressed in white came to meet him.

"Welcome, sir," she said, "will you not fill your pockets with gold and silver so that you may have something to take home with you?"

"Thank you," said my ancestor, "you are very kind," and, "Forget-me-not," said the little blue flower.

My ancestor filled his coat pockets, and then his waist-

coat pockets, and then his trouser pockets till he could hardly move. Slowly making his way to the mouth of the cave, he was about to leave it when his hat fell off.

So full were his pockets that he could not stoop except with great difficulty, and so he said to himself, "never mind my hat, I can buy another any day with all this silver and gold."

But "Forget-me-not," said the little blue flower.

My ancestor, however, was too lazy and was leaving it behind him, when suddenly there was a clap of thunder and the mouth of the cave closed with a bang. If my ancestor had not been already almost outside the cave, he would have certainly been killed. As it was, his heel was clipped off and though he was left with all his pockets full of silver and gold, he never could properly enjoy them for he was lame all the rest of his life."

"Now," said Old King Cole, when the German fiddler had finished, "we have had German stories and Scotch stories and Russian stories and Zulu stories, but no Irish stories as yet. Is there an Irishman here who can tell a story?"

"Begorra," said one of the courtiers, "Sure an' I come from the distressful country myself."

"Well then," said old King Cole, "let's hear a story from you."

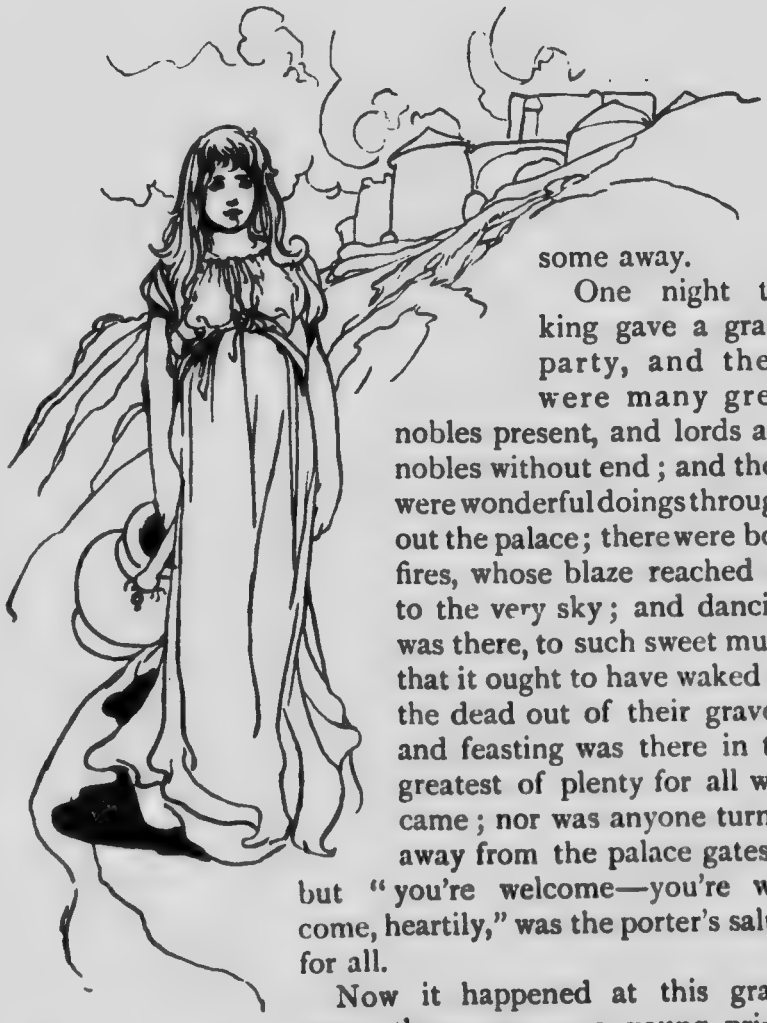
"The story," said the Irish courtier, "is called the story of *Spring Water*."

Spring Water

A LITTLE way beyond the Gallows Green of Cork, and just outside the town, there is a great lake where people in the winter go and skate for pleasure; but the sport above the water is nothing to what is under it, for at the very bottom of this lake there are buildings and gardens far more beautiful than any now to be seen, and how they came there was in this manner.

Long ago there was a great king called Corc, whose palace stood where the lake now is, in a round green valley, that was just a mile about. In the middle of the courtyard was a well of fine water, so pure and so clear that it was the wonder of the world. As people came in crowds from far and near to draw the precious water of this spring, the king began to fear that in time it might become dry; so he caused a high wall to be built round it and would allow nobody to have the water, which was a very great loss to the poor people living about the palace. Whenever he wanted any for himself, he would

send his daughter to get it, not liking to trust his servants with the key of the well-door, fearing they might give some away.



One night the king gave a grand party, and there were many great nobles present, and lords and nobles without end; and there were wonderful doings throughout the palace; there were bonfires, whose blaze reached up to the very sky; and dancing was there, to such sweet music that it ought to have waked up the dead out of their graves; and feasting was there in the greatest of plenty for all who came; nor was anyone turned away from the palace gates—but "you're welcome—you're welcome, heartily," was the porter's salute for all.

Now it happened at this grand party there was one young prince above all the rest right comely to behold, and as tall and as straight as ever eye would wish to look on. Right merrily did he dance that night with the old king's daughter, wheeling there as light as a feather, and footing it to the admiration of everyone. The musicians

played the better for seeing their dancing, and they danced as if their lives depended on it. After this dancing came the supper; and the young prince was seated at table by the side of his beautiful partner, who smiled upon him as often as he spoke to her; and that was by no means so often as he wished, for he had constantly to turn to the company and thank them for the many compliments passed upon his fair partner and himself.

In the midst of this banquet, one of the great lords said to King Corc:

"May it please your majesty, here is everything in abundance that heart can wish for, both to eat and drink, except water."

"Water," said the king, mightily pleased that someone should call for that which he had purposely forgotten, "water shall you have, my lord, speedily; and that of such a delicious kind that I challenge all the world to equal it. Daughter," said he, "go fetch some in the golden vessel which I caused to be made for the purpose."

The king's daughter who was called Spring Water, did not much like to do the duty of a servant before so many people, and though she did not dare to refuse the commands of her father, yet hesitated to obey him, and looked down upon the ground. The king, who loved his daughter very much seeing this, was sorry for what he had desired her to do, but having said the word, he was never known to recall it; he therefore thought of the way to make his daughter go speedily and fetch the water, and it was by proposing that the young prince her partner should go along with her. Accordingly, with a loud voice he said:

"Daughter, I wonder not at your fearing to go alone so late at night; but I doubt not the young prince at your side will go with you."

The prince was not displeased at hearing this; and taking the golden vessel in one hand, with the other led

the king's daughter out of the hall so gracefully that all present gazed after them with delight.

When they came to the well in the courtyard of the palace, the fair Spring Water unlocked the door with the greatest care, and stooping down with the golden vessel to

take some of the water out of the well, found the vessel so heavy that she lost her balance and fell in. The young prince tried in vain to save her, for the water rose and rose so fast that the entire courtyard was speedily covered with it, and he ran back almost mad with fright to the king.

Now that the door of the well was left open, the water which had been so long confined, rejoiced at being free

again, rushed forth without stopping, every moment rising higher, and was in the banquet-hall sooner than the young prince himself, so that when he tried to speak to the king, he was up to his neck in water. At length the water rose to such a height that it filled the whole green valley in

which the king's palace stood, and so the present lake of Cork was formed.

Yet the king and his guests were not drowned; nor was his daughter, the fair Spring Water, who returned to the banquet-hall the very next night; and every night since, the same banquet and dancing goes on in the palace at the bottom of the lake, and will last until someone has the luck to bring up out of it the golden vessel which was the cause of all this mischief.

Spring Water

Nobody can doubt that it was a judgment upon the king for his shutting up this well in the courtyard from the poor people; and if there are any who doubt my story, they may go and see the Lake of Cork, for there it is to be seen to this day; and when its waters are low and clear the tops of towers and stately buildings may be seen plainly

in the bottom by those who have good eyesight, without the least difficulty.

"Ay," said Old King Cole, "that is a strange story, but as you say the proof lies there still for anyone to see. I have heard that there are many tales of fairies and spirits and wonderful things in Ireland and the Northern Islands."

"'Tis true, your Majesty," said the Irish courtier, "and I could tell you plenty more. But as you spoke of the

Northern Islands, there is a sailor here new come from the Island of Rügen who might well tell us some of his country's tales."

"Call in the sailor," said Old King Cole, "why has he come here?"

"He says he is looking for a sweetheart, your Majesty," said the Irish courtier, "and as he will not marry any but a merry lass, he has come to your kingdom."

"You're a sensible man," said Old King Cole to the sailor when he came in, "now tell us a sensible tale."

'There are only two tales which I know," said the sailor, "and the first is the tale of *The Lost Bell.*"

"I never heard that tale," said the king, "but I am sure it is a good one. Proceed."

So the sailor told them the tale of *The Lost Bell.*

The Lost Bell

A SHEPHERD'S boy belonging to Patzig, where there are great numbers of the underground people in the hills, found one morning a little silver bell on the green heath, and fastened it on him. It happened to be the cap of one of the little brown ones, who had lost it while he was dancing, and did not immediately miss it, or observe that it was no longer tinkling in his cap. He had gone down into the hill without his bell, and having discovered his loss, was filled with melancholy. For the worst thing that can befall the underground people is to lose their cap, then their shoes; but even to lose the bell from their caps, or the buckle from their belts, is no trifle to them. Whoever loses his bell must pass some sleepless nights, for not a wink of sleep can he get till he has recovered it.

The little fellow was in the greatest trouble, and searched and looked about everywhere; but how could he learn who had the bell? For only on a very few days in the year may they come up to the daylight; nor can they then appear in their true form. He had turned himself into every form of birds, beasts, and men; and he had sung and rung, and groaned and moaned, and lamented and inquired about his bell, but not the slightest tidings, or trace of tidings, had he been able to get. For what was worst of all, the shepherd's boy had left Patzig the very day he found the little bell, and was now keeping sheep at Unruh, near Gingst: so it was not till many a day after, and then by mere chance, that the little underground fellow recovered his bell, and with it his peace of mind.

He had thought it not unlikely that a raven, or a crow, or a jackdaw, or a magpie, had found his bell, and from

his thievish disposition, which is caught with anything bright and shining, had carried it into his nest; with this thought he had turned himself into a beautiful little bird, and searched all the nests in the island, and had sung before all kinds of birds, to see if they had found what he had lost, and could restore him his sleep; but nothing had he been able to learn from the birds. As he now, one evening, was flying over the waters of Ralov and the fields of Unruh, the shepherd's boy, whose name was Fritz Schlagenteufel (*Smite-devil*), happened to be keeping his sheep there at the very time. Several of the sheep had bells about their necks, and they tinkled merrily, when the boy's dog set them trotting. The little bird, who was flying over them thought of his bell, and sung, in a melancholy tone,

Little bell, little bell,
Little ram as well,
You, too, little sheep,
If you've my Tingletoo,
No sheep's so rich as you
My rest you keep.

The boy looked up and listened to this strange song which came out of the sky, and saw the pretty bird, which seemed to him still more strange:—"Odds bodikins!" said he to himself, "if one but had that bird that's singing up there, so plain that one of us would hardly match him! What can he mean by that wonderful song? The truth of it is, it must be a feathered witch. My rams have only pinchbeck bells, he calls them rich cattle; but I have a silver bell, and he sings nothing about me." And with these words he began to fumble in his pocket, took out his bell, and rang it.

The bird in the air instantly saw what it was, and was rejoiced beyond measure. He vanished in a second—flew behind the nearest bush—alighted and drew off his speckled feather-dress, and turned himself into an old woman dressed in tattered clothes. The old dame, with well-feigned sighs

and groans, tottered across the field to the shepherd's boy, who was still ringing his bell and wondering what was become of the beautiful bird. She cleared her throat, and coughing up from the bottom of her chest, bid him a kind good evening, and asked him which was the way to Bergen. Pretending then that she had just seen the little bell, she exclaimed, "Good Lord! what a charming pretty little

bell! Well! in all my life I never beheld anything more beautiful! Harkye, my son, will you sell me that bell? And what may be the price of it? I have a little grandson at home, and such a nice plaything as it would make for him!" "No," replied the boy, quite short, "the bell is not for sale. It is a bell, that there is not such another bell in the whole world. I have only to give it a little tinkle, and my sheep run of themselves wherever I would have them go. And what a delightful sound it has! Only listen, mother!" said he, ringing it: "is there any weariness in the world that can hold out against this bell? I can

ring with it away the longest time, so that it will be gone in a second."

The old woman thought to herself, "We will see if he can hold out against bright shining money." And she took out no less than three silver dollars, and offered them to him, but he still replied, "No, I will not sell my bell." She then offered him five dollars. "The bell is still mine," said he. She stretched out her hand full of ducats: he replied, this third time, "Gold is dirt and does not ring." The old dame then shifted her ground, and turned the discourse another way. She grew mysterious, and began to entice him by talking of secret arts, and of charms by which his cattle might be made to thrive prodigiously, relating to him all kinds of wonders of them. It was then the young shepherd began to long, and he now lent a willing ear to her tales.

The end of the matter was, that she said to him, "Harkye, my child! give me the bell and see! here is a white stick for you," said she, taking out a little white stick which had Adam and Eve very ingeniously cut on it, as they were feeding the herds of Paradise, with the fattest sheep and lambs dancing before them; and there was the shepherd David too, as he stood with his sling against the giant Goliath. "I will give you," said the old woman, "this stick for the bell, and as long as you drive the cattle with it they will be sure to thrive. With this you will become a rich shepherd: your wethers will always be fat a month sooner than the wethers of other shepherds, and every one of your sheep will have two pounds of wool more than others, and yet no one will be ever able to see it on them."

The old woman handed him the stick. So mysterious was her gesture, and so strange and bewitching her smile, that the lad was at once in her power. He grasped eagerly at the stick, gave her his hand, and cried, "Done! Strike hands! The bell for the stick!" And cheerfully the old woman struck hands, and took the bell, and went like a light breeze over the field and the heath. He saw her vanish, and she seemed to float away before his eyes like a

mist, and to go off with a slight whiz and whistle that made the shepherd's hair stand on end.

The underground one, however, who, in the shape of an old woman, had wheedled him out of his bell, had not deceived him. For the underground people dare not lie, but must ever keep their word; a breach of it being followed by their sudden change into the shape of toads, snakes, dunghill-beetles, wolves and apes; forms in which they wander about, objects of fear and aversion for a long course of years before they are freed. They, therefore, have naturally a great dread of lying. Fritz Schlagenteufel gave close attention and made trial of his new shepherd's-staff, and he soon found that the old woman had told him the truth, for his flocks, and his work, and all the labour of his hands prospered with him and had wonderful luck, so that there was not a sheep-owner or head shepherd but was desirous of having Fritz Schlagenteufel in his employment.

It was not long, however, that he remained an underling. Before he was eighteen years of age, he had gotten his own flocks, and in the course of a few years was the richest sheep-master in the whole island of Rügen; until at last, he was able to purchase a knight's estate for himself, and that estate was Grabitz, close by Rambin, which now belongs to the lords of Sunde. And well may people who hear such stories wish that they had met with such an adventure, and had found a little silver bell which the underground people had lost.

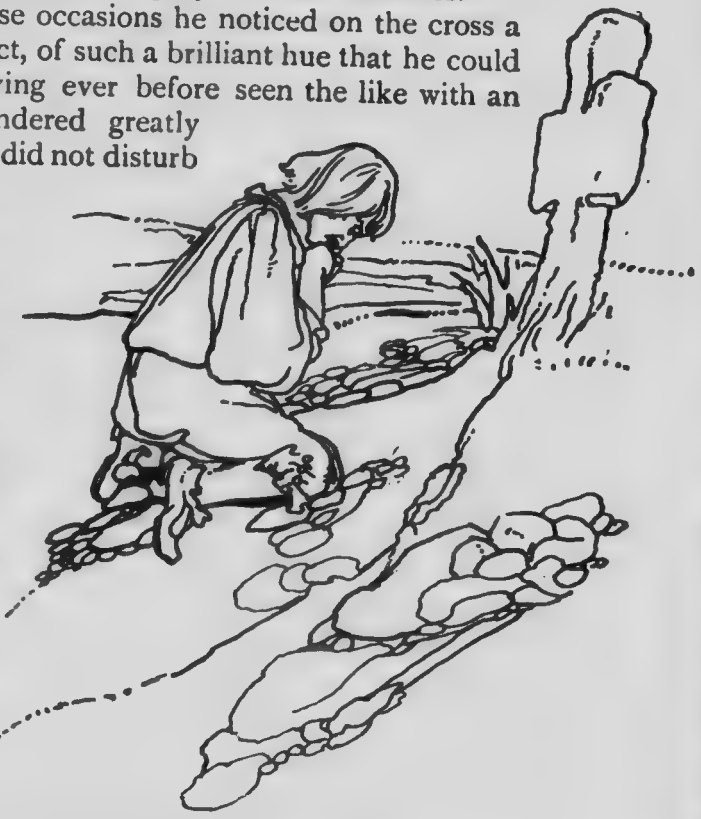
"Bravo," said Old King Cole, "that is a story as happy as anyone could wish. If all the people in your island are as lucky as Fritz Schlagenteufel, you might as well have looked for a wife at home. But now tell us the second story, but first of all tell us its name, and whether it ends happily."

"Yes," said the sailor, "it ends happily for it is the story of *The Wonderful Plough.*

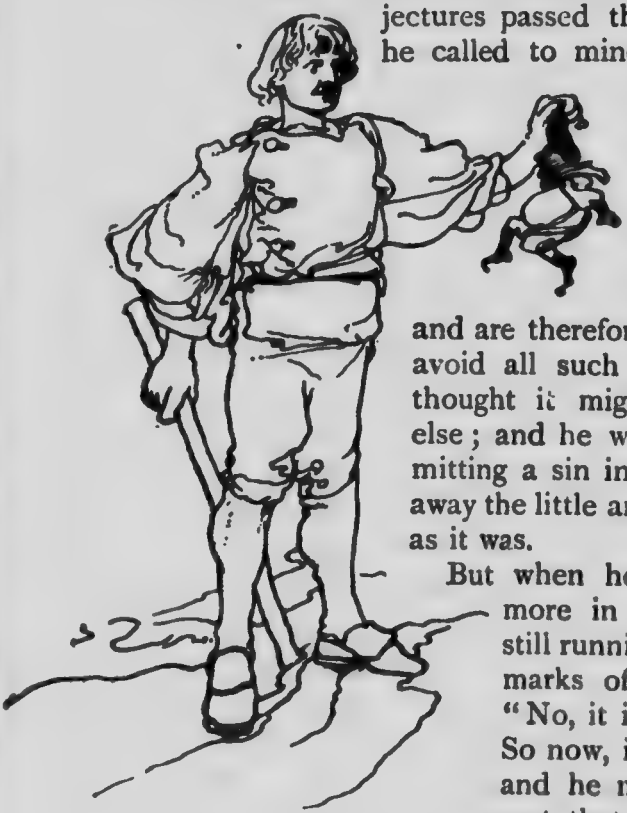
The Wonderful Plough

THERE was once a farmer who was master of one of the little black ones, that are the blacksmiths and armourers; and he got him in a very curious way. On the road leading to this farmer's ground there stood a stone cross, and every morning as he went to his work he used to stop and kneel down before this cross, and pray for some minutes.

On one of these occasions he noticed on the cross a pretty bright insect, of such a brilliant hue that he could not recollect having ever before seen the like with an insect. He wondered greatly at this, yet still he did not disturb it; but the insect did not remain long quiet, but ran without ceasing backwards and forwards on the cross, as if it was in pain, and wanted to get away. Next morning the farmer again saw the very same insect, and again it was running to and fro, in the same state of uneasiness. The farmer began now to have some suspicions about it, and thought to himself, "Would this now be one of the little black enchanters?



For certain, all is not right with that insect; it runs about just like one that had an evil conscience, as one that would, yet cannot go away:" and a variety of thoughts and conjectures passed through his mind; and he called to mind what he had often heard from his father, and other old people, that when the underground people chance to touch anything holy, they are held fast and cannot quit the spot, and are therefore extremely careful to avoid all such things. But he also thought it might well be something else; and he would perhaps be committing a sin in disturbing and taking away the little animal; so he let it stay as it was.

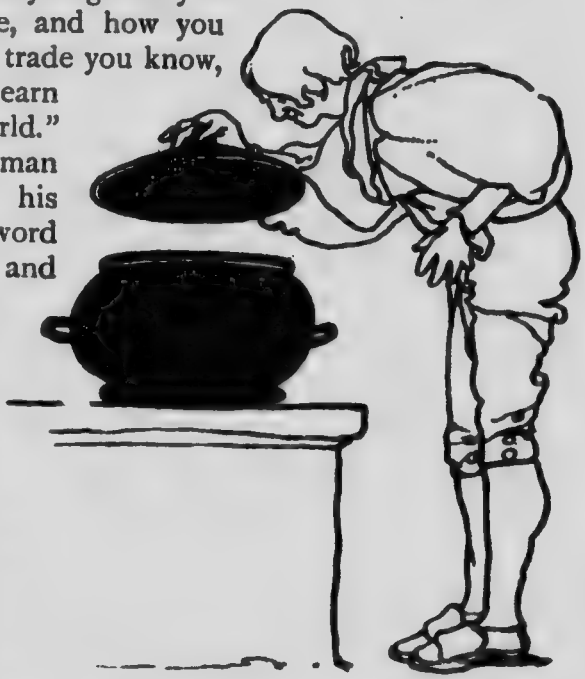


But when he had found it twice more in the same place, and still running about with the same marks of uneasiness, he said, "No, it is not all right with it. So now, in the name of God!" and he made a grasp at the insect, that resisted and clung fast to the stone; but he held it tight, and tore it away by main force, and lo! then he found he had, by the top of the head, a little ugly black chap, about six inches long, screeching and kicking at a most furious rate.

The farmer was greatly astounded at this sudden transformation; still he held his prize fast and kept calling to him, while he gave him a few smart slaps on the back of the head: "Be quiet, be quiet, my little man! if crying was to do the business, we might look for heroes in swaddling clothes. We'll just take you with us a bit, and see what you are good for."

The Wonderful Plough

The little fellow trembled and shook in every limb, and then began to whimper most piteously, and to beg hard of the farmer to let him go. But "No, my lad," replied the farmer, "I will not let you go till you tell me who you are, and how you came here, and what trade you know, that enables you to earn your bread in the world." At this the little man grinned and shook his head, but said not a word in reply, only begged and prayed the more to get loose; and the farmer found that he must now begin to entreat him if he would coax any information out of him. But it was all to no purpose. He then adopted the contrary method, and whipped and slashed him till the blood ran down, but just to as little purpose; the little black thing remained as dumb as the grave, for this species is the most malicious and obstinate of all the underground race.



The farmer now got angry, and he said, "Do but be quiet, my child; I should be a fool to put myself into a passion with such a little brat. Never fear, I shall soon make you tame enough."

So saying, he ran home with him, and clapped him into a black, sooty, iron pot, and put the iron lid upon it, and laid on the top of the lid a great heavy stone, and set the pot in a dark cold room, and as he was going out he said to him, "Stay there, now, and freeze till you are black! I'll engage that at last you will answer me civilly."

Twice a-week the farmer went regularly into the room and asked his little black captive if he would answer him now; but the little one still obstinately persisted in his silence. The farmer had now, without success, pursued this course for six weeks, at the end of which time his prisoner at last gave up. One day as the farmer was opening the room door, he, of his own accord, called out to him to come and take him out of his dirty smelling dungeon, promising that he would now cheerfully do all that was wanted of him.

The farmer first ordered him to give him his history.

The black one replied, "My dear friend you know it just as well as I, or else you never had had me here. You see I happened by chance to come too near the cross, a thing we little people may not do, and there I was held fast and obliged instantly to let my body become visible; so, then, that people might not recognise me, I turned myself into an insect. But you found me out. For when we get fastened to holy or consecrated things, we never can get away from them unless a man takes us off. That, however, does not happen without plague and annoyance to us, though, indeed, to say the truth, the staying fastened there is not over pleasant. And so I struggled against you, too, for we have a natural dislike to let ourselves be taken into a man's hand." "Ho, ho! is that the tune with you?" cried the farmer: "you have a natural dislike, have you? Believe me, my sooty friend, I have just the

same for you; and so you shall be away without a moment's delay, and we will lose no time in making our bargain with each other. But you must first make me some present." "What you will, you have only to ask," said the little one: "silver and gold, and precious stones, and costly furniture—all shall be yours in less than an instant." —"Silver and gold, and precious stones, and all such glittering fine things will I none," said the farmer; "they have turned the heart and broken the neck of many a one before now, and few are they whose lives they make happy. I know that you are handy smiths, and have many a strange thing with you that other smiths know nothing about. So come, now, swear to me that you will make me an iron plough, such that the smallest foal may be able to draw it without being tired, and then run off with you as fast as your legs can carry you." So the black swore, and the farmer then cried out, "Now in the name of God; there, you are at liberty," and the little one vanished like lightning.

Next morning, before the sun was up, there stood in the farmer's yard a new iron plough, and he yoked his dog Water to it, and though it was of the size of an ordinary plough, Water drew it with ease through the heaviest clay-land, and it tore up great, big furrows. The farmer used this plough for many years, and the smallest foal or the leanest little horse could draw it through the ground, to the amazement of everyone who beheld it, without turning a single hair. And this plough made a rich man of the farmer, for it cost him no horse-flesh, and he led a cheerful and contented life by means of it. Hereby we may see that moderation holds out the longest, and that it is not good to covet too much.

Now when the sailor from the island of Rügen had told his stories all the courtiers of Old King Cole said they wished there were more sailors there to tell more stories. Then one of the little girls who was present said:

"I saw a sailor."

"Where?" said all the courtiers.

"On the beach," said the little girl. "He promised to make me a little sailing boat and teach me how to sail."

"Send for the sailor on the beach," cried Old King Cole, and like a flash of lightning a herald ran off to fetch the sailor from the beach.

He had a jolly round red face when he came, and he had a laugh so hearty you could have heard him a mile away.

"Tell you a story, your Majesty?" cried the sailor from the beach. "Nothing could please me better, for Jack Tar loves to spin yarns, and I could spin yarns for a week on end."

The little girl clapped her hands, and Old King Cole was as pleased as Punch.

"Go on," said the little girl, "tell us of a wreck."

"A wreck?" said the sailor. "Well, did ever you hear the tale of Prospero and Miranda in a tale they call 'The Tempest'?—for that is the tale of a wreck."

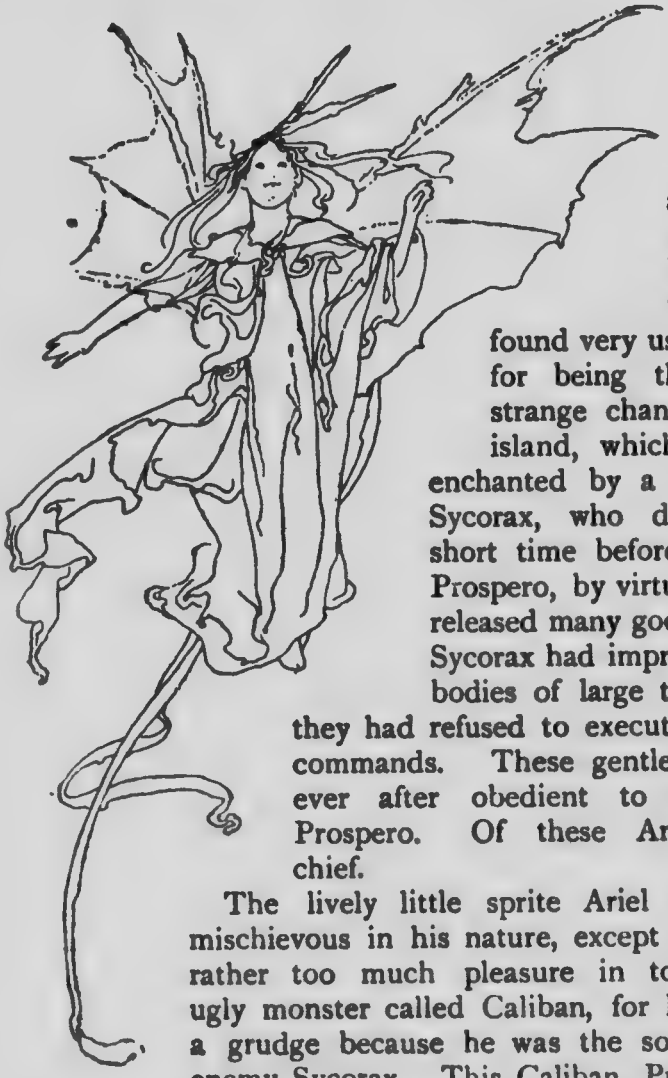
"Tell us the tale," they all cried; so the sailor from the beach who of course was an English sailor told the story of *Prospero and Miranda*, just in the way that Charles and Mary Lamb, the dearest friends of children, told Shakespeare's tale of *The Tempest*.

Prospero and Miranda

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was

divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival. Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.



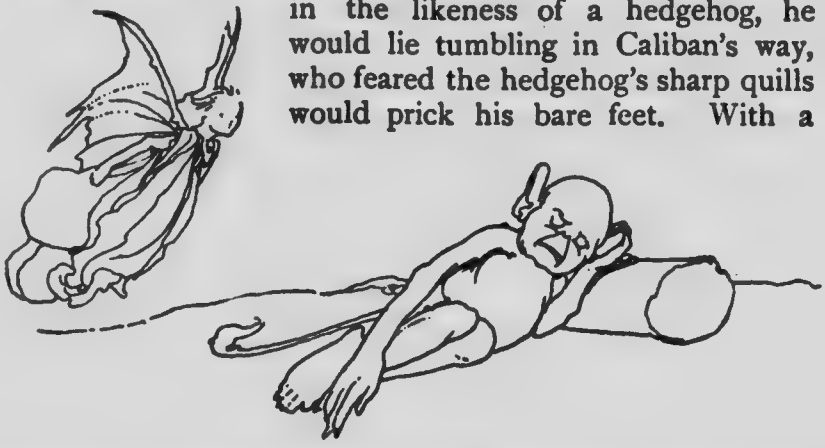
The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited

from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to

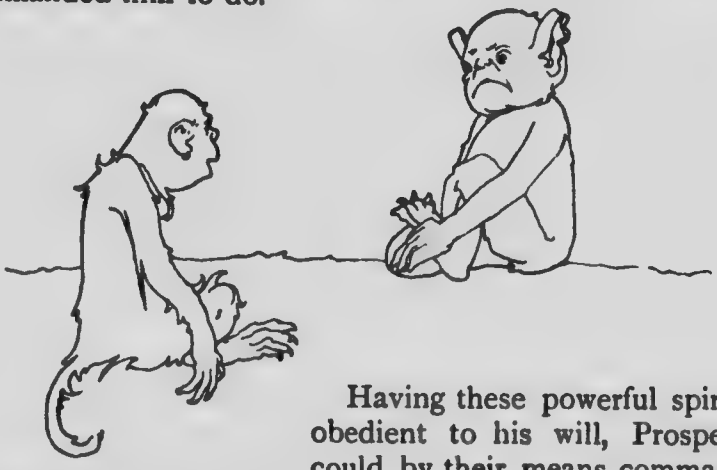
fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come

slily and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a



variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.



Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

"A VIOLENT STORM, IN THE
MIDST OF WHICH
HE SHEWED HIS
DAUGHTER A FINE
LARGE SHIP . . .

Prospero and Miranda

"O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child?"

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

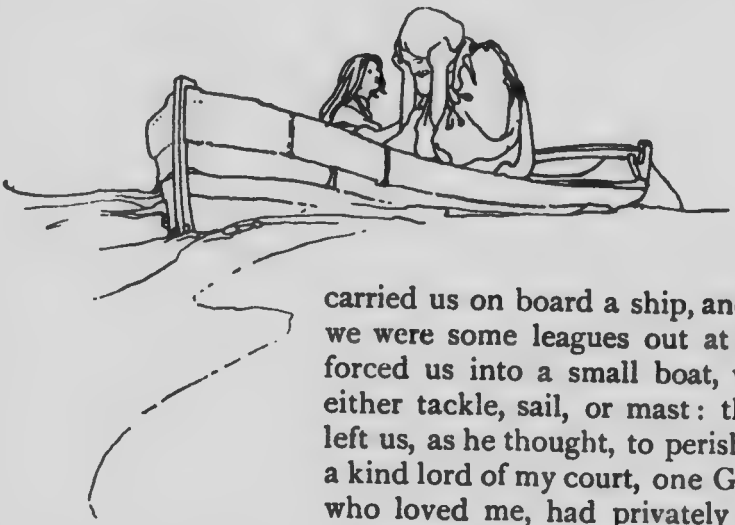
"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, 'I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother

Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio



carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since then my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

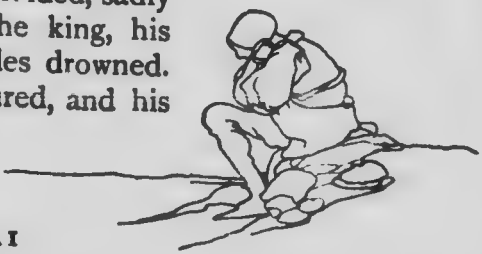
Prospero and Miranda

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."



"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember.

Prospero and Miranda

This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

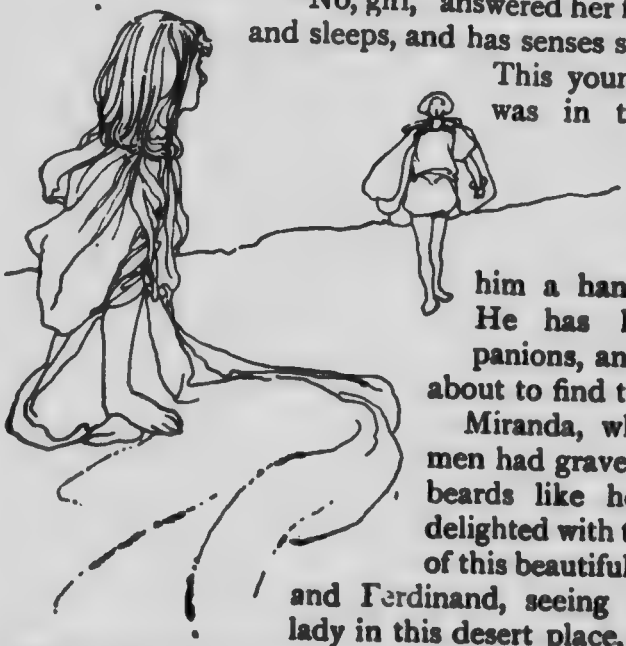
"Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

Prospero and Miranda

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"



"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No,"

said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father: "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the Prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so

hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero: and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero: "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I

who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when first he saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero,

who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander, uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees,

among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance

of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his

dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

"And now," said the English sailor, when he had finished, "now let the little girl who told you all about me tell you a story herself."

"Bravo," cried Old King Cole, "the little girl will tell a story."

"Oh!" cried the little girl, all in a fright, "I never told a story in my life."

At this all the courtiers laughed as if it was the greatest joke they had ever heard, and the little girl began to laugh too. She had been just a little shy before, but now she grew bolder, and at last she said, "There is one story I know, but I am afraid to tell it."

"Afraid!" said Old King Cole, "Don't be afraid any longer, I will protect you."

"But," said the little girl. "But this is a story about the Queen herself, about Mrs Old King Cole."

"Ha ha!" cried the King. "This is splendid, tell us a story about Mrs Old King Cole."

And so the little girl told the story, and what do you think! the story was called *The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe.*

The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe

"THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe—
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,
She gave them some soup without any bread
And beat them all soundly and sent them to bed."

Old King Cole

Now this was such a true story and described Old King Cole's wife so well, that everybody was in fits of laughter, and nobody noticed the entrance of a gorgeous procession into the courtyard, until a great trumpet blew, and they all turned round with a start.

"Who is that," said Old King Cole, "Let him come in and welcome."

The heralds went out and bade the stranger welcome as the King had commanded, and in came a stranger with a splendid train of attendants, so brightly dressed that Old King Cole had never seen the like in all his life. Now that is saying a good deal, for many an Ambassador from a rich country had come to visit the ruler of so happy and merry a kingdom as that of Old King Cole. It seemed as if all the riches of Arabia and Persia and Egypt entered with the stranger, for the air glittered with diamonds and the sheen of gold.

"Welcome!" cried Old King Cole, his eyes wide open at the sight of such splendour. 'Welcome, and God grant that your wealth was well begotten."

"Indeed it was," said the stranger, "for I am Aboo Mohammad the Lazy, the friend of Haroon al Raschid,

and I have come from my native city of El-Basrah, to bring presents to the king of so famous and happy a country."

"Tell me first," said Old King Cole, "how you obtained your wealth, and then I will look at your presents."

"Right gladly," said Aboo Mohammad the Lazy, "I will tell the story as I told it to Haroon al Raschid himself, the Prince of the Faithful, the Khaleefeh of Bagdad. This is the story of my life, of the *Life of Aboo Mohammad the Lazy*.

Life of Aboo Mohammad the Lazy

Know, O King, that I am known by the surname of the Lazy, and that in my youth I was the laziest of all beings

existing upon the face of the earth. My laziness was so great that when I was sleeping in the hot season and the sun came upon me, I was too sluggish to rise and remove

from the sun to the shade. Thus I remained fifteen years, at the expiration of which period my father was admitted to the mercy of God (whose name be exalted!), and left me nothing. But my mother used to act as a servant to some people, and feed me and give me drink, while I lay upon my side. And it happened that my mother came in

to me one day, bringing five pieces of silver; and she said to me:

"O my son, I have been told that the skeykh Abul-l-Muzaffar hath determined to make a voyage to China."

This sheykh loved the poor, and was one of the virtuous. And my mother said:

"O my son, take these five pieces of silver, and repair with us to him, and we will request him to buy for thee with it something from the land of China: perhaps a profit may thence accrue to thee, of the bounty of God, whose name be exalted!"

But I was too lazy to arise and go with her. And upon this she swore by Allah, that if I did not arise and accompany her she would not feed me nor give me to drink nor come in to me, but would leave me to die of hunger and thirst. So when I heard her words, O King, I knew that she would do so, on account of her knowledge of my laziness. I therefore said to her.

"Seat me." And she did so, while I wept. "Bring me my shoes," said I. And she brought them; and I said, "Put them on my feet." And she put them on. I then said, "Lift me up from the ground." And when she had done this, I said, "Support me, that I may walk." So she supported me, and I continued walking, and stumbling upon my skirts, until we arrived at the bank of the river, when we saluted the sheykh, and I said to him:

"O uncle, art thou El-Muzaffar? He answered, "At thy service." And I said, "Take these pieces of silver,

and buy with them for me something from the land of China: perhaps God may give me a profit from it."

And the sheykh Abul-l-Muzaffar said to his companions, "Do you know this young man?" They answered, "Yes: this person is known by the name of Aboo Mohammad the Lazy; and we have never seen him to have come forth from his house excepting on this occasion. The sheykh Abul-l-Muzaffar then said, "O my son, give me the money, and may the blessing of God (whose name be exalted!) attend it." And he received the money from me, saying, "In the name of God." After which, I returned with my mother to the house.

The sheykh Abu-l-Muzaffar set forth on the voyage, and with him a company of merchants, and they proceeded without interruption until they arrived at the land of China; when the sheykh sold and bought, and set forth to return, he and those who were with him, after they had accomplished their desires. But when they had continued out at sea for three days, the sheykh said to his companions, "Stay the vessel!" The merchants asked, "What dost thou want?" And he answered, "Know that the deposit committed to me, belonging to Aboo Mohammad the Lazy, I have forgotten: so return with us, that we may buy for him with it something by which he may profit." But they replied, "We conjure thee by Allah (whose name be exalted!) that thou take us not back; for we have traversed a very long distance, and in doing so we have experienced great terrors and exceeding trouble." Still he said, "We must return." They therefore said "Receive from us several times as much as the profit of the five pieces of silver, and take us not back." So he assented to their proposal; and they collected for him a large sum of money.

Then they proceeded until they came in sight of an island containing a numerous population, where they cast anchor; and the merchants landed to purchase thence merchandise consisting of minerals and jewels and pearls

and other things. And Abu-l-Muzaffar saw a man sitting, with a great number of apes before him; and among these was an ape whose hair was plucked off. The other apes, whenever their master did not notice, laid hold upon this plucked ape, and beat him, and threw him upon their master; who arose thereat and beat them, and chained and tormented them, for doing this; and all these apes became enraged in consequence against the other, and

beat him again. Now when the sheykh Abu-l-Muzaffar saw this ape, he grieved for him, and shewed kindness to him, and said to its owner, "Wilt thou sell me this ape?" The man anwered, "Buy." And the sheykh said, "I have with me belonging to a lad who is an orphan, five pieces of silver. Wilt thou sell him to me for that sum?" He answered, "I sell him to thee. May God bless thee in him! Then the sheykh took possession of him, and paid the money to his owner; and the slaves of the sheykh took the ape, and tied him in the ship.

After this, they loosed the sails, and proceeded to

another island, where they cast anchor. And the divers who dived for minerals and pearls and jewels and other things, came down; and the merchants gave them money as their hire for diving. So they dived; and the ape, seeing them do this, loosed himself from his cord, leaped from the vessel, and dived with them; whereupon Abu-l-Muzaffar exclaimed, "There is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great! We have lost the ape, with the luck of this poor youth for whom we bought him!" They despaired of the ape; but when the party of divers came up, lo, the ape came up with them, having in his hands precious jewels; and he threw them down before Abu-l-Muzaffer, who wondered at this, and said, "Verily, there is a great mystery in this ape!"

Then they loosed, and proceeded to an island called the island of the Zunooj, who are a people of the blacks, that eat the flesh of men. And when the blacks beheld them, they came to them in boats, and, taking all that were in the ship, bound their hands behind them, and conducted them to the King, who ordered them to slaughter a number of the merchants. So they slaughtered them, and ate their flesh. The rest of the merchants passed the night imprisoned, in great misery; but in the night the ape arose and came to Abu-l-Muzaffar and loosed his chains. And when the merchants beheld Abu-l-Muzaffar loosed, they said, "God grant that our liberation may be effected by thy hands, O Abu-l-Muzaffar!" But he

replied, "Know ye that none liberated me, by the will of God (whose name be exalted!), but this ape; and I have bought my liberty of him for a thousand pieces of gold." So the merchants said, "And we in like manner: each of us buyeth his liberty of him for a thousand pieces of gold, if he release us." The ape therefore arose and went to them, and began to loose one after another, until he had loosed them all from their chains; and they repaired to the ship, and embarked in it, and found it safe; nothing being lost from it.

They loosed immediately, and continued their voyage, and Abu-l-Muzaffar said, "O merchants, fulfil the promise that ye have given to the ape." They replied, "We hear and obey." And each of them paid him a thousand pieces of gold.

Abu-l-Muzaffar also took forth from his property a thousand pieces of gold; and a great sum of money was thus collected for the ape. They then continued their voyage until they arrived at the city of El-Basrah; whereupon their companions came to meet them; and when they had landed, Abu-l-Muzaffar said, "Where is Aboo Mohammad the Lazy?" The news therefore reached my mother, and while I was lying asleep, my mother came to me and said, "O my son, the sheykh Abu-l-Muzaffar hath arrived, and come to the city: arise then, and repair to him and salute him, and ask him what he hath brought for thee: perhaps God (whose name he exalted!) hath blessed thee with something." So I replied, "Lift me from the ground, and support me, that I may go forth and walk to the bank of the river." I walked on, tripping over my coat, until I came to the sheykh Abu-l-Muzaffar; and when he beheld me, he said to me, "Welcome to him whose money was the means of my liberation and the liberation of these merchants, by the will of God, whose name be exalted!"

He then said to me, "Take this ape; for I bought him for thee; go with him to thy house, and wait until I come to thee." I therefore took the ape before me, and went,

saying within myself, "By Allah, this is none other than magnificent merchandise!"

I entered my house, and said to my mother, "Every time that I lie down to sleep, thou desirest me to arise to traffic: see then with thine eyes this merchandise."

Then I sat down; and while I was sitting, lo, the slaves of Abu-l-Muzaffer approached me, and said to me, "Art thou Aboo Mohammad the Lazy?" I answered them, "Yes." And behold, Abu-l-Muzaffar approached, following them.

I rose to him, and kissed his hands, and he said to me, "Come with me to my house." So I replied, "I hear and obey." I proceeded with him until I entered the house, when he ordered his slaves to bring the money; and they brought it, and he said, "O my son, God hath blessed thee with this wealth as the profit of the five pieces of silver."

They then carried it in the chests upon their heads, and he gave me the keys of those chests, saying to me, "Walk before the slaves to thy house; for all this wealth is thine."

I therefore went to my mother, and she rejoiced at this, and said, "O my son, God hath blessed thee with this abundant wealth; so give over this laziness, and go down into the market-street, and sell and buy." Accordingly, I relinquished my lazy habits, and opened a shop in the market-street, and the ape sat with me upon my mattress: when I ate, he ate with me; and when I drank, he drank with me; and every day he absented himself from me from morning until noon, when he came, bringing with him a purse containing a thousand pieces of gold, and he put it by my side, and sat down. Thus he ceased not to do for a long time, until abundant wealth had accrued to me; whereupon I bought, O King, possessions and planted gardens.

And it happened one day that I was sitting, and the ape

was sitting with me upon the mattress, and lo, he looked to the right and left; whereat I said within myself, "What is the matter with this ape?" And God caused the ape to speak with an eloquent tongue, and he said, "O Aboo Mohammad!"

On hearing this, I was violently terrified; but he said, "Fear not. I will acquaint thee with my condition. I am a Goblin; but I came to thee on account of thy poverty, and now thou knowest not the amount of thy wealth; and I have a want for thee to perform, the accomplishment of which will be productive of good to thee." —"What is it?" I asked. He answered, "I desire to marry thee to a damsel like the full moon."—"And how so?" said I.—"To-morrow," he answered, "attire thyself in thy rich clothing, mount thy mule with the saddle of gold, and repair with me to the market of the sellers of fodder: there inquire for the shop of the Shereef, and seat thyself by him, and say to him, 'I have come to thee as a suitor, desiring thy daughter.' And if he say to thee, 'Thou hast not wealth nor rank nor descent,'—give him a thousand pieces of gold: and if he say to thee, 'Give me more,'—do so, and excite his cupidity for money."—So I replied, "I hear and obey: to-morrow I will do this, if it be the will of God, whose name be exalted!"

Accordingly, when I arose in the morning, I put on the richest of my apparel, mounted the mule with the saddle of gold, and, having gone to the market of the sellers of fodder, inquired for the shop of the Shereef, and found him sitting in his shop. I therefore alighted and saluted him, and seated myself with him. I had with me ten of my black slaves; and the Shereef said, "Perhaps thou hast some business with us which we may have the pleasure of performing." So I replied, "Yes: I have some business with thee."—"And what is it?" he asked. I answered, "I have come unto thee as a suitor, desiring thy daughter." He replied, "Thou hast not wealth nor rank nor descent."

And upon this I took forth and presented to him a purse containing a thousand pieces of red gold, saying to him, "This is my rank and descent; and he whom may God favour and preserve hath said, An excellent rank is wealth."

And when the Shereef heard these words, he hung down his head for a while towards the ground; after which, he raised his head, and said to me, "If it must be, I desire of thee three thousand pieces of gold besides." So I

replied, "I hear and obey." I immediately sent one of the slaves to my house, and he brought me the money that the Shereef had demanded; and when the Shereef saw this come to him, he arose from the shop, and said to his young men, "Close it."

Then he invited his companions from the market to his house, and, having performed the contract of my marriage to his daughter, said to me, "After ten days I will introduce thee to her."

I returned to my house, full of joy, and in privacy informed the ape of that which had happened to me; whereupon he said, "Excellently hast thou done."

And when the time appointed by the Shereef approached, the ape said to me, "I have a want for thee to perform: if thou accomplish it for me, thou shalt obtain of me what thou wilt."—"And what is thy want?" said I. He answered, "At the upper end of the saloon in which thou wilt pay thy first visit to the daughter of the Shereef is a closet, upon the door of which is a ring of brass, and the keys are beneath the ring. Take them, and open the door. Thou wilt find a chest of iron, at the corners of which are four talismanic flags; in the midst is a basin filled with money, and by its side are eleven serpents, and in the basin is tied a white cock with a cleft comb; and there is also a knife by the side of the chest. Take the knife, and kill with it the cock, tear in pieces the flags, and empty the chest; and after that, go forth to the bride. This is what I require of thee."—And I replied, "I hear and obey."

I then went to the house of the Shereef, and, entering the saloon, I looked towards the closet which the ape had described to me. And when I was left alone with the bride, I wondered at her beauty and loveliness, and her justness of stature and form; for she was such that the tongue cannot describe her beauty and loveliness.

I was exceedingly delighted with her; and when midnight came, and the bride slept, I arose, took the keys, and opened the closet, and, taking the knife, I killed the cock, threw down the flags, and overturned the chest; whereupon the damsel awoke, and saw that the closet was opened and the cock killed; and she exclaimed, "There is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great! The Goblin hath taken me!"—And her words were not ended when the Goblin encompassed the house, and snatched away the bride.

Upon this, a clamour ensued; and lo, the Shereef approached, slapping his face, and said, "O Aboo Mohammad, what is this deed that thou hast done unto us? Is this the recompense that we receive from thee? I made this talisman in this closet through my fear for my

daughter from this accursed wretch; for he was desirous of taking this damsel during a period of six years, and could not do so. But thou shalt no longer remain with us: so go thy way."

I therefore went forth from the house of the Shereef, and having returned to my own abode, searched for the ape; but I found him not, nor saw any trace of him, so I knew that he was the Goblin who had taken my wife, and that he had practised a stratagem against me so that I had acted thus with the talisman and the cock which prevented his taking her. I repented, and tore my clothes in pieces, and slapped my face. No region was wide enough for me; so I went forth immediately, seeking the desert, and stopped not until the evening overtook me; and I knew not whither to go.

But while I was absorbed in meditation, lo, two serpents approached me; one, tawny-coloured; and the other, white; and they were contending together. I therefore took up a stone from the ground, and struck with it the tawny serpent, and killed her; for she was oppressing the white one. Then the white serpent departed, and was absent for a while; after which she returned, accompanied by ten other white serpents; and they came to the dead serpent, and tore her in pieces, so that there remained only her head; which having done, they went their way.

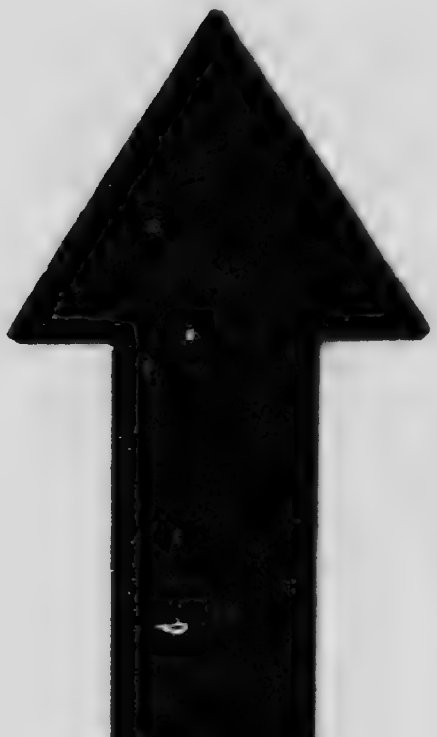
Thereupon I laid myself prostrate on my bosom in that place, through weariness; and while I was so lying, meditating upon my case, a being whose voice I heard, but whose form I saw not, called to me. So I said to the person who addressed me, "By the Object of thy worship, acquaint me who thou art!" Whereupon the invisible speaker assumed the form of a man, and replied, "Fear not; for thy kind conduct hath become known to us, and we are a tribe of the believing Fairies; if then thou hast any want, acquaint us with it, that we may have the pleasure of performing it."

I therefore said to him, "Verily I have a great want;

for I have been afflicted with a heavy calamity. And unto whom hath happened the like of my calamity?"—And he said, "Perhaps thou art Aboo Mohammad the Lazy." I replied, "Yes." And he said, "O Aboo Mohammad, I am a brother of the white serpent, whose enemy thou killedst. We are four brothers by the same father and mother, and we are all thankful for thy kindness. And know that he who was in the form of an ape, and who practised this artifice with thee, is one of the Goblins; and had he not employed this stratagem, he had never been able to take the damsel; for of a long time he hath been desirous of taking her, and this talisman prevented him; and had the talisman remained, he could not have obtained access to her. But fear not on account of this affair: we will convey thee to her, and we will slay the Goblin; for thy kindness is not lost upon us."

He then uttered a great cry, with a terrible voice; and lo, a troop approached him, and he inquired of them respecting the ape; upon which one of them answered, "I know his abode." He said, "Where is his abode?" And he answered, "In the City of Brass, upon which the sun riseth not." And he said, "O Aboo Mohammad, take one of our slaves, and he will carry thee on his back, and will instruct thee how thou shalt take the damsel. But know that the slave is one of the Goblins, and when he carrieth thee mention not the name of God while he beareth thee; for if thou mention it, he will fly from thee, and thou wilt fall and perish."—So I replied, "I hear and obey."

"I took one of their slaves, and he stooped and said, "Mount." And I mounted. He then soared with me into the sky until he had ascended out of sight of the world; and I saw the stars resembling the firm mountains, and



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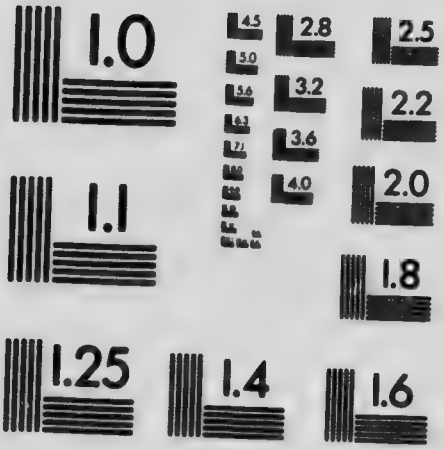

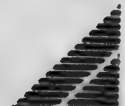

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heard the Angels extolling the perfection of God in Heaven. All this while the Goblin was conversing with me and amusing me, and diverting me from mentioning God, whose name be exalted! But while I was in this state, lo, a person clad in green garments, and having long locks of hair, and a resplendent countenance, and in his hand a spear from which sparks flew forth, approached and said to me, "O Aboo Mohammad, say, 'There is no deity but God: Mohammad is God's Apostle'—or I will smite thee with this spear." My heart was already rent in pieces by my abstaining from mentioning God (whose name be exalted!): so I said, "There is no deity but God: Mohammad is God's Apostle." And immediately that person smote the Goblin with the spear; whereupon he dissolved, and became ashes; and I fell from his back, and continued descending to the earth until I dropped into a roaring sea, agitated with waves.

But lo, there was a ship, containing five sailors; and when they saw me, they came to me, and took me up into the vessel, and began to speak to me in a language which I knew not. I therefore made a sign to them that I knew not their language. And they proceeded on their voyage until the close of the day, when they cast a net, and caught a large fish, which they broiled; and they gave me to eat. They continued their voyage until they had conveyed me to their city; upon which they took me in to their King, and placed me before him; and I kissed the ground, and he bestowed upon me a dress of honour.

Now this King was acquainted with Arabic, and he said, "I appoint thee to be one of my guards." And I said to him, "What is the name of this city?" He answered, "Its name is Henad, and it is in the land of China." Then the King delivered me to the Vizier of the city, commanding him to shew me the city. The inhabitants of this city were originally infidels; in consequence of which, God (whose name be exalted!) had turned them into stones. I amused myself by taking a view of it; and have beheld nowhere a greater abundance of trees and fruits than it possessed.

I resided there for the space of a month, after which I went to a river, and seated myself upon its banks; and while I was sitting, lo, a horseman came and said, "Art thou Aboo Mohammad the Lazy?" I answered him, "Yes." And he said, "Fear not; for thy kind conduct hath become known unto us." So I asked him, "Who art thou?" And he answered, "I am a brother of the serpent, and thou art near unto the place of the damsel to whom thou desirest to obtain access." Then he took off his clothes, and having clad me with them, said to me, "Fear not; for the slave who perished beneath thee was one of our slaves."

And after this, the horsemen took me up behind him, and conveyed me to a desert, where he said to me, "Alight from behind me, and proceed between these two mountains until thou seest the City of Brass: then stop at a distance from it, and enter it not till I return to thee, and instruct thee how to act." So I replied, "I hear and obey."

I alighted from behind him, and walked on until I arrived at the city, when I saw that its wall was of brass; and I went round about it, hoping to find a gate to it: but I found none. And while I was going round it, lo, the brother of the serpent approached me, and gave me a magic sword that would prevent any one from seeing me.

He then went his way; and he had been but a short time absent from me when cries arose, and I beheld a number of persons whose eyes were in their breasts; and when they saw me, they said, "Who art thou, and what cast thee into this place?" So I acquainted them with the occurrence; and they replied, "The damsel whom thou hast mentioned is with the Goblin in this city, and we know not what he hath done with her; and we are brothers of the serpent." Then they added, "Go to that spring, see by what channel the water entereth, and enter thou with it; for it will convey thee into the city."

I therefore did so. I entered with the water into a grotto beneath the earth, and, rising thence, beheld myself

in the midst of the city, and found the damsel sitting upon a couch of gold, with a canopy of brocade over her, and round the canopy was a garden containing trees of gold, the fruits of which were of precious jewels, such as rubies and pearls and coral.

And when the damsel saw me, she knew me; and, having saluted me first, she said to me, "O my master, who brought thee to this place?" So I informed her of the events that had happened; and she replied, "Know that this accursed wretch, from the excess of his affection for me, hath acquainted me with that which will injure him and that which will profit him, and hath informed me that there is in this city a talisman with which, if he desired to destroy all who are in the city, he could destroy them; and whatsoever he should order his slaves to do, they would comply with his command; and that talisman is upon a pillar."—"And where," said I, "is the pillar?" She answered, in such a place.

"And what is that talisman?" I asked. She answered, "It is the figure of an eagle, and upon it is an inscription which I know not. Take it and place it before thee, and take a censer with fire, and throw into it a little musk, whereupon there will arise from it a smoke which will attract the Goblin's slaves. If thou do so, they will all present themselves before thee; not one of them will remain absent and they will obey thy command, and do whatsoever thou shalt order them. Arise, therefore, and do that, and may the blessing of God (whose name be exalted!) attend the act."—So I replied, "I hear and obey."

I arose, and went to that pillar, and did all that she desired me to do, and the Goblin's slaves came and presented themselves before me, each of them saying, "At thy service, O my master! Whatsoever thou commandest us to do, we will do it."—I therefore said to them, "Chain the Goblin who brought this damsel from her abode." And they replied, "We hear and obey." They repaired immediately to that Goblin and chained him, making his bonds tight; and returned to me, saying, "We have done what thou

hast commanded us." And I ordered them to return. I

then went back to the damsel, and, having acquainted her with what had happened, said, "O my wife, wilt thou go with me?" She answered, "Yes." And I went forth with

her by the subterranean grotto by which I had entered; and we proceeded until we came to the party who had directed me to her; when I said to them, "Direct me to a route that shall lead me to my country."

Accordingly they guided me and walked with me to the shore of the sea, and placed us on board a ship; and the wind was favourable, and the ship conveyed us on until we arrived at the city of El-Basrah. And when the damsel entered the house of her father, her family saw her, and rejoiced exceedingly at her return. I then fumigated the eagle with musk, and lo, the Goblin's slaves approached me from every quarter, saying, "At thy service, and what dost thou desire us to do?" And I commanded them to transport all that was in the City of Brass, of money and minerals and jewels, to my house which was in El-Basrah; and they did so.

After that, I commanded them to bring the ape; and they brought him, in an abject and despicable state; whereupon I said to him, "O accursed, why didst thou act perfidiously to me?" And I ordered them to put him into a bottle of brass. So they put him into a narrow bottle of brass, and stopped it over him with lead. And I resided with my wife in joy and happiness. I have now, O King, of precious treasures, and extraordinary jewels, and abundant wealth, what cannot be expressed by numbers, nor confined by limits; and if thou desire anything, of wealth or aught else, I will command the Fairies to bring it to thee immediately. All this I have received from the bounty of God, whose name be exalted!

"Indeed," said Old King Cole, when Aboo Mohammad had finished. "You are a lucky and a clever man. I am right glad to take your gifts and I send all greeting to your friend Haroon Al Raschid. Have you no other story that you can tell us?"

"Indeed I have," said Aboo Mohammad, "but first let some one else tell a tale, for my tongue is parched with so much speaking, and I would willingly listen for a while."

Aboo Mohammad the Lazy

"Bring some wine," cried Old King Cole, "for Aboo Mohammad the Lazy, and let the English sailor spin another yarn to while away the time."

"Very well," said the English sailor, "I will tell a tale I heard in my youth from a woman in the North Country. It is the right merry tale of *Tom Hickathrift*."

Tom Hickathrift.

ONCE upon a time there dwelt a man whose name was Thomas Hickathrift—a poor man and a day-labourer, yet he was a very stout man, and able to perform two days' work instead of one. He having one son and no more children in the world, he called him by his own name, Thomas Hickathrift. This old man put his son to good

learning, but he would take none, for he was, as we call them in this age, none of the wisest sort.

His father being soon called out of the world, his mother was tender of him, and maintained him by her hand labour as well as she could, he being slothful and not willing to work to get a penny for his living, but all his delight was to be in the chimney-corner, and he would eat as much at one time as would serve four or five men. He was in height, when he was but ten years of age, about eight feet; and in thickness, five feet; and his hand was like unto a shoulder of mutton; and in all his parts, from top to toe, he was like unto a monster, and yet his great strength was not known.

The first time that his strength was known was by his mother's going to a rich farmer's house (she being but a poor woman) to desire a pottle of straw for herself and her son Thomas. The farmer, being a very honest, charitable man, bid her take what she would. She going home to her son Tom, said—

"I pray, go to such a place and fetch me a pottle of straw; I have asked him leave."

He swore he would not go.

"Nay, prithee, Tom, go," said his mother.

He swore again he would not go unless she would borrow him a cart-rope. She, being willing to please him, because she would have some straw, went and borrowed him a cart-rope to his desire.

He, taking it, went his way. Coming to the farmer's house, the master was in the barn, and two men a-thrashing. Said Tom—

"I am come for a pottle of straw."

"Tom," said the master, "take as much as thou canst carry."

He laid down the cart-rope and began to make his pottle. Said they—

"Tom, thy rope is too short," and jeered poor Tom, but he fitted the man well for it, for he made his pottle, and when he had finished it, there was supposed to be a

load of straw in it of two thousand pounds weight. Said they—

"What a great fool art thou. Thou canst not carry the tenth of it."

Tom took the pottle, and flung it over his shoulder, and made no more of it than we would do of a hundredweight, to the great admiration of master and man.

Tom Hickathrift's strength being then known in the town they would no longer let him lie baking by the fire in the chimney-corner. Every one would be hiring him for work. They seeing him to have so much strength told him that it was a shame for him to live such a lazy course of life, and to be idle day after day, as he did.

Tom seeing them bate him in such a manner as they did, went first to one work and then to another, but at length came to a man who would hire him to go to the wood, for he had a tree to bring home, and he would content him. Tom went with him, and took with him four men besides; but when they came to the wood they set the cart to the tree, and began to draw it up with pulleys. Tom seeing them not able to stir it, said—

"Stand away, ye fools!" then takes it up and sets it on one end and lays it in the cart.

"Now," says he, "see what a man can do!"

"Marry, it is true," said they.

When they had done, as they came through the wood, they met the woodman. Tom asked him for a stick to make his mother a fire with.

"Ay," says the woodman. "Take one that thou canst carry."

Tom espied a tree bigger than that one that was in the cart, and lays it on his shoulder, and goes home with it as fast as the cart and six horses could draw it. This was the second time that Tom's strength was known.

When Tom began to know that he had more strength than twenty men, he then began to be merry and very tractable, and would run or jump; took great delight to

be amongst company, and to go to fairs and meetings, to see sports and pastimes.

Going to a feast, the young men were all met, some to cudgels, some to wrestling, some throwing the hammer, and the like. Tom stood a little to see the sport, and at last goes to them that were throwing the hammer. Standing a little to see their manlike sport, at last he took the hammer in his hand, to feel the weight of it, and bid them stand out of the way, for he would throw it as far as he could.

"Ay," said the smith, and jeered poor Tom. "You'll throw it a great way, I'll warrant you."

Tom took the hammer in his hand and flung it. And there was a river about five or six furlongs off, and he flung it into that. When he had done, he bid the smith fetch the hammer, and laughed the smith to scorn.

When Tom had done this he would go to wrestling, though he had no more skill of it than an ass but what he did by strength, yet he flung all that came to oppose him, for if he once laid hold of them they were gone. Some he would throw over his head, some he would lay down slyly and how he pleased. He would not like to strike at their heels, but flung them two or three yards from him, ready to break their necks asunder. So that none at last durst go into the ring to wrestle with him, for they took him to be some devil that was come among them. So Tom's fame spread more and more in the country.

Tom's fame being spread abroad both far and near, there was not a man durst give him an angry word, for he was something fool-hardy, and did not care what he did unto them, so that all they that knew him would not in the least displease him. At length there was a brewer at Lynn that wanted a good lusty man to carry his beer to the Marsh and to Wisbeach, hearing of Tom, went to hire him, but Tom seemed coy, and would not be his man until his mother and friends persuaded him, and his master entreated him. He likewise promised him that he should

have a new suit of clothes and everything answerable from top to toe, besides he should eat of the best. Tom at last yielded to be his man, and his master told him how far he must go, for you must understand there was a monstrous giant kept some part of the Marsh, and none durst go that way, for if they did he would keep them or kill them, or else he would make bond slaves of them.

But to come to Tom and his master. He did more work in one day than all his men could do in three, so that his master, seeing him very tractable, and to look well after his business, made him his head man to go into the Marsh to carry beer by himself, for he needed no man with him. Tom went every day in the week to Wisbeach, which was a very good journey, and it was twenty miles the roadway.

Tom—going so long that wearisome journey, and finding that way the giant kept was nearer by half, and Tom having now got much more strength than before by being so well kept and drinking so much strong ale as he did—one day as he was going to Wisbeach, and not saying anything to his master or to any of his fellow-servants, he was resolved to make the nearest way to the wood or lose his life, to win the horse or lose the saddle, to kill or be killed, if he met with the giant. And with this resolution he goes the nearest way with his cart and horses to go to Wisbeach; but the giant, perceiving him, and seeing him to be bold, thought to prevent him, and came, intending to take his cart for a prize, but he cared not a bit for him.

The giant met Tom like a lion, as though he would have swallowed him up at a mouthful.

"Sirrah," said he, "who gave you authority to come this way? Do you not know I make all stand in fear of my sight, and you, like an impudent rogue, must come and fling my gates open at your pleasure? How dare you presume to do this? Are you so careless of your life? I will make thee an example for all rogues under the sun. Dost thou not care what thou dost? Do you see how many heads hang upon yonder tree that have offended my

law? Thy head shall hang higher than all the rest for an example!"

Tom made him answer—

"A fig for your news, for you shall not find me like one of them."

"No?" said the giant. "Why? Thou art but a fool if thou comest to fight with such a one as I am, and bring no weapon to defend thyself withal."

Said Tom—

"I have a weapon here will make you understand you are a traitorly rogue."

"Ah, sirrah," said the giant; and took that word in high disdain that Tom should call him a traitorly rogue, and with that he ran into his cave to fetch out his club, intending to dash out Tom's brains at the first blow.

Tom knew not what to do for a weapon, for he knew his whip would do but little good against such a monstrous beast as he was, for he was in height about twelve feet, and six about the waist. While the giant went for his club, Tom bethought himself of two very good weapons, for he makes no more ado but takes his cart and turns it upside down, takes out the axle-tree, and a wheel for his shield and buckler, and very good weapons they were, especially in time of need. The giant, coming out again, began to stare at Tom, to see him take the wheel in one hand, and the axle-tree in the other, to defend him with.

"Oh," said the giant, "you are like to do great service with these weapons. I have here a twig that will beat thee and thy wheel and axle-tree to the ground."

That which the giant called a twig was as thick as some mill-posts are, but Tom was not daunted for his big and threatening speech, for he perfectly saw there was no way except one, which was to kill or be killed. So the giant made at Tom with such a vehement force that he made Tom's wheel crack again, and Tom lent the giant as good, for he took him such a weighty blow on the side of his head, that he made the giant reel again.

"What," said Tom, "are you drunk with my strong beer already?"

The giant, recovering, laid on Tom, but still as they came, Tom kept them off with his wheel, so that he had no hurt at all. In short, Tom plied his work so well, and laid such huge blows on the giant that sweat and blood together ran down his face, and, being fat and foggy with fighting so long, he was almost tired out, and he asked Tom to let him drink a little water, and then he would fight him again.

"No," said Tom, "my mother did not teach me that wit. Who would be the fool then?"

Tom, seeing the giant began to grow weary, and that he failed in his blows, thought it was best to make hay while the sun did shine, for he laid on so fast as though he had been mad, till he brought the giant down to the ground.

The giant seeing himself down, and Tom laying so hard on him, made him roar in a most pitiful manner, and prayed him not to take away his life and he would do anything for him, and yield himself to him to be his servant.

But Tom, having no more mercy on him than a dog or a bear, laid still on the giant till he laid him for dead. When he had done, he cut off his head, and went into his cave, where he found great store of gold and silver, which made his heart leap.

Now, having killed the giant, he put his cart together again, loaded it, and drove it to Wisbeach and delivered his beer, and, coming home to his master, he told it to him. His master was so overjoyed at the news that he would not believe him till he had seen; and getting up the next day, he and his master went to see if he spoke the truth or not, together with most of the town of Lynn. When they came to the place and found the giant dead, he then showed the place where the head was, and what silver and gold there was in the cave. All of them leaped for joy, for this monster was a great enemy to all the country.

This news was spread all up and down the country, how Tom Hickathrift had killed the giant, and well was he that could run or go to see the giant and his cave. Then all the folks made bonfires for joy, and Tom was a better respected man than before.

Tom took possession of the giant's cave by consent of the whole country, and everyone said he deserved twice as much more. Tom pulled down the cave and built him a fine house where the cave stood, and in the ground that the giant kept by force and strength, some of which he gave to the poor for their common, the rest he made pastures of, and divided the most part into tillage to maintain him and his mother, Jane Hickathrift.

Tom's fame was spread both far and near throughout the country, and it was no longer Tom but Mr Hickathrift, so that he was now the chiefest man among them, for the people feared Tom's anger, as much as they did the giant before. Tom kept men and maid servants, and lived most bravely. He made a park to keep deer in. Near to his house he built a church and gave it the name of St James's Church, because he killed the giant on that day, which is so called to this hour. He did many good deeds, and became a public benefactor to all persons that lived near him.

Tom having got so much money about him, and being not used to it, could hardly tell how to dispose of it, but yet he did use the means to do it, for he kept a pack of hounds and men to hunt with him, and who but Tom then? So he took such delight in sports that he would go far and near to any meetings, as cudgel-play, football, and the like.

Now as Tom was riding one day, he alighted off his horse to see that sport, for they were playing for a wager. Tom was a stranger, and none did know him there. But Tom spoiled their sport, for he, meeting the football, took it such a kick, that they never found their ball more. They could see it fly, but whither none could tell. They all wondered at it, and began to quarrel with Tom, but some

of them got nothing by it, for Tom gets a great spar which belonged to a house that was blown down, and all that stood in his way he knocked down, so that all the county was up in arms to take Tom, but all in vain, for he manfully made way wherever he came.

When he was gone from them, and returning homewards, he chanced to be somewhat late in the evening on the road. There met him four stout lusty rogues that had been robbing passengers that way, and none could escape them, for they robbed all they met, both rich and poor. They thought when they met with Tom he would be a good prize for them, and perceiving he was alone made cock-sure of his money, but they were mistaken, for he got a prize by them. Whereupon, meeting him, they bid him stand and deliver.

"What," said Tom, "shall I deliver?"

"Your money, sirrah," said they.

"But," said Tom, "you will give me better words for it, and you must be better armed."

"Come, come," said they, "we do not come here to parley, but we come for money, and money we will have before we stir from this place."

"Ay!" said Tom. "Is it so? Then get it and take it."

So then one of them made at him, but he presently unarmed him and took away his sword, which was made of good trusty steel, and smote so hard at the others that they began to put spurs to their horses and be-gone. But he stayed their journey, for one of them having a portmanteau behind him, Tom, supposing there was money in it, fought with a great deal of more courage than before, till at last he killed two of the four, and the other two he wounded very sore so that they cried out for quarter. With much ado he gave them their lives, but took all their money, which was about two hundred pounds, to bear his expenses home. Now when Tom came home he told them how he had served the football-players and the four highwaymen, which caused a laughter from his old mother. Then,

refreshing himself, he went to see how all things were, and what his men had done since he went from home.

Then going into his forest, he walked up and down, and at last met with a lusty tinker that had a good staff on his shoulder, and a great dog to carry his leather bag and tools of work. Tom asked the tinker from whence he came, and whither he was going, for that was no highway. The tinker being a sturdy fellow, bid him go look, and what was that to him, for fools would be meddling.

"No," says Tom, "but I'll make you know, before you and I part, it is me."

"Ay!" said the tinker, "I have been this three long years, and have had no combat with any man, and none durst make me an answer. I think they be all cowards in this country, except it be a man who is called Thomas Hickathrift who killed a giant. Him I would fain see to have one combat with him."

"Ay!" said Tom, "but, methinks, I might be master in your mouth. I am the man: what have you to say to me?"

"Why," said the tinker, "verily, I am glad we have met so happily together, that we may have one single combat."

"Sure," said Tom, "you do but jest?"

"Marry," said the tinker, "I am in earnest."

"A match," said Tom. "Will you give me leave to get a twig?"

"Ay," says the tinker. "Hang him that will fight a man unarmed. I scorn that."

Tom steps to the gate, and takes one of the rails for his staff. So they fell to work. The tinker at Tom and Tom at the tinker, like unto two giants, they laid one at the other. The tinker had on a leathern coat, and at every blow Tom gave the tinker his coat cracked again, yet the tinker did not give way to Tom an inch, but Tom gave the tinker a blow on the side of the head which felled the tinker to the ground.

"Now, tinker, where are you?" said Tom.

"But the tinker being a man of metal, leaped up again, and gave Tom a blow which made him reel again, and followed his blows, and then took Tom on the other side, which made Tom's neck crack again. Tom flung down the weapon, and yielded the tinker to be the best man, and took him home to his house.

"A right merry tale, as you say," cried Aboo Mohammad the Lazy, when the English sailor had finished, "and if the King permits. I shall tell my second tale only on one condition."

"Name your condition," said Old King Cole, heartily. "So gallant a fellow as you can never ask anything that is not fair."

"Well then," said Aboo Mohammad, "my condition is that the English sailor will follow my story with another story as good as the last."

"I promise," said the English sailor, "for I will tell the best English tale that has ever been told."

"Agreed!" said Aboo Mohammad the Lazy, "so now let me tell the tale of *Abu-l-Hasan the Wag*.

Abu-l-Hasan the Wag, or the Sleeper awakened

THERE was a merchant in Baghdad, and he had a son named Abu-l-Hasan the Wag. And this merchant died, leaving to his son vast wealth: whereupon Abu-l-Hasan divided his property into two equal portions, one of which he laid aside, and of the other he expended. He took as his familiar friends a number of the sons of the merchants, and others, and gave himself up to the delights of good drinking and good eating, until all the wealth that he had appropriated to this purpose was consumed.

And upon this he went to his associates and relations and boon-companions, and exposed to them his case, shewing them how little property remained in his possession; but none of them paid any regard to him, or uttered a word in reply. So he returned to his mother, with a broken heart, and told her of the treatment that he had experienced from his associates, that they would neither do him justice nor even reply to him. But she said, "O Abu-l-Hasan, thus are the sons of this age: as long as thou hast anything, they draw thee near to them; and when thou hast nothing, they cast thee off." She was grieved for him, and he sighed and wept.

He then sprang up, and went to the place in which was deposited the other half of his wealth, and upon this he lived agreeably. He took an oath that he would not henceforth associate with any one of those whom he knew, but only with the stranger, and that he would not associate with any person but for one night, and on the following morning would not recognise him.

Accordingly, every night, he went forth and seated himself on the bridge, and when a stranger passed by him, he invited him to an entertainment, and took him to his house, where he caroused with him that night, until the morning: he then dismissed him; and after that he would not salute him if he saw him.

Thus he continued to do for a whole year; after which, as he was sitting one day upon the bridge as usual, to see who might come towards him, Al-Raschid and certain of his domestics passed by in disguise; for the Khaleefeh had experienced a contraction of the bosom, and come forth to amuse himself among the people. So Abu-l-Hasan laid hold upon him, and said to him, "O my master, hast thou any desire for a repast and beverage?" And Al-Raschid complied with his request, saying to him, "Conduct us." And Abu-l-Hasan knew not who was his guest.

The Kaleefeh proceeded with him until they arrived at Abu-l-Hasan's house: and when Al-Raschid entered, he found in it a saloon, such that if thou beheldest it, and lookedst towards its walls, thou wouldst behold wonders; and if thou observedst its conduits of water, thou wouldst see a fountain encased with gold. And after he had seated himself there, Abu-l-Hasan called for a slave-girl, like a twig of the Oriental willow, who took a lute, and extemporized and sang to him. And when Al-Raschid heard her verses, he said to her, "Thou hast performed well. God bless thee!"—Her eloquence pleased him, and he wondered at Abu-l-Hasan and his entertainment.

He then said to Abu-l-Hasan, "O young man, who art thou? Acquaint me with thy history, that I may requite thee for thy kindness."—But Abu-l-Hasan smiled, and replied, "O my master, far be it from me that what hath happened should recur, and that I should be in thy company again after this time!"—"And why so?" said the Khaleefeh, "and why wilt thou not acquaint me with thy case?"

So Abu-l-Hasan told him his story, and when the Khaleefeh heard it, he laughed violently, and said, "By

Abou-l Hassan the Wag.

Allah, O my brother, thou art excusable in this matter." Then a dish of roast goose was placed before him, and a cake of fine bread; and Abu-l-Hasan sat, and cut off the meat, and put morsels into the mouth of the Khaleefeh, and they continued eating until they were satisfied; when the basin and ewer were brought, with the kali; and they washed their hands.

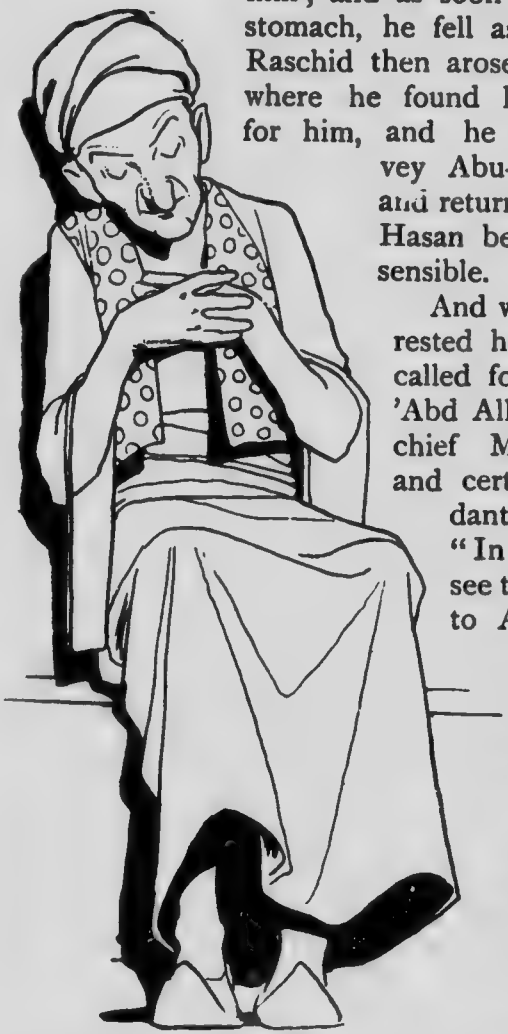
After this, Abu-l-Hasan lighted for his guest three candles and three lamps, spread the wine-cloth, and brought clear, strained, old, perfumed wine, the odour of which was like fragrant musk, and, having filled the first cup, said, "O my boon-companion, bashfulness is dismissed from us, with thy permission. Thy slave is by thee, May I never be afflicted by the loss of thee!"—And he drank the cup, and filled the second, which he handed to the Khaleefeh, waiting upon him as a servant.

And the Khaleefeh was pleased with his actions, and the politeness of his words, and said within himself, "By Allah, I will certainly requite him for this!" Abu-l-Hasan then, after he had kissed the cup, handed it to the Khaleefeh, who accepted it from his hand, kissed it and drank it, and handed it back to him. Abu-l-Hasan still continued serving him. He filled and drank, and filled again and handed the cup to the Khaleefeh, after he had kissed it three times. "Drink," he said, "and may it be attended with health and vigour."—And they drank and made merry until midnight.

After this, the Khaleefeh said to his host, "O Abu-l-Hasan, is there any service that thou wouldst have performed, or any desire that thou wouldst have accomplished?" And Abu-l-Hasan answered, "In our neighbourhood is a mosque, to which belong an Imam and four sheykhs, and whenever they hear music or any sport, they incite the Police against me, and impose fines upon me, and trouble my life, so that I suffer torment from them. If I had them in my power, therefore, I would give each of them a thousand lashes, that I might be relieved from their excessive annoyance."

Al-Raschid replied, "May Allah grant thee the accom-

plishment of thy wish!" And without his being aware of it, he put into a cup a sleeping draught, and handed it to him; and as soon as it had settled in his stomach, he fell asleep immediately. Al-Raschid then arose and went to the door, where he found his young men waiting for him, and he ordered them to convey Abu-l-Hasan upon a mule, and returned to the palace; Abu-l-Hasan being intoxicated and insensible.



And when the Khaleefeh had rested himself in the palace, he called for his Vizier Jaafar, and 'Abd Allah the son of Tahir, the chief Magistrate of Baghdad, and certain of his chief attendants, and said to them all, "In the morning, when ye see this young man (pointing to Abu-l-Hasan) seated on the royal couch, pay obedience to him, and salute him as Khaleefeh, and whatsoever he commandeth you, do it." Then going in to his female slaves, he directed them to wait upon Abu-l-Hasan, and to address him as Prince of the Faithful; after which he entered a private closet, and, having let down a curtain over the entrance, slept.

So when Abu-l-Hasan awoke, he found himself upon the royal couch, with the attendants standing round, and kissing the ground before him; and a maid said to him, "O our lord, it is the time for morning-prayer." Upon

which he laughed, and looking round about him, he beheld a pavilion whose walls were adorned with gold and blue, and the roof bespotted with red gold, surrounded by chambers with curtains of embroidered silk hanging before their doors; and he saw vessels of gold and china-ware and crystal, and furniture and carpets spread, and lighted lamps, and female slaves and other attendants; whereat he was perplexed in his mind and said, "By Allah, either I am dreaming, or this is Paradise, and the Abode of Peace." And he closed his eyes. So a servant said to him, "O my lord, this is not thy usual custom, O Prince of the Faithful."

He was perplexed at his case, and put his head into his bosom, and then began to open his eyes by little and little, laughing, and saying. "What is this state in which I find myself?" And he bit his finger; and when he found that the bite pained him, he cried, "Ah!"—and was angry.

Then raising his head, he called one of the female slaves, who answered him, "At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful!" And he said to her, "What is thy name?" She answered, "Shejeret ed-Durr." And he said, "Knowest thou in what place I am, and who I am?" "Thou art the Prince of the Faithful," she answered, "sitting in thy palace, upon the royal couch." He replied, "I am perplexed at my case, my reason hath departed, and it seemeth that I am asleep; but what shall I say of my yesterday's guest? I imagine nothing but that he is a devil or an enchanter, who hath sported with my reason.'

All this time, the Khaleefeh was observing him, from a place where Abu-l-Hasan could not see him.—And Abu-l-Hasan looked towards the chief servant and called to him. So he came, and kissed the ground before him, saying to him, "Yes, O Prince of the Faithful." And Abu-l-Hasan said to him, "Who is the Prince of the Faithful?"—"Thou," he answered. Abu-l-Hasan replied, "Thou liest." And addressing another servant. he said to him, "O my chief, as thou hopest for Allah's protection, tell me, am I the Prince of the Faithful?"—"Yea, by Allah," answered the servant, "thou art at this present time the Prince

of the Faithful, and the Khaleefeh of the Lord of all creatures."

And Abu-l-Hasan, perplexed at all that he beheld, said, "In one night do I become Prince of the Faithful? Was I not yesterday Abu-l-Hasan; and to-day am I Prince of the Faithful?"

He remained perplexed and confounded until the morning, when a servant advanced to him and said to him, "May Allah grant a happy morning to the Prince of the Faithful!" And he handed to him a pair of shoes of gold stuff, reticulated with precious stones and rubies; and Abu-l-Hasan took them, and after examining them a long time, put them into his sleeve. So the servant said to him, "These are shoes, to walk in." And Abu-l-Hasan replied, "Thou hast spoken truth. I put them not into my sleeve but in my fear lest they should be soiled." He therefore took them forth, and put them on his feet.

And shortly after, the female slaves brought him a basin of gold and a ewer of silver, and poured the water upon his hands; and when he had performed the ablution, they spread for him a prayer-carpet; and he prayed; but knew not how to do so. He continued his prayers, meditating and saying within himself, "By Allah, I am none other than the Prince of the Faithful, in truth; or else this is a dream, and all these things occur not in a dream." He therefore convinced himself, and determined in his mind, that he was the Prince of the Faithful; and he pronounced the salutations, and finished his prayers. They then brought him a magnificent dress, and looking at himself, as he sat upon the couch, he retracted and said, "All this is an illusion, and a trick of the Goblins."

While he was in this state, lo, one of the slaves came in and said to him, "O Prince of the Faithful, the Chamberlain is at the door, requesting permission to enter."—"Let him enter," replied Abu-l-Hasan. So he came in, and having kissed the ground before him, said, "Peace be on thee, O Prince of the Faithful!"

And Abu-l-Hasan rose, and descended from the couch to

the floor; whereupon the Chamberlain exclaimed, "Allah! Allah! O Prince of the Faithful! Knowest thou not that all men are thy servants, and under thy authority, and that it is not proper for the Prince of the Faithful to rise to any one!"—Abu-l-Hasan was then told that Jaafar El-Barmekee, and 'Abd Allah the son of Tahir, and the chiefs of the slaves, begged permission to enter. And he gave them permission. So they entered, and kissed the ground before him, each of them addressing him as Prince of the Faithful. And he was delighted at this, and returned their salutation; after which, he called the Chief of Police, who approached him, and said, "At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful!"

And Abu-l-Hassan said to him, "Repair immediately to such a street, and give a hundred pieces of gold to the mother of Abu-l-Hasan the Wag, with my salutation: then take the Imam of the mosque, and the four sheykhs, inflict upon each of them a thousand lashes; and when thou hast done that, write a bond against them, confirmed by oath, that they shall not reside in the street, after thou shalt have paraded them through the city, mounted on beasts, with their faces to the tails, and hast proclaimed before them, This is the recompense of those who annoy their neighbours!—And beware of neglecting that which I have commanded thee to do." So the Chief of Police did as he was ordered. And when Abu-l-Hassan had exercised his authority until the close of the day, he looked towards the Chamberlain and the rest of the attendants, and said to them, "Depart."

He then called to a eunuch who was near at hand, and said to him, "I am hungry, and desire something to eat." and he replied, "I hear and obey,"—and led him by the hand into the eating-chamber, where the attendants placed before him a table of rich viands; and ten slave girls, high bosomed virgins, stood behind his head.

Abu-l-Hasan, looking at one of these, said to her, "What is thy name?" She answered, "Kadeeb el-Ban." And he said to her, "O Kadeeb el-Ban, who am I?"—"Thou art

the Prince of the Faithful," she answered.—But he replied, "Thou liest, by Allah, thou slut! Ye girls are laughing at me."—So she said. "Fear Allah, O Prince of the Faithful: this is thy palace, and the female slaves are thine." And upon this he said within himself, "It is no great matter to be effected by God, to whom be ascribed might and glory!"

Then the slave-girls led him by the hand to the drinking-chamber, where he saw what astonished the mind; and he continued to say within himself, "No doubt these are of the Goblins, and this person who was my guest is one of the Kings of the Goblins, who saw no way of requiting and compensating me for my kindness to him but by ordering his subjects to address me as the Prince of Faithful. All these are of the Goblins. May Allah then deliver me from them happily!"—And while he was thus talking to himself, lo, one of the slave-girls filled for him a cup of wine; and he took it from her hand and drank it; after which, the slave-girls plied him with wine in abundance; and one of them threw into his cup a sleeping draught; and when it had settled in his stomach, he fell down senseless.

Al Raschid then gave orders to convey him to his house; and the servants did so, and laid him on his bed, still in a state of insensibility. So when he recovered from his intoxication, in the latter part of the night, he found himself in the dark; and he called out "Kadeeb el-Ban! Shejeret ed-Durr!"—But no one answered him.

His mother, however, heard him shouting these names, and arose and came, and said to him, "What has happened to thee, O my son, and what hath befallen thee? Art thou mad?"—And when he heard the words of his mother, he said to her, "Who art thou, O ill-omened old woman, that thou addressest the Prince of the Faithful with these expressions?" She answered, "I am thy mother, O my son." But he replied, "Thou liest: I am the Prince of the Faithful, the lord of the countries and the people.'—"Be silent, she said, or else thy life will be lost." And she began to pronounce spells and to recite charms over him, and said to him, "It seemeth, O my son, that thou

hast seen this in a dream, and all this is one of the ideas suggested by the Devil."

She then said to him, "I give thee good news, at which thou wilt be rejoiced."—"And what is it?" said he. She answered, "The Khaleefeh gave orders yesterday to beat the Imam and the four sheykhs, and caused a bond to be written against them, confirmed by oath, that they shall not transgress henceforth against any one by their

impertinent meddling; and he sent me a hundred pieces of gold, with his salutation." And when Abu-l-Hasan heard these words from his mother, he uttered a loud cry, with which his soul almost quitted the world; and he exclaimed, "I am he who gave orders to beat the sheykhs, and who sent thee the hundred pieces of gold, with my salutation, and I am the Prince of the Faithful."

Having said this, he rose up against his mother, and beat her with an almond-stick, until she cried out, "O Muslims!" And he beat her with increased violence

until the neighbours heard her cries, and came to her relief. He was still beating her, and saying to her, "O ill-omened old woman, am I not the Prince of the Faithful? Thou hast enchanted me!" And when the people heard his words, they said, "This man hath become mad." And not doubting his insanity, they came in and laid hold upon him, bound his hands behind him, and conveyed him to the madhouse.

There every day they punished him, dosing him with abominable medicines, and flogging him with whips, making him a madman in spite of himself. Thus he continued, stripped of his clothing, and chained by the neck to a high window, for the space of ten days; after which, his mother came to salute him. And he complained to her of his case. So she said to him, "O my son, fear God in thy conduct: if thou wert Prince of the Faithful, thou wouldst not be in this predicament." And when he heard what his mother said, he replied, "By Allah, thou hast spoken truth. It seemeth that I was only asleep, and dreamt that they made me Khaleefeh, and assigned me servants and female slaves." So his mother said to him, "O my son, verily Satan doeth more than this." And he replied, "Thou hast spoken truth, and I beg forgiveness of God for the actions committed by me."

They therefore took him forth from the madhouse, and conducted him into the bath; and when he recovered his health, he prepared food and drink, and began to eat. But eating by himself was not pleasant to him; and he said to his mother, "O my mother, neither life nor eating, by myself, is pleasant to me." She replied, "If thou desire to do according to thy will, thy return to the madhouse is most probable." Paying no attention, however, to her advice, he walked to the bridge, to see for himself a cup-companion. And while he was sitting there, lo, Al Raschid came to him, in the garb of a merchant; for, from the time of his parting with him, he came every day to the bridge, but found him not till now. As soon as Abu-l-Hasan saw him, he said to him, "A friendly welcome

to thee, O King of the Goblins!" So Al Raschid said, "What have I done to thee?"—"What more couldst thou do," said Abu-l-Hasan, "than thou hast done unto me, O filthiest of the Goblins? I have suffered beating, and entered the madhouse, and they pronounced me a madman. All this was occasioned by thee. I brought thee to my abode, and fed thee with the best of my food; and after that, thou gavest thy Devils and thy subjects entire power over me, to make sport with my reason from morning to evening. Depart from me, therefore, and go thy way."

The Khaleefeh smiled at this, and seating himself by his side, addressed him in courteous language, and said to him, "O my brother, when I went forth from thee, I inadvertently left the door open, and probably the Devil went in to thee."

Abu-l-Hasan replied, "Inquire not respecting that which happened to me. And what possessed thee," he added, "that thou leftest the door open, so that the Devil came in to me, and that such and such things befel me?" And he related to the Khaleefeh all that had happened to him from first to last, while Al Raschid laughed, but concealed his laughter: after which, the Khaleefeh said to him, "Praise be to God that He hath dispelled from thee that which thou hatest, and that I have seen thee again in prosperity!"

But Abu-l-Hasan replied, "I will not again take thee as my boon companion, nor as an associate to sit with me; for the proverb saith, He who stumbleth against a stone and returneth to it, is to be blamed and reproached: and with thee, O my brother, I will not make merry, nor will I keep company with thee; since I have not found thy visit to be followed by good fortune to me."

The Khaleefeh, however, said, "I have been the means of the accomplishment of thy desire with regard to the Imam and the sheykhs."—"Yes," replied Abu-l-Hasan. And Al Raschid added, "Perhaps something will happen to thee that will rejoice thy heart more than that."—"Then

what dost thou desire of me?" said Abu-l-Hasan.—"My desire," answered Al Raschid, "is to be thy guest this night."

And at length Abu-l-Hasan said, "On the condition that you swear to me by the inscription on the seal of Suleyman the son of Daood (on both of whom be peace!) that thou wilt not suffer thy slaves to make sport with me." And Al Raschid replied, "I hear and obey."

So Abu-l-Hasan took him to his abode, and put the food before him and his attendants, and they ate as much as satisfied them; and when they had finished eating, the servants placed before them the wine and exhilarating beverages, and they continued drinking and making merry till the wine rose into their heads. Abu-l-Hasan then said to the Khaleefeh, "O my boon-companion, in truth I am perplexed respecting my case. It seemeth that I was Prince of the Faithful, and that I exercised authority and gave and bestowed: and truly, O my brother, it was not a vision of sleep."

But the Khaleefeh replied, "This was a result of confused dreams." And having said this, he put a sleeping draught into the cup, and said, "By my life, drink this cup."—"Verily I will drink it from thy hand," replied Abu-l-Hasan. So he took the cup, and when he had drunk it, his head fell before his feet. The Khaleefeh then arose immediately, and ordered his young men to convey Abu-l-Hasan to the palace, and to lay him upon his couch, and commanded the female slaves to stand around him; after which he concealed himself in a place where Abu-l-Hasan could not see him, and ordered a slave girl to take her lute and strike its chords over Abu-l-Hasan's head, and desired the other slave-girls to play upon their instruments.

It was then the close of the night, and Abu-l-Hasan, awaking and hearing the sound of the lutes and tambourines and flutes, and the singing of the slave-girls, cried out, "O my mother!" Whereupon the slave-girls answered, "At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful!" And when he

heard this, he exclaimed, "There is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great! Come to my help this night; for this night is more unlucky than the former!" He reflected upon all that had happened to him with his mother, and how he had beaten her, and how he had been taken into the madhouse, and he saw the marks of the beating that he had suffered there.

Then looking at the scene that surrounded him, he said, "These are all of them of the Goblins, in the shapes of human beings! I commit my affair unto Allah!" And looking towards a slave by his side, he said to him, "Bite my ear, that I may know if I be asleep or awake." The slave said, "How shall I bite thine ear, when thou art the Prince of the Faithful?" But Abu-l-Hasan answered, "Do as I have commanded thee, or I will strike off thy head." So he bit it until his teeth met together, and Abu-l-Hasan uttered a loud shriek.—Al Raschid (who was behind a curtain in a closet), and all who were present, fell down with laughter, and they said to the slave, "Art thou mad, that thou bitest the ear of the Khaleefeh!" And Abu-l-Hasan said to them, "Is it not enough, O ye wretches, that hath befallen me? But ye are not in fault: the fault is your chief's, who transformed you from the shapes of Goblins into the shapes of human beings. I implore help against you this night." Upon this Al Raschid exclaimed from behind the curtain, "Thou hast killed us, O Abu-l-Hasan!" And Abu-l-Hasan recognised him, and kissed the ground before him, greeting him with a prayer for the increase of his glory, and the prolongation of his life. Al Raschid then clad him in a rich dress, gave him a thousand pieces of gold, and made him one of his chief boon companions.

Abu-l-Hasan, after this, became a greater favourite with the Khaleefeh than all the other boon companions, so that he sat with the Khaleefeh and his wife the lady Zubeydeh, the daughter of El-Kasim, and he married her female Treasurer, whose name was Nuzhet el-Fuad. With this wife he resided, eating and drinking, and enjoying a

delightful life, until all the money that they possessed had gone; whereupon he said to her, "O Nuzhet el-Fuad!" And she answered, "At thy service."

"I desire," said he, "to practise a trick upon the Khaleefeh, and thou shalt practise a trick upon the lady Zubeydeh, and we will obtain from them immediately two hundred pieces of gold, and two pieces of silk."—"Do what thou desirest," replied she; "and what," she asked, "is it?"

He answered, "We will feign ourselves dead. I will die before thee, and lay myself out: then do thou spread over me a napkin of silk, and unfold my turban over me, and tie my toes, and put upon my stomach a knife and a little salt: after which, dishevel thy hair, and go to thy lady Zubeydeh, and tear thy vest and slap thy face, and shriek. So she will say to thee, 'What is the matter with thee?' And do thou answer her, 'May thy head long survive Abu-l-Hasan the Wag; for he is dead!' Whereupon she will mourn for me, and weep, and will order her female Treasurer to give thee a hundred pieces of gold, and a piece of silk, and will say to thee, 'Go, prepare his corpse for burial, and convey it forth to the grave.' So thou shalt receive from her the hundred pieces of gold, and the piece of silk, and come hither. And when thou comest to me, I will rise, and thou shalt lay thyself down in my place, and I will go to the Khaleefeh, and say to him, 'May thy head long survive Nuzet el-Fuad!' And I will tear my vest, and pluck my beard; upon which he will mourn for thee, and will say to his Treasurer, 'Give to Abu-l-Hasan a hundred pieces of gold, and a piece of silk. And he will say to me, 'Go, prepare her corpse for burial, and convey it forth to the grave.' So I will come to thee."—And Nuzhet el-Fuad was delighted with this, and replied, "Truly this is an excellent stratagem!"

She forthwith closed his eyes, and tied his feet, covered him with the napkin, and did all that her master told her: after which, she tore her vest, uncovered her head, and dishevelled her hair, and went in to the lady Zubeydeh, shrieking and weeping. When the lady Zubeydeh, there-

fore, beheld her in this condition, she said to her, "What is this state in which I see thee, and what hath happened unto thee, and what hath caused thee to weep?" And Nuzhet el-Fuad wept and shrieked, and said, "O my mistress, may thy head long survive Abu-l-Hasan the Wag; for he is dead!"

And the lady Zubeydeh mourned for him, and said, "Poor Abu-l-Hasan the Wag!" Then, after weeping for him a while, she ordered the female Treasurer to give to Nuzhet el-Fuad, a hundred pieces of gold, and a piece of silk, and said, "O Nuzhet el-Fuad, go, prepare his body for burial, and convey it forth." So she took the hundred pieces of gold, and the piece of silk, and, returning to her abode, full of joy, went to Abu-l-Hasan, and acquainted him with what had happened to her; upon which he arose and rejoiced, and girded his waist and danced, and took the hundred pieces of gold, with the piece of silk, and laid them up.

He then extended Nuzhet el-Fuad, and did with her as she had done with him; after which, he tore his vest and plucked his beard and disordered his turban, and ran without stopping until he went into the Khaleefeh, who was in his hall of judgment; and in the condition above described, he beat his bosom. So the Khaleefeh said to him, "What hath befallen thee, O Abu-l-Hasan?" And he wept, and said, "Would that thy boon-companion had never been, nor his hour come to pass!" The Khaleefeh therefore said to him, "Tell me." He replied, "May thy head long survive, O my lord, Nuzhet el-Fuad!" And the Khaleefeh exclaimed, "There is no deity but God!"—and struck his hands together.

He then consoled Abu-l-Hasan, and said to him, "Mourn not: I will give thee another wife in her stead." And he ordered his treasurer to give him a hundred pieces of gold, and a piece of silk. The Treasurer therefore did as he was commanded, and the Khaleefeh said to Abu-l-Hasan, "Go, prepare her corpse for burial, and convey it forth, and make a handsome funeral of her." And he took what the Khaleefeh gave him, and went to his abode joyful, and going in to Nuzhet el-Fuad, said to her, "Arise; for our desire is accomplished." She therefore arose, and he put before her the hundred pieces of gold, and the piece of silk. So she rejoiced; and they put these pieces of gold on the other pieces, and the piece of silk on the former one, and sat conversing, and laughing at each other.

But as to the Khaleefeh, when Abu-l-Hasan departed from him, and went with the pretence of preparing the corpse of Nuzhet el-Fuad for burial, he mourned for her, and, having dismissed the council, arose and went in, leaning upon Mesroor his Executioner, to console the lady Zubeydeh for the loss of her slave-girl. He found her, however, sitting weeping, and waiting for his arrival, that she might console him for the loss of Abu-l-Hasan the Wag. The Khaleefeh said, "May thy head long survive thy slave-girl Nuzhet el-Faud!" But she replied, "O my lord, Allah preserve my slave-girl! Mayest thou long survive thy boon-companion Abu-l-Hasen the Wag; for he is dead!"

And the Khaleefeh smiled, and said to the servant, "O Mesroor, verily women are of little sense. By Allah, was not Abu-l-Hasan just now with me?"—Upon this, the lady Zubeydeh said, after uttering a laugh from an angry bosom, "Wilt thou not give over thy jesting? Is not the death of Abu-l-Hasan enough, but thou must make my slave-girl to be dead, as though we had lost them both, and thou must pronounce me of little sense?"—The Khaleefeh replied, "Verily Nuzhet el-Fuad is the person who is dead." And the lady Zubeydeh rejoined, "In truth he was not with thee, nor didst thou see him; and none was with me just now but Nuzhet el-Fuad, who was

mourning and weeping, with her clothes rent in pieces; and I exhorted her to have patience, and gave her a hundred pieces of gold, and a piece of silk; and I was waiting for thee, that I might console thee for the loss of thy boon-companion, Abu-l-Hasan the Wag; and I was going to send for thee." On hearing this, the Khaleefeh laughed, and said, "None is dead but Nuzhet el-Fuad." And the Lady Zubeydeh said, "No, no, O my lord: none is dead but Abu-l-Hasan."

But the Khaleefeh now became enraged; the vein between his eyes, which was remarkable in members of the family of Hashim, throbbed, and he called out to Mesroor the Executioner, saying to him, "Go forth and repair to the house of Abu-l-Hasan the Wag, and see which of the two is dead."

Mesroor, therefore, went forth running. And the Khaleefeh said to the lady Zubeydeh, "Wilt thou lay me a wager?" She answered, "Yes, I will, and I say that Abul-l-Hasan is dead." — "And I," replied the Khaleefeh, "lay a wager, and say that none is dead but Nuzhet el-Fuad; and our wager shall be, that I stake the Garden of Delight against thy pavilion, the Pavilion of the Pictures." And they sat waiting for Mesroor to return with the information. Now as to Mesroor, he ran without ceasing until he entered the bye-street in which was the house of Abu-l-Hasan the Wag.

Abu-l-Hasan was sitting reclining against the window, and, turning his eyes, he saw Mesroor running along the street. So he said to Nuzhet el-Fuad, "It seemeth that the Khaleefeh, after I went forth from him, dismissed the court, and hath gone in to the lady Zubeydeh to console her, and that she, on his arrival, hath arisen and consoled him, and said to him, 'May God largely compensate thee for the loss of Abu-l-Hasan the Wag!' Whereupon the Khaleefeh hath said to her, 'None is dead but Nuzhet el-Fuad. May thy head long survive her!' And she hath replied, 'None is dead but Abu-l-Hasan the Wag, thy boon-companion.' And he hath said again to her, 'None is dead but Nuzhet el-Fuad.' So that they have become obstinate, and

the Khaleefeh hath been enraged, and they have laid a wager, in consequence of which, Mesroor the Executioner hath been sent to see who is dead. It is therefore the more proper that *thou* lay thyself down, that he may see thee, and go and inform the Khaleefeh, who will thereupon believe my assertion."

Accordingly, Nuzhet el-Fuad extended herself, and Abu-l-Hasan covered her with her izar, and seated himself at her head, weeping. And lo, Mesroor the servant came up into the house of Abu-l-Hasan, and saluted him, and saw Nuzhet el-Fuad stretched out; upon which he uncovered her face, and exclaimed, "There is no deity but God! Our sister Nuzhet el-Fuad is dead! How speedy was the stroke of fate! May Allah have mercy upon her, and acquit thee of responsibility!"

He then returned, and related what had happened before the Khaleefeh and the lady Zubeydeh, laughing as he spoke. So the Khaleefeh said to him, "O thou accursed, this is not a time for laughing. Tell us which of them is dead." He therefore replied, "By Allah, O my Lord, verily Abu-l-Hasan is well, and none is dead but Nuzhet el-Fuad." And upon this the Khaleefeh said to Zubeydeh, "Thou hast lost thy pavilion in thy play." And he laughed at her, and said, "O Mesroor, relate to her what thou sawest." So Mesroor said to her, "In truth, O my mistress, I ran incessantly until I went in to Abu-l-Hasan in his house; whereupon I found Nuzhet el-Fuad lying dead, and Abu-l-Hasan sitting at her head, weeping; and I saluted him and consoled him, and seated myself by his side; and, uncovering the face of Nuzhet el-Fuad, I beheld her dead, with her face swollen. I therefore said to him, Convey her forth presently to the grave, that we may pray over her. And he replied, Yes. And I came, leaving him to prepare the corpse for burial, in order to inform you."

Upon this, the Khaleefeh laughed, and said, "Tell it again and again to thy mistress, the person of little sense." But when the lady Zubeydeh heard the words of the servant Mesroor, she was enraged, and said, "None is deficient in

sense but he who believeth a slave." And she abused Mesroor, while the Khaleefeh continued laughing; and Mesroor was displeased, and said to the Khaleefeh, "He spoke truth who said, that women are deficient in sense and religion."

The lady Zubeydeh then said, "O Prince of the Faithful, thou sportest and jestest with me, and this slave deceiveth me for the purpose of pleasing thee; but I will send, and see which of them is dead." The Khaleefeh replied, "Do so." And she called to an old woman, and said to her, "Repair quickly to the house of Nuzhet el-Fuad, and see who is dead and delay not thy return." And she threw money to her.

So the old woman went forth running; the Khaleefeh and Mesroor laughing. The old woman ran without ceasing until she entered the street, when Abu-l-Hasan saw her and knew her; and he said to his wife, "O Nuzhet el-Fuad, it seemeth that the lady Zubeydeh hath sent to us to see who is dead, and hath not believed what Mesroor hath said respecting thy death: wherefore she hath sent the old woman to ascertain the truth of the matter. It is therefore more proper now for *me* to be dead, that the lady Zubeydeh may believe thee."

Then Abu-l-Hasan laid himself along, and Nuzhet el-Fuad covered him, and bound his eyes and his feet, and seated herself at his head, weeping. And the old woman came in to Nuzhet el-Fuad, and saw her sitting at the head of Abu-l-Hasan, weeping, and enumerating his merits; and when Nuzhet el-Fuad saw the old woman, she shrieked, and said to her, "See what hath befallen me! Abu-l-Hasan hath died, and left me single and solitary!" Then she shrieked again, and tore her clothes in pieces, and said to the old woman, "O my mother, how good he was!" The old woman replied, "Truly thou art excusable; for thou hadst become habituated to him, and he had become habituated to thee."

And knowing how Mesroor had acted to the Khaleefeh and the lady Zubeydeh, she said to Nuzhet el-Fuad, "Mesroor is about to cause a quarrel between the Khaleefeh and the Lady Zubeydeh."—"And what is this

cause of quarrel, O my mother?" said Nuzhet el-Fuad. The old woman answered, "O my daughter, Mesroor hath come to them and told them that thou wast dead, and that Abu-l-Hasan was well."—"O my aunt," replied Nuzhet el-Fuad, "I was just now with my lady, and she gave me a hundred pieces of gold, and a piece of silk: and see thou my condition, and what hath befallen me. I am perplexed; and what shall I do, single and solitary? Would that I had died, and that he had lived!" Then she wept, and the old woman wept with her, and advancing, and uncovering the face of Abu-l-Hasan, saw his eyes bound, and swollen from the bandage. And she covered him, and said, "Truly, O Nuzet el-Fuad, thou hast been afflicted for Abu-l-Hasan."

And she consoled her, and went forth from her running until she went into the lady Zubeydeh, when she related to her the story; on hearing which, the lady Zubeydeh laughed, and said, "Tell it to the Khaleefeh, who hath pronounced me of little sense, and caused this ill-omened, lying slave to behave arrogantly towards me." But Mesroor said, "Verily, this old woman lieth; for I saw Abu-l-Hasan in good health, and it was Nuzhet el-Fuad who was lying dead." The old woman replied, "It is thou who liest, and thou desirest to excite a quarrel between the Khaleefeh and the lady Zubeydeh." Mesroor rejoined, "None lieth but thou, O ill-omened old woman, and thy lady believeth thee, for she is disordered in mind." And upon this the lady Zubeydeh cried out at him, enraged at him and at his words; and she wept.

At length the Khaleefeh said to her, "I lie, and my servant liest, and thou liest, and thy female slave lieth. The right course, in my opinion, is this, that we four go together to see who among us speaketh the truth." So Mesroor said, "Arise with us, that I may bring misfortunes upon this ill-omened old woman, and bastinade her for her lying."—"O thou imbecile in mind!" exclaimed the old woman, "is thy sense like mine? Nay, thy sense is like that of the hen." And Mesroor was enraged at her words, and would have laid violent hands upon her; but the lady Zubeydeh, having

pushed him away from her, said to him, "Immediately will her veracity be distinguished from thine, and her lying from thine."

They all four arose, laying wagers with each other, and went forth and walked from the gate of the palace until they entered the gate of the street in which dwelt Abu-l-Hasan the Wag; when Abu-l-Hasan saw them, and said to his wife Nuzhet-el-Fuad, "In truth, everything that is slippery is not a pancake, and not every time that the jar is struck doth it escape unbroken. It seemeth that the old lady hath gone and related the story to her lady, and acquainted her with our case, and that she hath contended with Mesroor the servant, and they have laid wagers respecting our death: so the Khaleefeh and the servant and the lady Zubeydeh and the old woman have all four come to us."

And upon this, Nuzhet el-Fuad arose from her extended position, and said, "What is to be done?" Abu-l-Hasan answered her, "We will both feign ourselves dead, and lay ourselves out, and hold in our breath." And she assented to his proposal.

They both stretched themselves along, bound their feet, closed their eyes, and held in their breath, lying with their heads in the direction of the Kibleh, and covered themselves with the izar. Then the Khaleefeh and Zubeydeh and Mesroor and the old woman entered the house of Abu-l-Hasan the Wag, and found him and his wife extended as if they were dead. And when the lady Zubeydeh saw them, she wept, and said, "They continued to assert the death of my female-slave until she actually died; but I imagine that the death of Abu-l-Hasan so grieved her that she died after him in consequence of it."

The Khaleefeh, however, said, "Do not prevent me with thy talk and assertion; for she died before Abu-l-Hasan, because Abu-l-Hasan came to me with his clothes torn in pieces, and with his beard plucked, and striking his bosom with two clods; and I gave him a hundred pieces of gold, with a piece of silk, and said to him, Go, prepare her body for burial, and I will give thee another wife better than her, and she shall serve in her stead:—and it appears that her

loss was insupportable to him; so he died after her. I have therefore overcome thee, and gained thy stake." But the lady Zubeydeh replied in many words, and long dispute ensued between them.

The Khaleefeh then seated himself at the heads of the two pretended corpses, and said, "By the tomb of the Apostle of Allah (God favour and preserve him!), and by the tombs of my ancestors, if any one would acquaint me which of them died before the other, I would give him a thousand pieces of gold." And when Abu-l-Hasan heard these words of the Khaleefeh, he quickly rose and sprang up, and said, "It was I who died first, O Prince of the

Faithful. Give me the thousand pieces of gold, and so acquit thyself of the oath that thou hast sworn." Then Nuzhet el-Fuad arose and sat up before the Khaleefeh and the lady Zubeydeh, who rejoiced at their safety. But Zubeydeh chid her female slave.

The Khaleefeh and the lady Zubeydeh congratulated them both on their safety, and knew that this pretended death was a stratagem for the purpose of obtaining the gold; so the lady Zubeydeh said to Nuzhet el-Fuad, "Thou shouldst have asked of me what thou desirest without this proceeding, and not have tortured my heart on thine account."—"I was ashamed, O my mistress," replied Nuzhet el-Fuad. But as to the Khaleefeh, he was almost senseless from laughing, and said, "O Abu-l-Hasan, thou hast not ceased to be a wag, and to do wonders and strange acts."

Abu-l-Hasan replied, "O Prince of the Faithful, this stratagem I practised in consequence of the dissipation of the wealth that I received from thy hand; for I was ashamed to ask of thee a second time. When I was alone, I was not tenacious of wealth; but since thou hast married me to this female slave who is with me, if I possessed all thy wealth I should make an end of it. And when all that was in my possession was exhausted, I practised this stratagem, by means of which I obtained from thee these hundred pieces of gold, and the piece of silk, all of which are as alms of our lord. And now make haste in giving me the thousand pieces of gold, and acquit thyself of thy oath."

At this, the Khaleefeh and the lady Zubeydeh both laughed; and after they had returned to the palace, the Khaleefeh gave to Abu-l-Hasan the thousand pieces of gold, saying to him, "Receive them as a gratuity on account of thy safety from death." In like manner also the lady Zubeydeh gave to Nuzhet el-Fuad a thousand pieces of gold, saying to her the same words. Then the Khaleefeh allotted to Abu-l-Hasan an ample salary and ample supplies, and he ceased not to live with his wife in

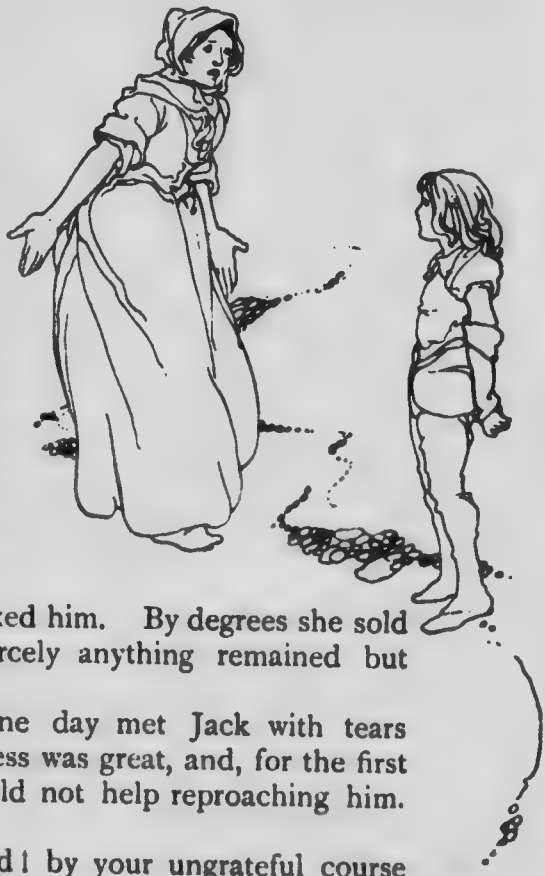
joy and happiness, until they were visited by the terminator of delights, and the separator of companions, the devastator of palaces and houses, and the replenisher of the graves.

"And now," said Aboo Mohammad the Lazy, when he had finished his second tale, "it is your turn, oh English sailor. What is the name of your story?"

"My story," said the English sailor, "is the best story that has ever been told, for it is the story of *Jack and the Beanstalk*."

Jack and the Beanstalk

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor woman whose cottage was situated in a remote country village, a great many miles from London.



She had been a widow some years, and had an only child named Jack, whom she indulged to a fault. The consequence of her fondness was, that Jack did not pay the least attention to anything she said, but was indolent, careless, and extravagant. His follies were not owing to a bad nature, but that his mother had never checked him. By degrees she sold all she possessed—scarcely anything remained but a cow.

The poor woman one day met Jack with tears in her eyes. Her distress was great, and, for the first time in her life, she could not help reproaching him. saying—

"O you wicked child! by your ungrateful course of life you have at last brought me to beggary and ruin. Cruel, cruel boy! I have not money enough

to purchase even a bit of bread for another day. Nothing now remains to sell but my poor cow. I am sorry to part with her. It grieves me sadly, but we must not starve."

For a few minutes Jack felt sorry, but it was soon over, and he began teasing his mother to let him sell the cow at the next village so much, that she at last consented.

As he was going along he met a butcher, who inquired why he was driving the cow from home. Jack replied he was going to sell it. The butcher held some curious beans in his hat that were of various colours and attracted Jack's notice. This did not pass unnoticed by the butcher, who, knowing Jack's easy temper, thought now was the time to take advantage of it, and determined not to let slip so good an opportunity, asked what was the price of the cow, offering at the same time all the beans in his hat for her.

The silly boy could not conceal the pleasure he felt at what he supposed so great an offer. The bargain was struck instantly, and the cow exchanged for a few paltry beans.

Jack and the Beanstalk

Jack made the best of his way home, calling aloud to his

mother before he reached the house, thinking to surprise her.

When she saw the beans and heard Jack's account, her

patience quite forsook her. She kicked the beans away in a passion—they flew in all directions—some were

scattered in the garden. Not having anything to eat, they both went supperless to bed.

Jack awoke very early in the morning, and seeing something uncommon from the window of his bed-chamber, ran downstairs into the garden, where he soon discovered that some of the beans had taken root and sprung up surprisingly. The stalks were of an immense thickness, and had so entwined that they formed a ladder nearly like a chain in appearance.

Looking upwards, he could not discern the top. It appeared to be lost in the clouds. He tried the stalk, found it firm and not to be shaken. He quickly resolved to climb up to the top in order to seek his fortune, and ran to tell his mother, not doubting that she would be equally pleased with himself. She declared he should not go; said it would break her heart if he did; but all in vain.

Jack set out, and after climbing for some hours, reached the top of the beanstalk, quite exhausted. Looking around he found himself in a strange country. It appeared to be a desert, quite barren, not a tree, shrub, house, or living creature to be seen. Here and there were scattered fragments of stone, and at unequal distances small heaps of earth were loosely thrown together.

Jack seated himself upon a block of stone, and thought of his mother. He reflected with sorrow on his disobedience in climbing the beanstalk against her will, and concluded that he must die of hunger.

However he walked on, hoping to see a house where he might beg something to eat and drink. Presently a handsome young woman appeared at a distance. As she approached Jack could not help admiring how beautiful and lively she looked. She was dressed in the most elegant manner, and had a small white wand in her hand, on the top of which was a peacock of pure gold.

While Jack was looking, with the greatest surprise, at this charming female, she came up to him, and with a smile of the most bewitching sweetness, inquired how he

came there. Jack related the tale of the beanstalk. She asked him if he recollected his father.

He replied he did not, and added there must be some mystery relating to him, because if he asked his mother who his father was she always burst into tears and appeared to be violently agitated, nor did she recover herself for some days after. One thing, however, he could not avoid observing on these occasions, which was, that she always carefully avoided answering him, and even seemed afraid of speaking, as if there were some secret connected with his father's history which she must not disclose.

The young woman replied—

"I will reveal the whole story. Your mother must not do so. But before I begin I require a solemn promise on your part to do what I command. I am a fairy, and, if you do not perform exactly what I desire, you will be destroyed."

Jack was frightened at her threats, and promised to fulfil her injunctions exactly, and the fairy thus addressed him—

"Your father was a rich man. His nature was very benevolent. He was very good to the poor, and constantly relieved them. He made it a rule never to let a day pass without doing good to some person. On one particular day in the week he kept open house, and invited only those who were reduced and had lived well. He always presided himself, and did all in his power to render his guests comfortable. The rich and the great were next invited. The servants were all happy and greatly attached to their master and mistress.

"Your father, though only a private gentleman, was as rich as a prince, and he deserved all he possessed, for he only lived to do good. Such a man was soon known and talked of. A giant lived a great many miles off. This man was altogether as wicked as your father was good. He was, in his heart, envious, covetous, and cruel, but he had the art of concealing those vices. He was poor, and wished to enrich himself at any

"Hearing your father spoken of, he formed the design of becoming acquainted with him, hoping to worm himself into your father's favour. He removed quickly into your neighbourhood, and caused it to be reported that he was a gentleman who had just lost all he possessed by an earthquake and had found it difficult to escape with his life. His wife was with him. Your father gave credit to his story and pitied him. He gave him handsome apartments in his own house, and caused him and his wife to be treated like visitors of consequence, little imagining that the giant was undertaking a horrid return for all his favours.

"Things went on this way for some time, the giant becoming daily more impatient to put his plan in execution. At last a favourable opportunity presented itself. Your father's house was at some distance from the seashore, but with a glass the coast could be seen distinctly. The giant was one day using the telescope; the wind was very high, and he saw a fleet of ships in distress off the rocks. He hastened to your father, and eagerly requested he would send all the servants he could spare to relieve the sufferers.

"Every one was instantly despatched, except the porter and your nurse. The giant then joined your father in the study, and appeared to be delighted. He really was so. Your father recommended a favourite book, and was handing it down, when the giant, taking the opportunity, stabbed him, and he instantly fell down dead. The giant left the body, found the porter and nurse, and presently killed them, being determined to have no living witnesses of his crimes.

"You were then only three months old. Your mother had you in her arms in a remote part of the house, and was ignorant of what was going on. She went into the study, but how was she shocked on discovering your father dead. She was stupefied with horror and grief, and was motionless. The giant, who was seeking her, found her in that state, and hastened to serve her and you as he

had done your father, but she fell at his feet, and, in a pathetic manner, besought him to spare her life and yours.

"Remorse, for a moment, seemed to touch the barbarian's heart. He granted your lives, but first he made her take a most solemn oath never to inform you who your father was, or to answer any questions concerning him, assuring her that if she did he would certainly discover her and put both of you to death in the most cruel manner. Your mother took you in her arms and fled as quickly as possible.

"She was scarcely gone when the giant repented he had suffered her to escape. He would have pursued her instantly, but he had to provide for his own safety, as it was necessary he should be gone before the servants returned. Having gained your father's confidence he knew where to find all his treasure. He soon loaded himself and his wife, set the house on fire in several places, and, when the servants returned, the house was burnt quite down to the ground.

"Your poor mother, forlorn, and forsaken, wandered with you a great many miles from this scene of desolation. Fear added to her haste. She settled in the cottage where you were brought up, and it was entirely owing to her fear of the giant that she never mentioned your father to you.

"I became your father's guardian at his birth, but fairies have laws to which they are subject as well as mortals. A short time before the giant went to your father's I transgressed. My punishment was a suspension of power for a limited time—an unfortunate circumstance—for it totally prevented my succouring your father.

"The day on which you met the butcher, as you went to sell your mother's cow, my power was restored. It was I who secretly prompted you to take the beans in exchange for the cow.

"By my power the beanstalk grew to so great a height and formed a ladder. I need not add I inspired you with a strong desire to ascend the ladder.

"The giant lives in this country, and you are the person appointed to punish him for all his wickedness. You will

have dangers and difficulties to encounter, but you must persevere in avenging the death of your father, or you will not prosper in any of your undertakings, but be always miserable.

"As to the giant's possessions, you may seize on all you can, for everything he has is yours though now you are unjustly deprived of it. One thing I desire. Do not let your mother know you are acquainted with your father's history till you see me again.

"Go along the direct road, and you will see the house where your cruel enemy lives. While you do as I order you I will protect and guard you, but, remember, if you dare disobey my commands, a most dreadful punishment awaits you."

When the fairy had concluded, she disappeared leaving Jack to pursue his journey. He walked on till after sunset, when, to his great joy, he espied a large mansion. This sight revived his drooping spirits, and he redoubled his speed, and soon reached the house. A plain-looking woman was at the door, and Jack accosted her, begging she would give him a morsel of bread and a night's lodging.

She expressed the greatest surprise at seeing him, and said it was quite uncommon to see a human being near their house, for it was well known her husband was a large and very powerful giant, and that he would never eat anything but human flesh, if he could possibly get it; that he did not think anything of walking fifty miles to procure it, usually being out the whole day for that purpose.

This account greatly terrified Jack, but still he hoped to elude the giant, and therefore he again entreated the woman to take him in for one night only, and hide him where she thought proper. The good woman at last suffered herself to be persuaded, for she was of a generous disposition, and took him into the house.

First they entered a fine large hall, magnificently furnished. They then passed through several spacious

rooms, all in the same style of grandeur, but they appeared to be quite forsaken and desolate.

A long gallery was next. It was very dark, with just enough light to show that, instead of a wall, on one side there was a grating of iron whence parted off a dismal dungeon, from whence issued the groans of those poor victims whom the cruel giant reserved in confinement for his own meals.

Poor Jack was half dead with fear, and would have given the world to have been with his mother again, for he now began to fear that he should never see her more, and gave himself up for lost. He even mistrusted the good woman, and thought she had let him into the house for no other purpose than to lock him up among the unfortunate people in the dungeon.

At the further end of the gallery there was a spacious kitchen, and a very excellent fire was burning in the grate. The good woman bade Jack sit down, and gave him plenty to eat and drink. Jack, not seeing anything here to make him uncomfortable, soon forgot his fear, and was just beginning to enjoy himself when he was aroused by a loud knocking at the street-door, which made the whole house shake. The giant's wife ran to secure Jack in the oven and then went to let her husband in.

Jack heard him accost her in a voice like thunder, saying—

"Wife, I smell fresh meat."

"[illegible] my dear," replied she, "it is nothing but the people [illegible] the dungeon."

The giant appeared to believe her, and walked into the very kitchen where poor Jack was concealed, who shook, trembled, and was more terrified than he had yet been.

At last the master seated himself quietly by the fireside, whilst his wife prepared supper. By degrees Jack recovered himself sufficiently to look at the giant through a small crevice. He was quite astonished to see what an amazing quantity he devoured, and thought he would never have done eating and drinking

Jack and the Beanstalk

When supper was ended the giant desired his wife to bring him his hen. A very beautiful hen was brought and placed on the table before him. Jack's curiosity was very great to see what would happen. He observed that every time the giant said "Lay," the hen laid an egg of solid gold.

The giant amused himself a long while with his hen, and meanwhile his wife went to bed. At length the giant fell asleep by the fireside and snored like the roaring of a cannon. At daybreak Jack, finding the giant still asleep, and not likely to awaken soon, crept softly out of his hiding-place, seized the hen and ran off with her.

He met with some difficulty in finding his way out of the house, but, at last, he reached the road in safety. He easily found his way to the beanstalk and descended it better and quicker than he had expected.

His mother was overjoyed to see him. He found her crying bitterly, and lamenting his hard fate, for she concluded he had come to some shocking end through his rashness.

Jack was impatient to show his hen, and inform his mother how valuable it was.

"And now, mother," said Jack, "I have brought home that which will make us rich, and I hope to make some amends for the affliction I have caused you through my idleness and folly."

The hen produced as many golden eggs as they desired, which Jack and his mother sold, and so in a little time became possessed of as much riches as they wanted.

For some months Jack and his mother lived very happily together, but he, wishing to travel, and fearing that if he delayed the fairy would put her threats into execution, longed to climb the beanstalk and pay the giant another visit, in order to carry away some more of his treasure. Jack thought of his journey again and again, but still he could not summon resolution enough to break it to his mother, being well assured she would endeavour to prevent his going. However, one day he told her boldly that he

must take a journey up the beanstalk. His mother begged and prayed him not to think of it, and tried all in her power to dissuade him. She told him that the giant's wife would certainly know him again, and the giant would desire nothing better than to get him into his power, that he might put him to a cruel death in order to be revenged for the loss of his hen.

Jack, finding that all his arguments were useless, pretended to give up the point, though he was resolved to go at all events. He had a dress prepared which would disguise him, and something to colour his skin, and he thought it impossible for any one to recollect him in this dress.

In a few mornings after this, he rose very early, changed his complexion, and unperceived by any one, climbed the beanstalk a second time. He was greatly fatigued when he reached the top, and very hungry.

Having rested some time on one of the stones, he pursued his journey to the giant's mansion. He reached it late in the evening, and found the woman at the door as before. Jack addressed her, at the same time telling her a pitiful tale, and requesting she would give him some victuals and drink, and also a night's lodging.

She told him (what he knew very well before) about her husband's being a powerful and cruel giant and also how she one night admitted a poor, hungry, friendless boy, who was half dead with travelling, and that the ungrateful fellow had stolen one of the giant's treasures, ever since which her husband had been worse than before, had used her very cruelly, and continually upbraided her with being the cause of his loss.

Jack did his best to persuade the old woman to admit him, but found it a very hard task.

At last she consented, and as she led the way Jack observed that everything was just as he had found it before. She took him into the kitchen, and after he had done eating and drinking, she hid him in an old lumber closet. The giant returned at the usual time, and walked

in so heavily that the house was shaken to the foundation. He seated himself by the fire, and, soon after exclaimed—

"Wife, I smell fresh meat."

The wife replied it was the crows, which had brought a piece of raw meat and left it on the top of the house.

Whilst supper was preparing, the giant was very ill-tempered and impatient, frequently lifting up his hand to strike his wife for not being quick enough, but she was always so fortunate as to elude the blow. The giant also scolded her with the loss of his wonderful hen.

The giant's wife, having set supper on the table, went to another apartment and brought from it a huge pie which she also placed before him.

When he had ended his plentiful supper and eaten till he was quite satisfied, he said to his wife—

"I must have something to amuse me, either my bags of money or my harp."

After a good deal of ill-humour, and after having teased his wife for some time, he commanded her to bring down his bags of gold and silver. Jack, as before, peeped out of his hiding place, and presently the wife brought two bags into the room. They were of a very large size. One was filled with new guineas, and the other with new shillings. They were placed before the giant, who began scolding his poor wife most severely for staying so long. She replied, trembling with fear, that they were so heavy she could scarcely lift them, and concluded by saying she would never again bring them downstairs, adding that she had nearly fainted owing to their weight.

This made the giant so angry that he raised his hand to strike her, but she escaped and went to bed, leaving him to count over his treasure by way of amusement.

The giant took his bags, and after turning them over and over to see they were in the same state he had left them, began to count their contents. First the bag which contained the silver was emptied, and the contents placed upon the table.

Jack viewed the glittering heaps with delight, and most

heartily wished them in his own possession. The giant (little thinking he was so narrowly watched) reckoned the silver over several times, and then, having satisfied himself that all was safe, put it into the bags again, which he made very secure.

The other bag was opened next, and the guineas placed upon the table. If Jack was pleased at the sight of the silver, how much more delighted must he have felt when he saw such a heap of glittering gold? He even had the boldness to think of gaining both bags, but, suddenly recollecting himself, he began to fear that the giant would sham sleep, the better to entrap any one who might be concealed.

When the giant had counted over the gold till he was tired, he put it up, if possible more secure than he had put up the silver before, and he then fell back on his chair by the fireside and fell asleep. He snored so loud that Jack compared his noise to the roaring of the sea in a high wind, when the tide is coming in. At last Jack concluded him to be asleep and therefore secure. He stole out of his hiding-place and approached the giant, in order to carry off the two bags of money.

Just as he laid his hand upon one of the bags a little dog, which he had not observed before, started from under the giant's chair and barked at Jack most furiously, who now gave himself up for lost. Fear rivetted him to the spot, and instead of endeavouring to escape he stood still, though expecting his enemy to awake every instant. However, the giant continued in a sound sleep, and the dog grew weary of barking. Jack now began to recollect himself, and, on looking round, saw a large piece of meat. This he threw to the dog, who instantly seized it, and took it into the lumber-closet which Jack had just left.

Finding himself delivered from a noisy and troublesome enemy, and seeing the giant did not awake, Jack boldly seized the bags, and, throwing them over his shoulders, ran out of the kitchen. He reached the street-door in safety, and found it quite daylight. On his way to the top of the beanstalk he found himself greatly bothered with the weight

of the money bags, and, really they were so heavy he could scarcely carry them.

Jack was overjoyed when he found himself near the beanstalk. He soon reached the bottom and ran to meet his mother. To his great surprise the cottage was deserted. He ran from one room to another without being able to find any one. He then hastened into the village, hoping to see some of his neighbours, who could inform him where he could find her.

An old woman at last directed him to a neighbouring house, where his mother was ill of a fever. He was greatly shocked on finding her apparently dying, and could scarcely bear his own reflections on knowing himself to be the cause of it.

On being informed of our hero's safe return, his mother, by degrees. revived, and gradually recovered. Jack presented her his two valuable bags, and they lived happy and comfortably. The cottage was rebuilt and well furnished.

For three years Jack heard no more of the beanstalk, but he could not forget it, though he feared making his mother unhappy. She would not mention the hated beanstalk, lest her doing so should remind him of taking another journey.

Notwithstanding the comforts Jack enjoyed at home, his mind continually dwelt upon the beanstalk, for the fairy's menaces in case of his disobedience were ever present to his mind and prevented him from being happy. He could think of nothing else. It was in vain he endeavoured to amuse himself. He became thoughtful, would arise at the first dawn of day, and would view the beanstalk for hours together.

His mother discovered that something preyed heavily upon his mind, and endeavoured to discover the cause, but Jack knew too well what the consequence would be should he discover the cause of his melancholy to her. He did his utmost, therefore, to conquer the great desire he had for another journey up the beanstalk.

Finding, however, that his inclination grew too powerful

for him, he began to make secret preparations for his journey, and, on the longest day, arose as soon as it was light, ascended the beanstalk, and reached the top with some little trouble. He found the road, journey, etc., much as it was on the two former times.

He arrived at the giant's mansion in the evening, and found his wife standing, as usual, at the door. Jack had disguised himself so completely that she did not appear to have the least recollection of him. However, when he pleaded hunger and poverty in order to gain admittance, he found it very difficult, indeed, to persuade her. At last he prevailed, and was concealed in the copper.

When the giant returned, he said—

"I smell fresh meat," but Jack felt composed, for the giant had said so before, and had been soon satisfied; however, the giant started up suddenly and searched all round the room. Whilst this was going forward Jack was exceedingly terrified, and ready to die with fear, wishing himself at home a thousand times, but when the giant approached the copper, and put his hand upon the lid, Jack thought his death was certain. The giant ended his search there without moving the lid, and seated himself quietly by the fireside.

The giant at last ate a hearty supper, and when he had finished, he commanded his wife to fetch down his harp. Jack peeped under the copper lid and soon saw the most beautiful harp that could be imagined. It was placed by the giant on the table, who said—

"Play," and it instantly played of its own accord, without being touched. The music was uncommonly fine. Jack was delighted, and felt more anxious to get the harp into possession than either of the former treasures.

The music soon lulled the giant into a sound sleep. Now, therefore, was the time to carry off the harp. As the giant appeared to be in a more profound sleep than usual, Jack, soon determined, got out of the copper and seized the harp. The harp, however, was enchanted by a fairy,—and it called out loudly—

"Master, master!"

The giant awoke, stood up, and tried to pursue Jack, but he had drunk so much that he could hardly stand. Poor Jack ran as fast as he could, and, in a little time, the giant recovered sufficiently to walk slowly, or rather, to reel after him. Had he been sober he must have overtaken Jack instantly, but as he then was, Jack contrived to be the first at the top of the beanstalk. The giant called after him in a voice like thunder, and sometimes was very near him.

The moment Jack got down the beanstalk he called out for a hatchet, and one was brought him directly. Just at that instant the giant was beginning to descend, but Jack with his hatchet cut the beanstalk close off at the root, which made the giant fall headlong into the garden. The fall killed him, thereby releasing the world from a barbarous enemy.

Jack's mother was delighted when she saw the beanstalk destroyed. At this instant the fairy appeared. She first addressed Jack's mother, and explained every thing relating to the journeys up the beanstalk. The fairy then charged Jack to be dutiful to his mother, and to follow his father's good example, which was the only way to be happy. She then disappeared. Jack heartily begged his mother's pardon for all the sorrow and affliction he had caused her, promising most faithfully to be very dutiful and obedient to her for the future.

"I love giants," said the little girl who had first found the sailor on the beach, "Tell us more about them."

"More about them," said the sailor, "that is a little difficult, for there is only one person whom I ever met who had really made friends enough with the giants to find out how they lived."

"What did your friend say?" asked the little girl.

"I hope he said the truth," said the English sailor, "for he said that the giants were not nearly so cruel or so wicked as people think they are. Indeed he told me

The Fall *of the* Giant

that he never spent such a happy time as when he visited the land of the Giants in Brobdingnag."

"Tell us then," cried the little girl and "Tell us," cried Old King Cole, who liked to hear that the giants were not all wicked.

"Well," said the English sailor, "my friend's name is known all the world over, for his name is Gulliver, and I will tell you his tale in his own words as he told it to me, except that I will leave out the remarks on things in general which my friends sometimes liked to introduce. So here goes for the tale which Gulliver himself tells of his adventures in Brobdingnag. This is how he told it to me, in words so eloquent and so full of apparent truth that I could not forget them. He said :—

Gulliver's Adventures in Brobdingnag

CHAPTER I

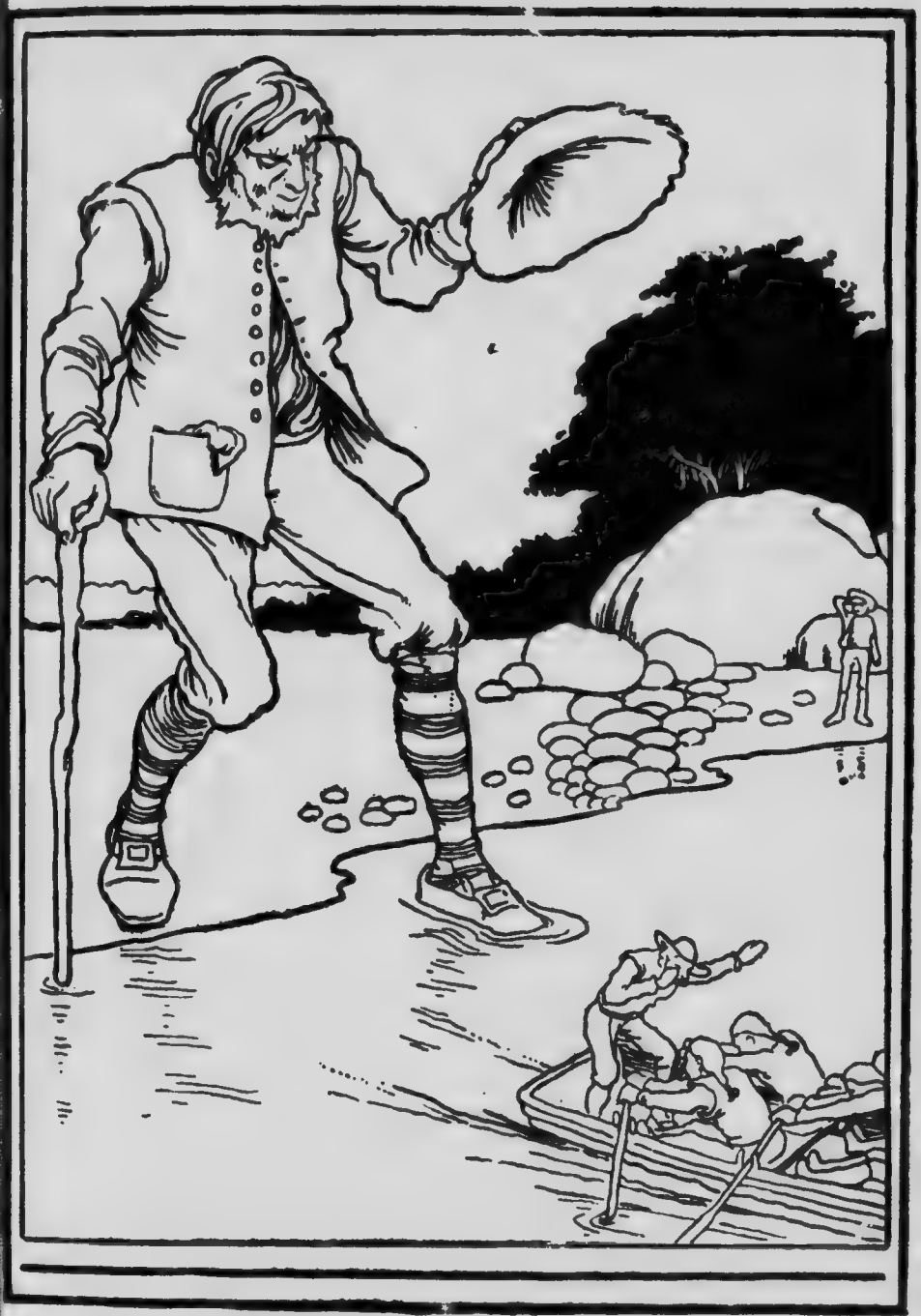
"HAVING been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, I left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June 1702, in the *Adventure*, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous voyage till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water, but, discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; during a storm, which was followed by a strong wind west south-west, we were carried by my computation about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor aboard could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west parts of Great Tartary, and into the frozen sea.

On the 16th day of June 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th, we came in full view of a great island or continent (for we knew not whether) on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of

above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land, we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore, to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and, seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holloa after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides, but our men had the start of him half a league, and, the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This, I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now at least harvest, and the corn rising near forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross

over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone above twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him I saw in the sea, pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon, seven monsters like himself came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above an hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow, and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I



could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, the nation of dwarfs, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy in the world: where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this, I conceived, was to be the least of my misfortunes, for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to let the Lilliputians find some nation where the people were as diminutive with respect to them as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And, therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod short, and, looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered a while, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small, dangerous animal, in such a manner that it may not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind by the middle, between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards

of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air, about sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise my eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble, melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the meantime I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides, letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat, which, it seems, he thought to be some kind of covering that Nature

had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me: he then placed me softly on the ground, upon all-four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could: I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye, to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces, of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another, but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and, taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upwards, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily

do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myself at length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran

back as women do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had a while seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and, by degrees, grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman) in a dish of about four and twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were set down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling.

The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner, drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher-side; but, as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners) and, waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forward towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him) his youngest son, who sat next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again; whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner my mistress's favourite cat leapt into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of

a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and, turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head and one of her paws while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me, though I stood at the further end of the table above fifty feet off, and although my mistress held her fast for fear she might give a spring and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger, for the cat took not the least notice of me when my master placed me within three yards of her. And, as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear, before a fierce animal, is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved in this dangerous juncture, to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers' houses, one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother out of pure indulgence took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frightened and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broken my neck if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse to quiet her babe

made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist; but all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. I had a near sight of her, she sitting down the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying-glass, where we find by experiment that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough and coarse, and ill-coloured.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the main-sail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked, and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred feet high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his fore-feet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet, and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made

his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce, so that, if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but, with a strong slash cross the neck, I thoroughly dispatched it.

Soon after, my mistress came into the room, who, seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs, to shew I was not hurt, whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table where I shewed her my hanger all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard.

CHAPTER II

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful at dressing the baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night: the cradle was put into a small drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language, and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that, after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either

myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which, indeed, was coarser than sack-cloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my schoolmistress, to teach me the language. When I pointed to any thing, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that, in a few days, I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country: we never parted while I was there; I called her my Glumdalclitch, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacknuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature, which it likewise imitated in all its actions; seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever he was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer, who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to enquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him he was welcome, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better, at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily,

for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser, and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two and twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving, when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs, by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said, her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers, but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty; and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England; since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried

me in a box the next market-day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it, for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour. For the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high, that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent: our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting a while with the inn-keeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the grultrud or crier to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a splacknuck (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long), and in every part of the body resembling an human creature, could speak several words, and perform an hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded: she asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said they were welcome, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having

learned the art in my youth. I was that day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to go over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation. For those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and, to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of everybody's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise, it came with so much violence that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpion: but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice, that he would show me again next market-day, and in the meantime he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs, or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons with their wives and children (for the country is very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family: so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath) although I were nor carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was like to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of

Gulliver in Brobdingnag

August 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situated near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles' distance from our house: my master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road for fifty or an hundred miles, to any village, or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys of not above seven or eight score miles a day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air, and show me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile, or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London Bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October, we arrived at the metropolis, called, in their language, Lorbrulgrud, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room, between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and pallisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shewn ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people.

I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learned their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion; out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAPTER III

The frequent labours I underwent, every day, made in few weeks a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and, concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a slardral, or gentleman usher, came from Court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither, for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her Majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour: I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me (after I was set on a table) which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it, with the utmost respect, to my lips. She made me some general questions about my country, and my travels, which I answered as distinctly and in as few words as I could. She asked whether I would be content to live at Court. I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered that I was my

master's slave; but, if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her Majesty's service. She then asked my master whether he were willing to sell me at a good price. He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores; but, allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, since I was now her Majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favour, that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor. Her Majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at Court; and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy: my late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness, and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her Majesty that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature found by chance in his field; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made in shewing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led, was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day, and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her Majesty perhaps would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated under the protection of so great and

good an Empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phœnix of the creation; so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless, for I already found my spirits to revive by the influence of her most august presence.

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation; the latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to Court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was however surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hands, and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His Majesty, a prince of much gravity, and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen after a cold manner, how long it was since she grew fond of a splacknuck; for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her Majesty's right hand. But this princess, who hath an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutoire, and commanded me to give his Majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words; and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me, and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box that might serve me for a

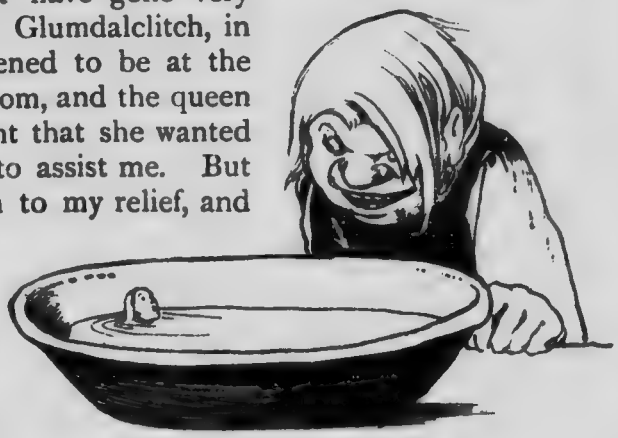
bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and, according to my directions, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her Majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and, letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in: the smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome, till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her Majesty ate, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor, near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen's, were not much bigger than what I have seen of the same kind in a London toy-shop, for the furniture of a baby-

house. These my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her Majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself; and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature. For the queen (who had, indeed, but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which, to me, was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would crunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full grown turkey; and put a bit of bread into her mouth as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments were all in the same proportion. I remember, when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the tables at Court, where ten or a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never, till then, beheld so terrible a sight.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who, being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high) became insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antechamber while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the Court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness, against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usual in the mouths of Court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her Majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not

thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch, in that instant, happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed about a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a further punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me, neither was he ever restored to favour; for, soon after, the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.



He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a-laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her Majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf, watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted the stool she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before

anyone knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively, and I could easily trace that sticky matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as schoolboys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in my box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England) after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the

courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges; I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles.

CHAPTER IV

I SHOULD have lived happy enough in that country if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the Court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together near some dwarf apple trees, I must need shew my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language, as it doth in ours. Whereupon, the malicious rogue watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears: one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground: and, when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all four, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face, on the lee side of a border of lemon

thyme, but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because Nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay. The dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright. He gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath that I could not speak a word. In few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear nor answer when she called: she severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up and never known at Court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger, and truly as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed

from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger and ran under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand with his bill a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to pick my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an England swan.

One day a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold, erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow, with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great fountain at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail, or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered, that I understood both very well: for, although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her Majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner would make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and, by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial; where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for

want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project; she ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom, to let out the water when it began to grow stale, and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had liked to have cost me my life: for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless, to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of

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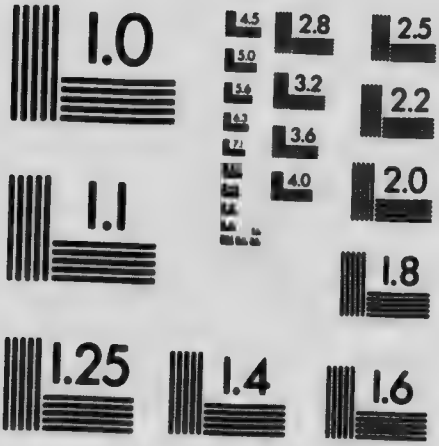

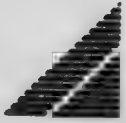

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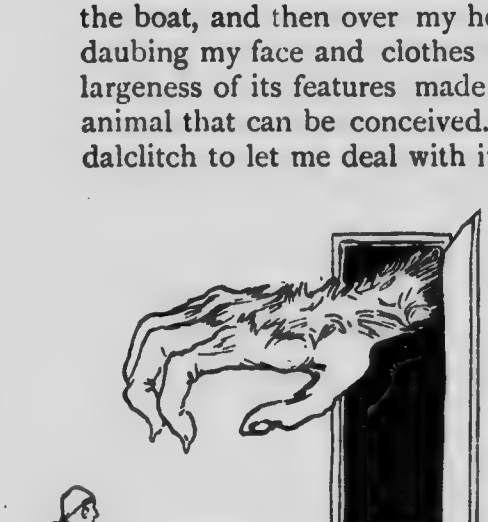
the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.



But the greatest danger I ever underwent, in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the doors of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat although I were much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might have easily done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country silk,

was very thick and strong) and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions, he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar, the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed; not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves: but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up,

and putting me into his breeches pocket, brought me dow safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monke had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurs picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and the I fell a-vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I wa so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes give me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep m bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the Court, sen every day to enquire after my health, and her Majest made me several visits during my sickness. The monke was killed, and an order made that no such animal shoul be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery, to retur him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what m thoughts and speculations were, while I lay in the monkey' paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner o feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof ha sharpened my stomach. He desired to know what would have done upon such an occasion in my ow country. I told his Majesty, that in Europe we had n monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities fron other places, and so small, that I could deal with a doze of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And a for that monstrous animal with whom I was so latel engaged (it was, indeed, as large as an elephant) if m fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of m hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon th hilt as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chambe perhaps I should have given him such a wound, as woul have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste tha he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a perso who was jealous lest his courage should be called i question. However, my speech produced nothing els besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to hi Majesty from those about him could not make them contain This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a ma

to endeavour doing himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the Court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her Majesty.

CHAPTER V

In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his Majesty's favour, I told him of an invention discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into an heap of which the smallest spark of fire falling, would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into an hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls, thus discharged, would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing

out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes of a size proportionable to all other things in his Majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above an hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his Majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment in return of so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. He was amazed how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation which I had painted as the common effects of those destructive machines, whereof, he said, some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested that, although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in Nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret, which he commanded me as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

The ship in which I sailed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders that, if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and, with all its crew and passengers, brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud. He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed, but, I think, I should rather have died, than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages like tame canary birds, and perhaps, in time, sold about the kingdom to

persons of quality for curiosities. I was, indeed, treated with much kindness: I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole Court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of human kind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death, like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and, in a manner, not very common: the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country; and, about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried, as usual, in my travelling box, which, as I have already described, was a very convenient closet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed, by silken robes, from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired, and would often sleep in my hammock while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, just over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept; which hole I shut, at pleasure, with a board that drew backwards and forwards through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he hath near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the sea-side. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued; I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page I was very fond of, and who had sometimes

been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box about half an hour's walk from the palace towards the rocks on the sea-shore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, that while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring which was fastened at the top of my box, for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was easy enough. I called out several times, as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise over my head like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in, that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body, and devour it. For the sagacity and smell of this bird enabled him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed t[illegible] I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down like a sign post in a windy day. I heard

several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak) and then all on a sudden felt myself falling perpendicularly down for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived that I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated above five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now suppose that the eagle which flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop while he was defending himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say, with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed in pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast, or a rising wave. A breach in one

single pane of glass would have been immediate death; nor could anything have preserved the windows but the strong lattice-wires placed on the outside against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it, where I might, at least, preserve myself some hours longer than by being shut up, as I may call it, in the hold. Or, if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger! I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting and indeed wishing every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader, that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant who used to carry me on horseback would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard or at least thought I heard some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed, and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along in the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief; although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and, putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and, thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that, if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly

perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no window, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet, like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice in the English tongue, if there be anybody below, let them speak. I answered, I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged, by all that was moving, to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied, I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover large enough to pull me out. I answered, that was needless, and would take up too much time, for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin. Some of them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad; others laughed; for, indeed, it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and from thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition. Soon however through the kindness of the sailors I was restored to happiness and health."

"Yes," said Old King Cole, when the English sailor has finished his story of Gulliver's adventures in Brobdingnag.

"Now we know all about the giants, but who can tell us something more about dwarfs?"

"I can," said the German fiddler, who had not spoken for a long time. "I can, for I have heard the story of Hinzelmann, the most famous dwarf in all Germany. So listen all to the tale of *Hinzelmann.*

Hinzelmann.

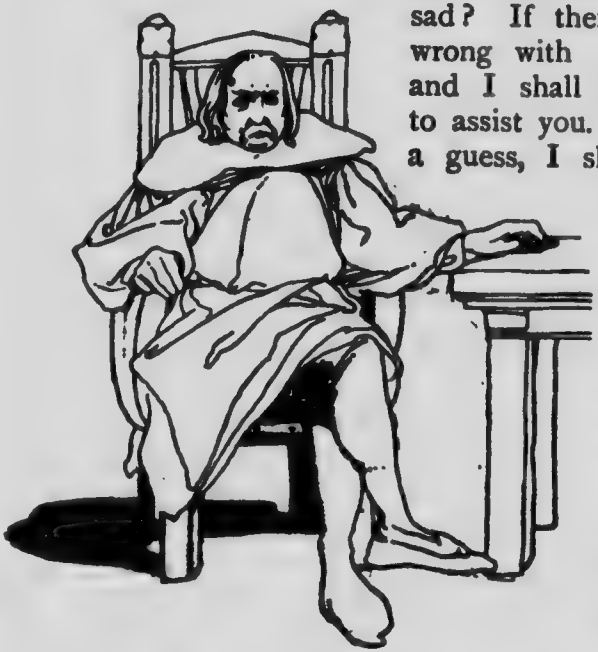
"A WONDERFUL house-spirit haunted for a long time the old castle of Hudemühlen, situated in the country of Lüneburg, not far from the Aller, and of which there is nothing remaining but the walls. It was in the year 1584

that he first notified his presence, by knocking and making various noises. Soon after he began to converse with the servants in the daylight. They were at first terrified at hearing a voice and seeing nothing, but by degrees they became accustomed to it and thought no more of it. At last he became quite courageous, and began to speak to the master of the house himself, and used, in the middle of the day and in the evening, to carry on conversations of various kinds; and at meal-times he discoursed with those who were present, whether strangers or belonging to the family. When all fear of him was gone he became quite friendly and intimate; he sang, laughed, and went on with every kind of sport, so long as no one vexed him: and his voice was on these occasions soft and tender like that of a boy or maiden. When he was asked whence he came, and what he had to do in that place, he said he was come from the Bohemian mountains, and that his companions were in the Bohemian forest—that they would not tolerate him, and that he was in consequence obliged to retire and take refuge with good people till his affairs should be in a better condition. He added that his name was Hinzelmann, but that he was also called Lüring; and that he had a wife whose name was Hille Bingels. When the time for it was come he would let himself be seen in his real shape, but that at present it was not convenient for him to do so. In all other respects he was, he said, as good and honest a fellow as need be.

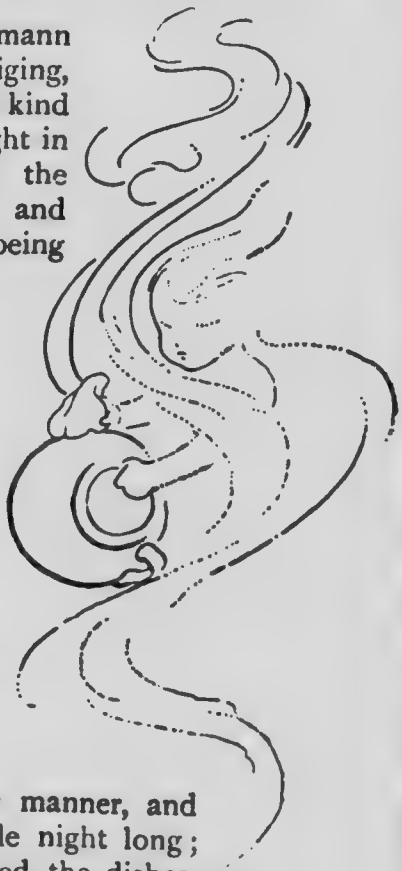
The master of the house, when he saw that the spirit attached himself more and more to him, began to get frightened, and knew not how he should get rid of him. By the advice of his friends he determined at last to leave his castle for some time, and set out for Hanover. On the road they observed a white feather that flew beside the carriage, but no one knew what it signified. When he arrived at Hanover he missed a valuable gold chain that he wore about his neck, and his suspicions fell upon the

servants of the house. But the innkeeper took the part of his servants, and demanded satisfaction for the discreditable charge. The nobleman, who could prove nothing against

them, sat in his chamber in bad spirits, thinking how he should manage to get himself out of this unpleasant affair, when all of a sudden he heard Hinzelmann's voice beside him saying, "Why are you so sad? If there is anything gone wrong with you tell it to me, and I shall perhaps know how to assist you. If I were to make a guess, I should say that you are fretting on account of a chain you have lost." "What are you doing here?" replied the terrified nobleman; "why have you followed me? Do you know anything about the chain?" "Yes, indeed," said Hinzelmann, "I have followed you, and I kept you company on the road, and was always present: did you not see me? why, I was the white feather that flew beside the carriage. And now I'll tell you where the chain is:—Search under the pillow of your bed, and there you'll find it." The chain was found where he said; but the mind of the nobleman became still more uneasy, and he asked him in an angry tone why he had brought him into a quarrel with the landlord on account of the chain, since he was the cause of his leaving his own house. Hinzelmann replied, "Why do you retire from me? I can easily follow you anywhere, and be where you are. It is much better for you to return to your own estate, and not be quitting it on my account. You see well that if I wished it I could take away all you have, but I am not inclined to do so."



The nobleman thought some time of it, and at last came to the resolution of returning home, and trusting in God not to retreat a step from the spirit.



At home in Hudemühlen, Hinzelmann now showed himself extremely obliging, and active and industrious at every kind of work. He used to toil every night in the kitchen; and if the cook, in the evening after supper, left the plates and dishes lying in a heap without being washed, next morning they were all nice and clean, shining like looking-glasses, and put up in proper order. She therefore might depend upon him, and go to bed in the evening after supper without giving herself any concern about them. In like manner nothing was ever lost in the kitchen; and if anything was astray Hinzelmann knew immediately where to find it, in whatever corner it was hid, and gave it into the hands of the owner. If strangers were expected, the spirit let himself be heard in a particular manner, and his labours were continued the whole night long; he scoured the pots and kettles, washed the dishes, cleaned the pails and tubs. The cook was grateful to him for all this, and not only did what he desired, but cheerfully got ready his sweet milk for his breakfast. He took also the charge of superintending the other men and maids. He noticed how they got through their business; and when they were at work he encouraged them with good words to be industrious. But if any one was inattentive to what he said, he caught up a stick and communicated his instructions by laying on heartily with it. He frequently warned the maids

of their mistress's displeasure, and reminded them of some piece of work which they should set about doing. He was equally busy in the stable: he attended to the horses, and curried them carefully, so that they were as smooth in their coats as an eel; they also throve and improved so much, in next to no time, that everybody wondered at it.

His chamber was in the upper story on the right hand side, and his furniture consisted of only three articles. Imprimis, of a settle or arm-chair, which he plaited very neatly for himself of straw of different colours, full of handsome figures and crosses, which no one looked upon without admiration. Secondly, of a little round table, which was on his repeated entreaties made and put there. Thirdly, of a bed and bedstead, which he had also expressed a wish for. There never was any trace found as if a man had lain in it; there could only be perceived a very small depression, as if a cat had been there. The servants, especially the cook, were obliged every day to prepare a dish full of sweet milk, with crumbs of wheaten bread, and place it upon his little table; and it was soon after eaten up clean. He sometimes used to come to the table of the master of the house, and they were obliged to put a chair and a plate for him at a particular place. Whoever was helping, put his food on his plate, and if that was forgotten he fell into a great passion. What was put on his plate vanished, and a glass full of wine was taken away for some time, and was then set again in its place empty. But the food was afterwards found lying under the benches, or in a corner of the room.

In the society of young people Hinzelmann was extremely cheerful. He sang and made verses: one of his most usual ones was,

> If thou here wilt let me stay,
> Good luck shalt thou have alway;
> But if hence thou wilt me chase,
> Luck will ne'er come near the place.

He used also to repeat the songs and sayings of other

people by way of amusement or to attract their attention. The minister Feldmann was once invited to Hudemühlen, and when he came to the door he heard someone above in the hall singing, shouting, and making every sort of noise, which made him think that some strangers had come the evening before, and were lodged above, and making themselves merry. He therefore said to the steward, who was standing in the court after having cut up some wood, "John, what guests have you above there?" The steward answered, "We have no strangers; it is only our Hinzelmann who is amusing himself; there is not a living soul else in the hall." When the minister went up into the hall, Hinzelmann sang out to him,

My thumb, my thumb,
And my elbow are two.

The minister wondered at this unusual kind of song, and he said to Hinzelmann, "What sort of music is that you come to meet me with?" "Why," replied Hinzelmann, "it was from yourself I learned the song, for you have often sung it, and it is only a few days since I heard it from you, when you were in a certain place at a christening."

Hinzelmann was fond of playing tricks, but he never hurt anyone by them. He used to set servants and workmen by the ears as they sat drinking in the evening, and took great delight then in looking at the sport. When any one of them was well warmed with liquor, and let anything fall under the table and stooped to take it up, Hinzelmann would give him a good box on the ear from behind, and at the same time pinch his neighbour's leg. Then the two attacked each other, first with words and then with blows; the rest joined in the scuffle, and they dealt about their blows, and were repaid in kind; and next morning black eyes and swelled faces bore testimony of the fray. But Hinzelmann's very heart was delighted at it, and he used afterwards to tell how it was he that began it, on purpose to set them fighting. He however always

took care so to order matters that no one should run any risk of his life.

There came one time to Hudemühlen a nobleman who undertook to banish Hinzelmann. Accordingly, when he remarked that he was in a certain room, of which all the doors and windows were shut fast, he had this chamber and the whole house also beset with armed men, and went himself with his drawn sword into the room, accompanied by some others. They however saw nothing, so they began to cut and thrust left and right in all directions, thinking that if Hinzelmann had a body some blow or other must certainly reach him and kill him; still they could not perceive that their hangers met anything but mere air. When they thought they must have accomplished their task, and were going out of the room tired with their long fencing, just as they opened the door, they saw a figure like that of a black marten, and heard these words, "Ha, ha! how well you caught me!" But Hinzelmann afterwards expressed himself very bitterly for this insult, and declared, that he would have easily had an opportunity of revenging himself, were it not that he wished to spare the two ladies of the house any uneasiness. When this same nobleman not long after went into an empty room in the house, he saw a large snake lying coiled up on an unoccupied bed. It instantly vanished, and he heard the words of the spirit —"You were near catching me."

Another nobleman had heard a great deal about Hinzelmann, and he was curious to get some personal knowledge of him. He came accordingly to Hudemühlen, and his wish was not long ungratified, for the spirit let himself be heard from a corner of the room where there was a large cupboard, in which were standing some empty wine-jugs with long necks. As the voice was soft and delicate, and somewhat hoarse, as if it came out of a hollow vessel, the nobleman thought it likely that he was sitting in one of these jugs, so he got up and ran and caught them up, and went to stop them, thinking in this way to catch the spirit. While he was thus engaged, Hinzelmann began to laugh

aloud, and cried out, "If I had not heard long ago from other people that you were a fool, I might now have known it of myself, since you thought I was sitting in an empty jug, and went to cover it up with your hand, as if you had me caught. I don't think you worth the trouble, or I would have given you, long since, such a lesson, that you should remember me long enough. But before long you will get a slight ducking." He then became silent, and did not let himself be heard any more so long as the nobleman stayed. Whether he fell into the water, as Hinzelmann threatened him, is not said, but it is probable he did.

There came, too, an exorcist to banish him. When he began his conjuration with his magic words, Hinzelmann was at first quite quiet, and did not let himself be heard at all, but when he was going to read the most powerful sentences against him, he snatched the book out of his hand, tore it to pieces, so that the leaves flew about the room, caught hold of the exorcist himself, and squeezed and scratched him till he ran away frightened out of his wits. He complained greatly of this treatment, and said, "I am a Christian, like any other man, and I hope to be saved." When he was asked if he knew the Kobolds and Knocking-spirits (*Polter Geister*), he answered, "What have these to do with me? They are the Devil's spectres and I do not belong to them. No one has any evil, but rather good, to expect from me. Let me alone and you will have luck in everything; the cattle will thrive, your substance will increase, and everything will go on well."

Another time a nobleman came there, who, when he saw a chair and plate laid for Hinzelmann at dinner, refused to pledge him. At this the spirit was offended, and he said, "I am as honest and good a fellow as he is; why then does he not drink to me?" To this the nobleman replied "Depart hence, and go drink with thy infernal companions; thou hast nothing to do here." When Hinzelmann heard that, he became so highly exasperated, that he seized him by the strap with which, according to the custom of those

days, his cloak was fastened under his chin, dragged him t the ground, and choked and pressed him in such a manne that all that were present were in pain lest he should ki him; and the gentleman did not come to himself for som hours after the spirit had left him.

Another time an esteemed friend of the master o Hudemühlen was travelling that way, but he hesitate to come in on account of the House-spirit, of whos mischievous turn he had heard a great deal, and sent hi servant to inform the family that he could not call upo them. The master of the house sent out and pressed hi very much to come in and dine there, but the strange politely excused himself, by saying that it was not in hi power to stop; he, however, added, that he was too muc terrified at the idea of sitting at the same table eating an drinking with a devil. Hinzelmann, it appears, was presen at this conversation out in the road; for when the strange had thus refused they heard these words, "Wait, my goo fellow, you shall be well paid for this talk." Accordingly when the traveller went on and came to the bridge ove the Meisse, the horses took fright, entangled themselve in the harness, and horses, carriage and all, were within an ace of tumbling down into the water. When everything had been set to rights, and the carriage had got on about a gun-shot, it was turned over in the sand on the level ground, without, however, those who were in it receiving any farther injury.

Hinzelmann was fond of society, but the society he chiefly delighted in was that of females, and he was to them very friendly and affable. There were two young ladies at Hudemühlen, named Anne and Catherine, to whom he was particularly attached; he used to make his complaint to them whenever he was angry at anything, and held, besides, conversations of every kind with them. Whenever they travelled he would not quit them, but accompanied them everywhere in the shape of a white feather. When they went to sleep at night, he lay beneath, at their feet, outside the clothes, and in the morning there

was a little hole to be seen, as if a little dog had lain there.

Neither of these ladies ever married; for Hinzelmann frightened away their wooers. Matters had frequently gone so far as the engagement, but the spirit always contrived to have it broken off. One lover he would make all bewildered and confused when he was about to address the lady, so that he did not know what he should say. In another he would excite such fear as to make him quiver and tremble. But his usual way was to make a writing appear before their eyes on the opposite white wall, with these words in golden letters: "Take maid Anne, and leave me maid Catherine." But if anyone came to court lady Anne, the golden writing changed all at once, and became "Take maid Catherine, and leave me maid Anne." If anyone did not change his course for this, but persisted in his purpose, and happened to spend the night in the house, he terrified and tormented him so in the dark with knocking and flinging and pounding, that he laid aside all wedding-thoughts, and was right glad to get away with a whole skin. Some, when they were on their way back, he tumbled, themselves and their horses, over and over, that they thought their necks and legs would be broken, and yet knew not how it had happened to them. In consequence of this, the two ladies remained unmarried; they arrived to a great age, and died within a week of each other.

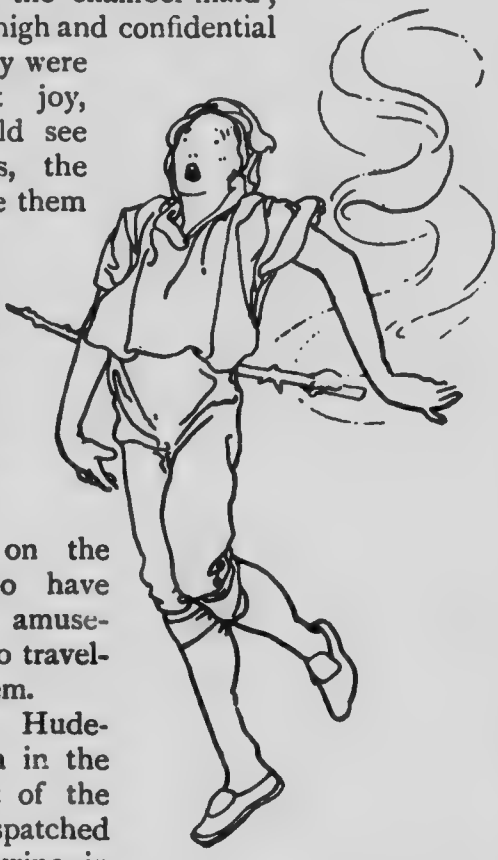
One of these ladies once sent a servant from Hudemühlen to Rethem to buy different articles; while he was away Hinzelmann began suddenly to clapper in the ladies' chamber like a stork, and then said, "Maid Anne, you must go look for your things to-day in the mill-stream." She did not know what this meant; but the servant soon came in, and related, that as he was on his way home, he had seen a stork sitting at no great distance from him, which he shot at, and it seemed to him as if he had hit it, but that the stork had remained sitting, and at last began to clap its wings aloud and then flew away. It was now

plain that Hinzelmann knew this, and his prophecy also soon came to pass. For the servant, who was a little intoxicated, wanted to wash his horse, who was covered with sweat and dirt, and he rode him into the mill-stream in front of the castle; but owing to his drunkenness he missed the right place, and got into a deep hole, where, not being able to keep his seat on the horse, he fell off and was drowned. He had not delivered the things he had brought with him; so they and the body together were fished up out of the stream.

Another time a certain lord Falkenberg, who was a soldier, was on a visit at Hudemühlen. He was a lively, jolly man, and he began to play tricks on Hinzelmann, and to mock and jeer him. Hinzelmann would not long put up with this, and he began to exhibit signs of great dissatisfaction. At last he said,—"Falkenberg, you are making very merry now at my expense, but wait till you come to Magdeburg, and there your cap will be burst in such a way that you will forget your jibes and your jeers." The nobleman was awed: he was persuaded that these words contained a hidden sense: he broke off the conversation with Hinzelmann, and shortly after departed. Not long after the siege of Magdeburg, under the Elector Maurice, commenced, at which this lord Falkenberg was present, under a German prince of high rank. The besieged made a gallant resistance, and night and day kept up a firing of double-harquebuses, and other kinds of artillery; and it happened that one day Falkenberg's chin was shot away by a ball from a falconet, and three days after he died of the wound, in great agony.

Anyone whom the spirit could not endure he used to plague or punish for his vices. He accused the secretary at Hudemühlen of too much pride, took a great dislike to him on account of it, and night and day gave him every kind of annoyance. He once related with great glee how he had given the haughty secretary a sound box on the ear. When the secretary was asked about it, and whether the spirit had been with him, he replied, "Ay, indeed, he has

been with me but too often; this very night he tormented me in such a manner that I could not stand before him." He had a love affair with the chamber-maid; and one night as he was in high and confidential discourse with her, and they were sitting together in great joy, thinking that no one could see them but the four walls, the crafty spirit came and drove them asunder, and roughly tumbled the poor secretary out at the door, and then took up a broomstick and laid on him with it, that he made over head and neck for his cha , and forgot his love al gether. Hinzelmann is said to have made some verses on the unfortunate lover, and to have often sung them for his amusement, and repeated them to travellers, laughing heartily at them.



One time someone at Hudemühlen was suddenly taken in the evening with a violent fit of the cholic, and a maid was despatched to the cellar to fetch some wine, in which the patient was to take his medicine. As the maid was sitting before the cask, and was just going to draw the wine, Hinzelmann was by her side, and said, "You will be pleased to recollect that, a few days ago, you scolded me and abused me; by way of punishment for it, you shall spend this night sitting in the cellar. As to the sick person, he is in no danger whatever; his pain will be all gone in half an hour, and the wine would rather injure him. So just stay sitting here till the cellar door is opened." The patient waited a long time, but no wine

came; another maid was sent down, and she found th cellar door well secured on the outside with a good padloc and the maid sitting within, who told her that Hinzelman had fastened her up in that way. They wanted to ope the cellar and let the maid out, but they could not find key for the lock, though they searched with the greate industry. Next morning the cellar was open, and the loc and key lying before the door. Just as the spirit sai all his pain left the sick man in the course of half a hour.

Hinzelmann had never shown himself to the master the house at Hudemühlen, and whenever he begged of hi that if he was shaped like a man, he would le himself b seen by him, he answered, "that the time is not ye come; that he should wait till it was agreeable to him. One night, as the master was lying awake in bed, h heard a rushing noise on one side of the chamber, and h conjectured that the spirit must be there. So he said "Hinzelmann, if you are there, answer me." "It is I, replied he; "what do you want?" As the room was quit light with the moonshine, it seemed to the master as i there was the shadow of a form like that of a child per ceptible in the place from which the sound proceeded. A he observed that the spirit was in a very friendly humour he entered into conversation with him and said, "Let me for this once, see and feel you." But Hinzelmann would not: "Will you reach me your hand, at least, that I may know whether you are flesh and bone like a man?" "No," said Hinzelmann; "I won't trust you; you are a knave you might catch hold of me, and not let me go any more." After a long demur, however, and after he had promised on his faith and honour, not to hold him, but to let him go again immediately, he said, "See, there is my hand." And as the master caught at it, it seemed to him as if he felt the fingers of the hand of a little child; but the spirit drew it back quickly. The master further desired that he would let him feel his face to which he at last consented; and when he touched it, it seemed to him as if he had touched

teeth, or a fleshless skeleton, and the face drew back instantaneously, so that he could not ascertain its exact shape; he only noticed that it, like the hand, was cold, and devoid of vital heat.

The cook, who was on terms of great intimacy with him, thought that she might venture to make a request of him, though another might not, and as she felt a strong desire to see Hinzelmann bodily, whom she heard talking every day, and whom she supplied with meat, and drink, she prayed him earnestly to grant her that favour; but he would not, and said that this was not the right time, but that after some time, he would let himself be seen by any person. This refusal only stimulated her desire, and she pressed him more and more not to deny her request. He said she would repent of her curiosity if she would not give up her desire; and when all his representations were to no purpose, and she would not give over, he at last said to her, "Come to-morrow morning before sunrise into the cellar, and carry in each hand a pail full of water, and your request shall be complied with." The maid inquired what the water was for: "That you will learn," answered he; "without it, the sight of me might be injurious to you."

Next morning the cook was ready at peep of dawn, took in each hand a pail of water, and went down to the cellar. She looked about her without seeing anything; but as she cast her eyes on the ground she perceived a tray, on which was lying a naked child apparently three years old, and two knives sticking crosswise in his heart, and his whole body streaming with blood. The maid was terrified at this sight to such a degree, that she lost her senses, and fell in a swoon on the ground. The spirit immediately took the water that she had brought with her and poured it all over her head, by which means she came to herself again. She looked about for the tray, but all had vanished, and she only heard the voice of Hinzelmann, who said, "You see now how needful the water was; if it had not been at hand you had died here in the cellar. I hope your burning desire to see me is now pretty well cooled." He often

afterwards illuded the cook with this trick, and told it to strangers with great glee and laughter.

When the time came that the house-spirit was about to depart, he went to the master of the house and said to him, "See, I will make you a present; take care of it, and let it remind you of me." He then handed him a little *cross*—it is doubtful from the author's words whether of silk (*seide*) or strings (*saiten*)—very prettily plaited. It was the length of a finger, was hollow within, and jingled when it was shaken. Secondly, a *straw hat*, which he had made himself, and in which might be seen forms and figures very ingeniously made in the variously-coloured straw. Thirdly, a leathern *glove* set with pearls, which formed wonderful figures. He then subjoined this prophecy: "So long as these things remain unseparated in good preservation in your family, so long will your entire race flourish, and their good fortune continually increase; but if these presents are divided, lost, or wasted, your race will decrease and sink." And when he perceived that the master appeared to set no particular value on the present, he continued: "I fear that you do not much esteem these things, and will let them go out of your hands; I therefore counsel you to give them in charge to your sisters Anne and Catherine, who will take better care of them."

He accordingly gave the gifts to his sisters, who took them and kept them carefully, and never showed them to any but most particular friends. After their death they reverted to their brother, who took them to himself, and with him they remained so long as he lived.

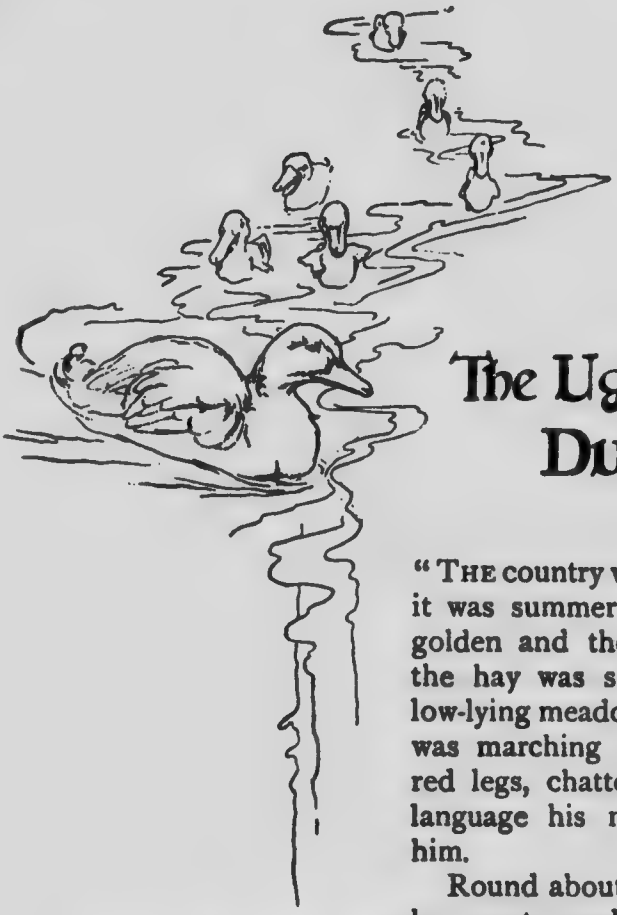
"What a splendid fellow this Hinzelmann must have been," said Old King Cole, when the German fiddler had finished, "I wish we could have had him at our Court. Have you no other tales to tell, friend fiddler?"

"Yes, Sire, plenty, for the land where I come from is full of fairies and fairy stories. But I have a friend here, a Danish butterman, who makes the best of butter and tells the best of stories. Ask him to tell you a tale, and he will

tell a tale so pretty that all the children here will be happy and good."

"Good!" said Old King Cole. "A story for the children. What is it all about, Mr Danish Butterman? Is it about children?"

"No," said the Dane, "it is the story of *The Ugly Duckling*.



The Ugly Duckling.

"THE country was lovely just then, it was summer! The wheat was golden and the oats still green, the hay was stacked in the rich low-lying meadows, where the stork was marching about on his long red legs, chattering Egyptian, the language his mother had taught him.

Round about field and meadow lay great woods, in the midst of which were deep lakes. Yes, the country certainly was delicious. In the sunniest spot stood an old mansion surrounded by a deep moat, and great dock leaves grew from the walls of the house right down to the water's edge; some of them were so tall that a small child could stand upright under them. In amongst the leaves it was as secluded as in the depths of a forest; and there a duck was sitting on her nest. Her little ducklings were just about to be hatched, but she was nearly tired of sitting, for it had lasted such a long time. Moreover, she had very few visitors, as the other ducks liked swimming about in the moat better than waddling up to sit under the dock leaves and gossip with her.

At last one egg after another began to crack. "Cheep, cheep!" they said. All the chicks had come to life, and were poking their heads out.

"Quack! quack!" said the duck; and then they all quacked their hardest, and looked about them on all sides among the green leaves; their mother allowed them to look as much as they liked, for green is good for the eyes.

"How big the world is to be sure!" said all the young ones; for they certainly had ever so much more room to move about, than when they were inside the egg shell.

"Do you imagine this is the whole world?" said the mother. "It stretches a long way on the other side of the garden, right into the parson's field; but I have never been as far as that! I suppose you are all here now?" and she got up. "No! I declare I have not got you all yet! The biggest egg is still there; how long is it going to last?" and then she settled herself on the nest again.

"Well, how are you getting on?" said an old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"This one egg is taking such a long time," answered the sitting duck, "the shell will not crack; but now you must look at the others; they are the finest ducklings I have ever seen! they are all exactly like their father, the rascal! he never comes to see me."

"Let me look at the egg which won't crack," said the old duck. "You may be sure that it is a turkey's egg! I have been cheated like that once, and I had no end of trouble and worry with the creatures, for I may tell you that they are afraid of the water. I could not get them into it, I quacked and snapped at them, but it was no good. Let me see the egg! Yes, it is a turkey's egg! You just leave it alone and teach the other children to swim."

"I will sit on it a little longer, I have sat so long already, that I may as well go on till the Midsummer Fair comes round."

"Please yourself," said the old duck, and she went away.

At last the big egg cracked. "Cheep, cheep!" said the young one and tumbled out; how big and ugly he was! The duck looked at him.

"That is a monstrous big duckling," she said; "none of the others looked like that; can he be a turkey chick? well we shall soon find that out; into the water he shall go, if I have to kick him in myself."

Next day was gloriously fine, and the sun shone on all the green dock leaves. The mother duck with her whole family went down to the moat.

Splash, into the water she sprang. "Quack, quack!" she said, and one duckling plumped in after the other. The water dashed over their heads, but they came up again and floated beautifully; their legs went of themselves, and they were all there, even the big ugly grey one swam about with them.

"No, that is no turkey," she said; "see how beautifully he uses his legs and how erect he holds himself; he is my own chick! after all, he is not so bad when you come to look at him properly. Quack, quack! Now come with me and I will take you into the world, and introduce you to the duckyard; but keep close to me all the time, so that no one may tread upon you, and beware of the cat!"

Then they went into the duckyard. There was a fearful uproar going on, for two broods were fighting for the head of an eel, and in the end the cat captured it.

"That's how things go in this world," said the mother duck, and she licked her bill for she wanted the eel's head herself.

"Use your legs," said she; "mind you quack properly, and bend your necks to the old duck over there! She is the grandest of them all; she has Spanish blood in her veins and that accounts for her size, and, do you see? she has a red rag round her leg; that is a wonderfully fine thing, and the most extraordinary mark of distinction any duck can have. It shows clearly that she is not to be

parted with, and that she is worthy of recognition both by beasts and men! Quack now! don't turn your toes in, a well brought up duckling keeps his legs wide apart just like father and mother; that's it, now bend your necks, and say quack!"

They did as they were bid, but the other ducks round about looked at them and said, quite loud; "Just look there! now we are to have that tribe! just as if there were not enough of us already, and, oh dear! how ugly that duckling is, we won't stand him!" and a duck flew at him at once and bit him in the neck.

"Let him be," said the mother; "he is doing no harm."

"Very likely not, but he is so ungainly and queer," said the biter; "he must be whacked."

"They are handsome children mother has," said the old duck with the rag round her leg; "all good looking except this one, and he is not a good specimen; it's a pity you can't make him over again."

"That can't be done, your grace," said the mother duck; "he is not handsome, but he is a thorough good creature, and he swims as beautifully as any of the others; nay, I think I might venture even to add that I think he will improve as he goes on, or perhaps in time he may grow smaller! he was too long in the egg, and so he has not come out with a very good figure." And then she patted his neck and stroked him down. "Besides he is a drake," said she; "so it does not matter so much. I believe he will be very strong, and I don't doubt but he will make his way in the world."

"The other ducklings are very pretty," said the old duck. "Now make yourselves quite at home, and if you find the head of an eel you may bring it to me!"

After that they felt quite at home. But the poor duckling which had been the last to come out of the shell, and who was so ugly, was bitten, pushed about, and made fun of both by the ducks and the hens. "He is too big," they all said; and the turkey-cock, who was born with his spurs on, and therefore thought himself quite an emperor,

puffed himself up like a vessel in full sail, made for him, and gobbled and gobbled till he became quite red in the face. The poor duckling was at his wit's end, and did not know which way to turn; he was in despair because he was so ugly, and the butt of the whole duckyard.

So the first day passed, and afterwards matters grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was chased and hustled by all of them, even his brothers and sisters ill-used him; and they were always saying, "If only the cat would get hold of you, you hideous object!" Even his mother said, "I wish to goodness you were miles away." The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed them kicked him aside.

Then he ran off and flew right over the hedge, where the little birds flew up into the air in a fright.

"That is because I am so ugly," thought the poor duckling, shutting his eyes, but he ran on all the same. Then he came to a great marsh where the wild ducks lived; he was so tired and miserable that he stayed there the whole night.

In the morning the wild ducks flew up to inspect their new comrade.

"What sort of a creature are you?" they inquired, as the duckling turned from side to side and greeted them as well as he could. "You are frightfully ugly," said the wild ducks; "but that does not matter to us, so long as you do not marry into our family!" Poor fellow! he had no thought of marriage, all he wanted was permission to lie among the rushes, and to drink a little of the marsh water.

He stayed there two whole days, then two wild geese came, or rather two wild ganders, they were not long out of the shell, and therefore rather pert.

"I say, comrade," they said, "you are so ugly that we have taken quite a fancy to you; will you join us and be a bird of passage? There is another marsh close by, and there are some charming wild geese there; all sweet young ladies, who can say quack! You are ugly enough to make your fortune among them." Just at that moment, bang!

bang! was heard up above, and both the wild geese fell dead among the reeds, and the water turned blood-red. Bang! bang! went the guns, and whole flocks of wild geese flew up from the rushes and the shot peppered among them again.

There was a grand shooting party, and the sportsmen lay hidden round the marsh, some even sat on the branches of the trees which overhung the water; the blue smoke rose like clouds among the dark trees and swept over the pool.

The water-dogs wandered about in the swamp, splash! splash! The rushes and reeds bent beneath their tread on all sides. It was terribly alarming to the poor duckling. He twisted his head round to get it under his wing and just at that moment a frightful, big dog appeared close beside him; his tongue hung right out of his mouth and his eyes glared wickedly. He opened his great chasm of a mouth close to the duckling, showed his sharp teeth—and —splash—went on without touching him.

"Oh, thank Heaven!" sighed the duckling, "I am so ugly that even the dog won't bite me!"

Then he lay quite still while the shot whistled among the bushes, and bang after bang rent the air. It only became quiet late in the day, but even then the poor duckling did not dare to get up; he waited several hours more before he looked about and then he hurried away from the marsh as fast as he could. He ran across fields and meadows, and there was such a wind that he had hard work to make his way.

Towards night he reached a poor little cottage; it was such a miserable hovel that it could not make up its mind which way to fall even, and so it remained standing. The wind whistled so fiercely round the duckling that he had to sit on his tail to resist it, and it blew harder and harder; then he saw that the door had fallen off one hinge and hung so crookedly that he could creep into the house through the crack and by this means he made his way into the room. An old woman lived there with her cat and her hen. The cat, which she called "Sonnie," could arch his back, purr, and give off electric sparks, that

is to say if you stroked his fur the wrong way. The hen had quite tiny short legs and so she was called "Chuckie-low-legs." She laid good eggs, and the old woman was as fond of her as if she had been her own child.

In the morning the strange duckling was discovered immediately, and the cat began to purr and the hen to cluck.

"What on earth is that!" said the old woman looking round, but her sight was not good and she thought the duckling was a fat duck which had escaped. "This is a capital find," said she; "now I shall have duck's eggs if only it is not a drake! we must find out about that!"

So she took the duckling on trial for three weeks, but no eggs made their appearance. The cat was the master of the house and the hen the mistress, and they always spoke of "we and the world," for they thought that they represented the half of the world, and that quite the better half.

The duckling thought there might be two opinions on the subject, but the cat would not hear of it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No!"

"Will you have the goodness to hold your tongue then!"

And the cat said, "Can you arch your back, purr, or give off sparks?"

"No."

"Then you had better keep your opinions to yourself when people of sense are speaking!"

The duckling sat in the corner nursing his ill-humour; then he began to think of the fresh air and the sunshine, an uncontrollable longing seized him to float on the water, and at last he could not help telling the hen about it.

"What on earth possesses you?" she asked; "you have nothing to do, that is why you get these freaks into your head. Lay some eggs or take to purring, and you will get over it."

"But it is so delicious to float on the water," said the

duckling; "so delicious to feel it rushing over your head when you dive to the bottom."

"That would be a fine amusement," said the hen. "I think you have gone mad. Ask the cat about it, he is the wisest creature I know; ask him if he is fond of floating on the water or diving under it. I say nothing about myself. Ask our mistress yourself, the old woman, there is no one in the world cleverer than she is. Do you suppose she has any desire to float on the water, or to duck underneath it?"

"You do not understand me," said the duckling.

"Well, if we don't understand you, who should? I suppose you don't consider yourself cleverer than the cat or the old woman, not to mention me. Don't make a fool of yourself, child, and thank your stars for all the good we have done you! Have you not lived in this warm room, and in such society that you might have learnt something? But you are an idiot, and there is no pleasure in associating with you. You may believe me I mean you well, I tell you home truths, and there is no surer way than that, of knowing who are one's friends. You just see about laying some eggs, or learn to pur, or to emit sparks."

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Oh, do so by all means," said the hen.

So away went the duckling, he floated on the water and ducked underneath it, but he was looked askance at by every living creature for his ugliness. Now the autumn came on, the leaves in the woods turned yellow and brown; the wind took hold of them, and they danced about. The sky looked very cold, and the clouds hung heavy with snow and hail. A raven stood on the fence and croaked Caw! Caw! from sheer cold; it made one shiver only to think of it, the poor duckling certainly was in a bad case.

One evening, the sun was just setting in wintry splendour, when a flock of beautiful large birds appeared out of the bushes; the duckling had never seen anything so beautiful. They were dazzling white with long waving

necks; they were swans, and uttering a peculiar cry they spread out their magnificent broad wings and flew away from the cold regions to warmer lands and open seas. They mounted so high, so very high, and the ugly little duckling became strangely uneasy, he circled round and round in the water like a wheel, craning his neck up into the air after them. Then he uttered a shriek so piercing and so strange, that he was quite frightened by it himself. Oh, he could not forget those beautiful birds, those happy birds, and as soon as they were out of sight he ducked right down to the bottom, and when he came up again he was quite beside himself. He did not know what the birds were or whither they flew, but all the same he was more drawn towards them than he had ever been by any creatures before. He did not envy them in the least, how could it occur to him even to wish to be such a marvel of beauty; he would have been thankful if only the ducks would have tolerated him among them—the poor ugly creature!

The winter was so bitterly cold that the duckling was obliged to swim about in the water to keep it from freezing, but every night the hole in which he swam got smaller and smaller. Then it froze so hard that the surface ice cracked, and the duckling had to use his legs all the time, so that the ice should not close in round him; at last he was so weary that he could move no more, and he was frozen fast into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came along and saw him; he went out on to the ice and hammered a hole in it with his heavy wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. There it soon revived. The children wanted to play with it, but the duckling thought they were going to ill-use him, and rushed in his fright into the milk pan, and the milk spurted out all over the room. The woman shrieked and threw up her hands, then it flew into the butter cask, and down into the meal tub and out again. Just imagine what it looked like by this time! The woman screamed and tried to hit it with the tongs, and the children tumbled over one another in trying to

The Ugly Duckling.

catch it, and they screamed with laughter—by good luck the door stood open, and the duckling flew out among the bushes and the new fallen snow—and it lay there thoroughly exhausted.

But it would be too sad to mention all the privation and misery it had to go through during that hard winter. When the sun began to shine warmly again, the duckling was in the marsh, lying among the rushes; the larks were singing and the beautiful spring had come.

Then all at once it raised its wings and they flapped with much greater strength than before, and bore him off vigorously. Before he knew where he was, he found himself in a large garden where the apple trees were in full blossom, and the air was scented with lilacs, the long branches of which overhung the indented shores of the lake. Oh! the spring freshness was so delicious!

Just in front of him he saw three beautiful white swans advancing towards him from a thicket; with rustling feathers they swam lightly over the water. The duckling recognized the majestic birds, and he was overcome by a strange melancholy.

"I will fly to them the royal birds, and they will hack me to pieces, because I, who am so ugly, venture to approach them! But it won't matter; better be killed by them than be snapped at by the ducks, pecked by the hens, or spurned by the henwife, or suffer so much misery in the winter."

So he flew into the water and swam towards the stately swans; they saw him and darted towards him with ruffled feathers.

"Kill me, oh, kill me!" said the poor creature, and bowing his head towards the water he awaited his death. But what did he see reflected in the transparent water?

He saw below him his own image, but he was no longer a clumsy dark grey bird, ugly and ungainly, he was himself a swan! It does not matter in the least having been born in a duckyard, if only you come out of a swan's egg!

He felt quite glad of all the misery and tribulation he had gone through; he was the better able to appreciate

his good fortune now, and all the beauty which greeted him. The big swans swam round and round him, and stroked him with their bills.

Some little children came into the garden with corn and pieces of bread, which they threw into the water; and the smallest one cried out: "There is a new one!" The other children shouted with joy, "Yes, a new one has come!" And they clapped their hands and danced about, running after their father and mother. They threw the bread into the water, and one and all said that "the new one was the prettiest; he was so young and handsome." And the old swans bent their heads and did homage before him.

He felt quite shy, and hid his head under his wing; he did not know what to think; he was so very happy, but not at all proud; a good heart never becomes proud. He thought of how he had been pursued and scorned, and now he heard them all say that he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. The lilacs bent their boughs right down into the water before him, and the bright sun was warm and cheering, and he rustled his feathers and raised his slender neck aloft, saying with exultation in his heart: "I never dreamt of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling!"

All the children thought this a beautiful story, and even the Tiniest Baby of them all was happy and good. The Tiniest Baby had feet like little fat dumplings, no toes to be seen, and her cheeks were so jolly and fat that she was the pride of the whole kingdom.

"Tell *Me* a story," said the Tiniest Baby, and all the court laughed.

Then the Scotch fiddler, who had a sackful of babies and little ones at home himself, came forward and said he would tell a story, or rather that he would sing a song to the Tiniest Baby, the song of the *Bonny Little Drummer Boy*.

Bonny Little Drummer Boy

"Bonnie Little Drummer Boy, will you marry me,
With a rub-tub-tub and a beating of the drum?"
"Ay," says he, "I will marry thee,
If you'll buy me a *iacket* to put on."

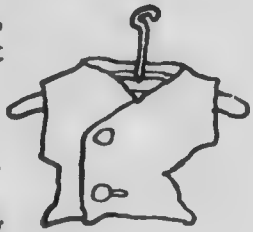
Bonny Little Drummer Boy

So she went down, down, down, down,
Down, down to the bottom of the town,
One foot up and one foot
down
To buy him a *jacket* to
put on.

"Bonnie Little Drummer
Boy, will you marry me,
With a rub-tub-tub and a
beating of the drum?"
"Ay," says he, "I will
marry thee,
If you'll buy me a *waistcoat* to put on."

Bonny Little Drummer Boy

So she went down, down, down, down,
Down, down to the bottom of the town,
One foot up and one foot down,
To buy him a *waistcoat* to put on.



"Bonnie Little Drummer Boy,
will you marry me,
With a rub-tub-tub and a beating of the drum?"

"Ay," says he, "I will marry thee,
If you'll buy me *trousers* to put on."
So she went down, down, down, down,
Down, down to the bottom of the town,
One foot up and one foot down,
To buy him *trousers* to put on.

Bonny Little Drummer Boy

"Bonnie Little Drummer Boy, will you marry me,
With a rub-tub-tub and a beating of the drum?"
"Ay," says he, "I will marry thee,
If you'll buy me *stockings* to put on."
So she went down, down, down, down,
Down, down to the bottom of the town,
One foot up and one foot down,
To buy him *stockings* to put on.

"Bonnie Little Drummer Boy, will you marry me,
With a rub-tub-tub and a beating of the drum?"
"Ay," says he, "I will marry thee,
If you'll buy me *booties* to put on."
So she went down, down, down, down,
Down, down to the bottom of the town,
One foot up and one foot down,
To buy him *booties* to put on.

"Bonnie Little Drummer Boy, will you marry me,
With a rub-tub-tub and a beating of the drum?"
"No," says he, "I cannot marry thee,
For I've got a wife and six children at home."

Old King Cole

"These little tales for children," said Old King Cole, "are as merry as any of the others, and I wish that we ould hear another such. How now, Sir Danish Butterman, can you not tell us yet another tale from your country?"

"Yes," said the Danish Butterman, "I can tell you the tale of *The Tinder Box*."

The Tinder Box

A SOLDIER came marching along the high road. One, two! One, two! He had his knapsack on his back and his sword at his side, for he had been to the wars and he was on his way home now. He met an old witch on the road, she was so ugly, her lower lip hung right down on to her chin.

She said, "Good evening, soldier! What a nice sword you've got, and such a big knapsack; you are a real soldier! You shall have as much money as ever you like!"

"Thank you kindly, you old witch!" said the soldier.

"Do you see that big tree?" said the witch, pointing to a tree close by. "It is hollow inside! Climb up to the top and you will see a hole into which you can let yourself down, right down under the tree! I will tie a rope round

your waist so that I can haul you up again when you call!"

"What am I to do down under the tree?" asked the soldier.

"Fetch money!" said the witch. "You must know that when you get down to the bottom of the tree you will find yourself in a wide passage; it's quite light there, for there are over a hundred blazing lamps. You will see three doors which you can open, for the keys are there. If you go into the first room you will see a big box in the middle of the floor. A dog is sitting on the top of it, and he has eyes as big as saucers, but you needn't mind that. I will give you my blue checked apron, which you can spread out on the floor; then go quickly forward, take up the dog and put him on my apron, open the box and take out as much money as ever you like. It is all copper, but if you like silver better, go into the next room. There you will find a dog with eyes as big as millstones; but never mind that, put him on my apron and take the money. If you prefer gold you can have it too, and as much as you can carry, if you go into the third room. But the dog sitting on that box has eyes each as big as the Round Tower. He *is* a dog, indeed, as you may imagine! But don't let it trouble you; you only have to put him on to my apron and then he won't hurt you, and you can take as much gold out of the box as you like!"

"That's not so bad!" said the soldier. "But what am I to give you, old witch? For you'll want something, I'll be bound."

"No," said the witch, "not a single penny do I want; I only want you to bring me an old tinder-box that my grandmother forgot the last time she was down there!"

"Well! tie the rope round my waist!" said the soldier.

"Here it is," said the witch, "and here is my blue-checked apron."

Then the soldier climbed up the tree, let himself slide

down the hollow trunk, and found himself, as the witch had said, in the wide passage where the many hundred lamps were burning.

Now he opened the first door. Ugh! There sat the dog with eyes as big as saucers staring at him.

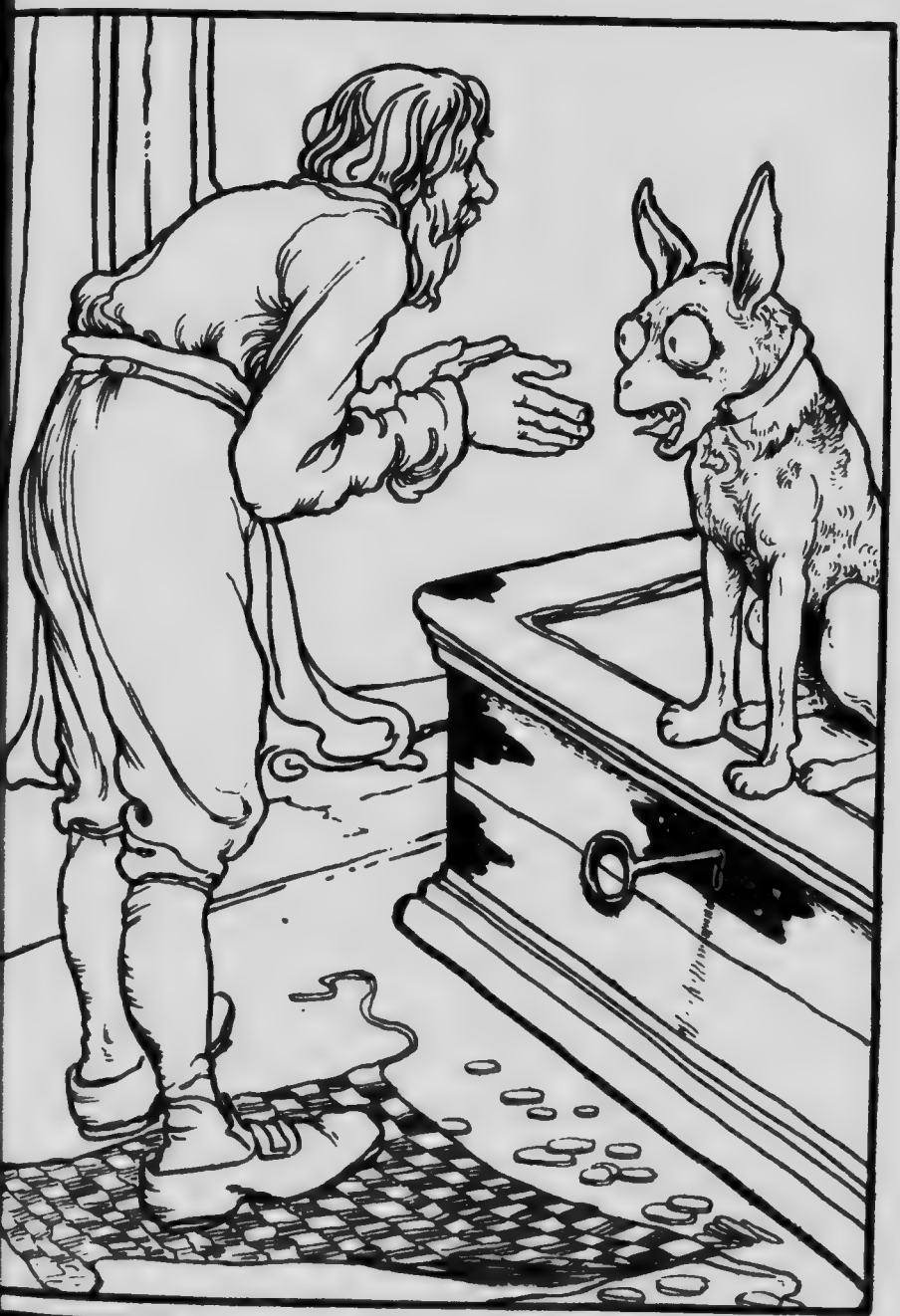
"You are a nice fellow!" said the soldier, as he put him on to the witch's apron, and took out as many pennies as he could cram into his pockets. Then he shut the box, and put the dog on the top of it again, and went into the next room. Hallo! there sat the dog with eyes as big as millstones.

"You shouldn't stare at me so hard; you might get a pain in your eyes!" Then he put the dog on the apron, but when he saw all the silver in the box he threw away all the coppers and stuffed his pockets and his knapsack with silver. Then he went on into the third room. Oh! how horrible! that dog really had two eyes as big as the Round Tower, and they rolled round and round like wheels.

"Good evening!" said the soldier, saluting, for he had never seen such a dog in his life; but after looking at him for a bit he thought "that will do," and then he lifted him down on to the apron and opened the chest. Preserve us! What a lot of gold! He could buy the whole of Copenhagen with it, and all the sugar pigs from the cake-women, all the tin soldiers, whips and rocking-horses in the world! That was money indeed! Now the soldier threw away all the silver he had filled his pockets and his knapsack with, and put gold in its place. Yes, he crammed all his pockets, his knapsack, his cap and his boots so full that he could hardly walk! Now, he really had got a lot of money. He put the dog back on to the box, shut the door, and shouted up through the tree, "Haul me up, you old witch!"

"Have you got the tinder box?"

"Oh! to be sure!" said the soldier. "I ... quite forgotten it." And he went back to fetch it. The witch hauled him up, and there he was standing on



OU'RE A PRETTY FELLOW
AID THE SOLDIER."

the high road again with his pockets, boots, knapsack and cap full of gold.

"What do you want the tinder box for?" asked the soldier.

"That's no business of yours," said the witch. "You've got the money; give me the tinder box!"

"Rubbish!" said the soldier. "Tell me directly what you want with it, or I will draw my sword and cut off your head."

"I won't!" said the witch.

Then the soldier cut off her head; there she lay! But he tied all the money up in her apron, slung it on his back like a pack, put the tinder box in his pocket, and marched off to the town.

It was a beautiful town, and he went straight to the finest hotel, ordered the grandest rooms and all the food he liked best, because he was a rich man now that he had so much money.

Certainly the servant who had to clean his boots thought they were very funny old things for such a rich gentleman but he had not had time yet to buy any new ones; the next day he bought new boots and fine clothes. The soldier now became a fine gentleman, and the people told him all about the grand things in the town, and about their king, and what a lovely princess his daughter was.

"Where is she to be seen?" asked the soldier.

"You can't see her at all!" they all said; "she lives in a great copper castle surrounded with walls and towers. Nobody but the king dare go in and out, for it has been prophesied that she will marry a common soldier, and the king doesn't like that!"

I should like to see her well enough!" thought the soldier. But there was no way of getting leave for that.

He now led a very merry life; went to theatres, drove about in the King's Park, and gave away a lot of money to poor people, which was very nice of him; for he remembered how disagreeable it used to be not to have a penny in his pocket. Now he was rich, wore fine clothes,

and had a great many friends, who all said what a nice fellow he was—a thorough gentleman—and he liked to be told that.

But as he went on spending money every day and his store was never renewed, he at last found himself with only two pence left. Then he was obliged to move out of his fine rooms. He had to take a tiny little attic up under the roof, clean his own boots, and mend them himself with a darning needle. None of his friends went to see him, because there were far too many stairs.

One dark evening when he had not even enough money to buy a candle with, he suddenly remembered that there was a little bit in the old tinder box he had brought out of the hollow tree, when the witch helped him down. He got out the tinder box with the candle end in it and struck fire, but as the sparks flew out from the flint the door burst open and the dog with eyes as big as saucers, which he had seen down under the tree, stood before him and said, "What does my lord command?"

"By heaven!" said the soldier, "this is a nice kind of tinder box, if I can get whatever I want like this! Get me some money," he said to the dog, and away it went.

It was back in a twinkling with a big bag full of pennies in his mouth.

Now the soldier saw what a treasure he had in the tinder box. If he struck once, the dog which sat on the box of copper came; if he struck twice, the dog on the silver box came, and if he struck three times, the one from the box of gold.

He now moved down to the grand rooms and got his fine clothes again, and then all his friends knew him once more and liked him as much as ever.

Then he suddenly began to think. After all it's a curious thing that no man can get a sight of the princess! Everyone says she is so beautiful! But what is the good of that, when she always has to be shut up in that big copper palace with all the towers. Can I not somehow manage to see her? Where is my tinder box? Then he

struck the flint, and, whisk, came the dog with eyes as big as saucers.

"It certainly is the middle of the night," said the soldier, "but I am very anxious to see the princess, if only for a single moment."

The dog was out of the door in an instant, and before the soldier had time to think about it, he was back again with the princess. There she was fast asleep on the dog's back, and she was so lovely that anybody could see that she must be a real princess! The soldier could not help it, but he was obliged to kiss her, for he was a true soldier.

Then the dog ran back again with the princess, but in the morning when the king and queen were having breakfast, the princess said that she had had such a wonderful dream about a dog and a soldier. She had ridden on the dog's back, and the soldier had kissed her.

"That's a pretty tale," said the queen.

After this an old lady-in-waiting had to sit by her bed at night to see if this was really a dream, or what it could be.

The soldier longed so intensely to see the princess again that at night the dog came to fetch her. He took her up and ran off with her as fast as he could, but the old lady-in-waiting put on her galoshes and ran just as fast behind them; when she saw that they had disappeared into a large house, she thought "now I know where it is," and made a big cross with chalk on the gate. Then she went home and lay down, and presently the dog came back, too, with the princess. When he saw that there was a cross on the gate, he took a bit of chalk, too, and made crosses on all the gates in the town; now this was very clever of him, for the lady-in-waiting could not possibly find the gate when there were crosses on all the gates.

Early next morning the king, the queen, the lady-in-waiting, and all the court officials went to see where the princess had been.

"There it is," said the king, when he saw the first door with the cross on it.

"No, my dear husband, it is there," said the queen, who saw another door with a cross on it.

"But there is one, and there is another!" they all cried out.

They soon saw that it was hopeless to try and find it.

Now the queen was a very clever woman; she knew more than how to drive in a chariot. She took her big gold scissors and cut up a large piece of silk into small pieces, and made a pretty little bag, which she filled with fine grains of buckwheat. She then tied it on to the back of the princess, and when that was done she cut a little hole in the bag, so that the grains could drop out all the way wherever the princess went.

At night the dog came again, took the princess on his back, and ran off with her to the soldier, who was so fond of her that he longed to be a prince, so that he might have her for his wife.

The dog never noticed how the grain dropped out all along the road from the palace to the soldier's window where he ran up the wall with the princess.

In the morning the king and the queen easily saw where their daughter had been, and they seized the soldier and threw him into the dungeons.

There he lay! Oh, how dark and tiresome it was, and then one day they said to him, "To-morrow you are to be hanged." It was not amusing to be told that, especially as he had left his tinder box behind him at the hotel.

In the morning he could see through the bars in the little window that the people were hurrying out of the town to see him hanged. He heard the drums and saw the soldiers marching along. All the world was going; among them was a shoemaker's boy in his leather apron and slippers. He was in such a hurry that he lost one of his slippers, and it fell close under the soldier's window where he was peeping out through the bars.

"I say, you boy! Don't be in such a hurry," said the

soldier to him. "Nothing will happen till I get there! But if you will run to the house where I used to live, and fetch me my tinder box, you shall have a penny! You must put your best foot foremost!"

The boy was only too glad to have the penny, and tore off to get the tinder box, gave it to the soldier, and—yes, now we shall hear.

Outside the town a high scaffold had been raised, and the soldiers were drawn up round about it, as well as crowds of the townspeople. The king and the queen sat upon a beautiful throne exactly opposite the judge and all the councillors.

The soldier mounted the ladder, but when they were about to put the rope round his neck, he said that before undergoing his punishment a criminal was always allowed the gratification of a harmless wish, and he wanted very much to smoke a pipe, as it would be his last pipe in this world.

The king would not deny him this, so the soldier took out his tinder box and struck fire, once, twice, three times, and there were all the dogs. The one with eyes like saucers, the one with eyes like millstones, and the one whose eyes were as big as the Round Tower.

"Help me! Save me from being hanged!" cried the soldier.

And then the dogs rushed at the soldiers and the councillors; they took one by the legs, and another by the nose, and threw them up many fathoms into the air; and when they fell down, they were broken all to pieces.

"I won't!" cried the king, but the biggest dog took both him and the queen and threw them after all the others. Then the soldiers became alarmed, and the people shouted, "Oh! good soldier, you shall be our king and marry the beautiful princess!"

Then they conducted the soldier to the king's chariot, and all three dogs danced along in front of him and shouted "Hurrah!" The boys all put their fingers in their mouths and whistled, and the soldiers presented arms.

The princess came out of the copper palace and became queen, which pleased her very much. The wedding took place in a week, and the dogs all had seats at the table, where they sat staring with all their eyes.

"Have you no other tales to tell?" said Old King Cole, when the Danish Butterman had finished the tale of the Tinder Box.

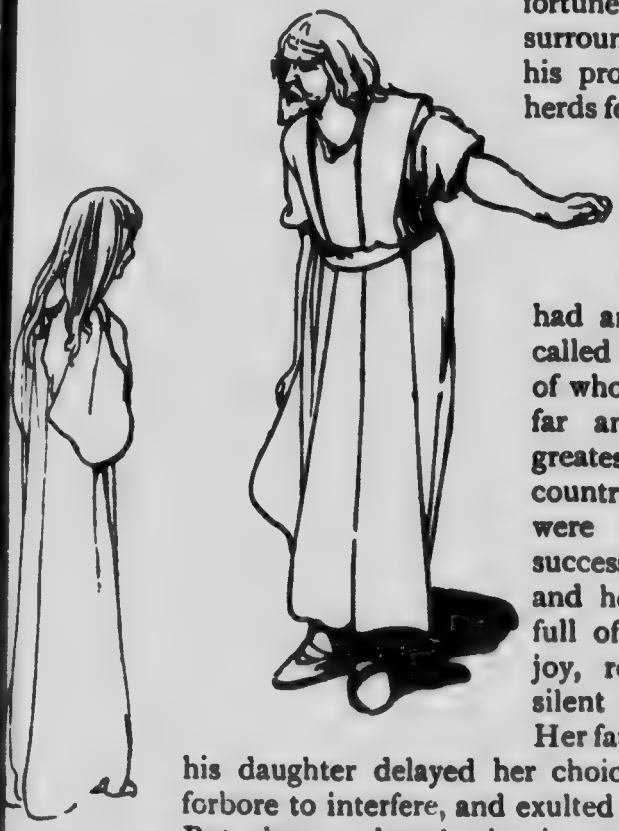
"Yes," said the Danish Butterman, "but I have a friend here, from Norway, who can tell a tale such as would please you for the ending is happy and the tale is a merry tale."

"Come now," said the king, "this is splendid. Another story teller with a new story to tell! Tell me, Sir Norseman, what is this tale of yours?"

"It is the tale, Sire," said the Norseman, "it is the tale of *The Dwarf's Banquet.*

The Dwarf's Banquet

"THERE lived in Norway, not far from the city of Drontheim, a powerful man, who was blessed with all the goods of fortune. A part of the surrounding country was his property; numerous herds fed on his pastures, and a great retinue and a crowd of servants adorned his mansion. He had an only daughter, called Aslog, the fame of whose beauty spread far and wide. The greatest men of the country sought her, but were all alike unsuccessful in their suit, and he who had come full of confidence and joy, rode away home silent and melancholy. Her father, who thought his daughter delayed her choice only to select, forbore to interfere, and exulted in her prudence. But when, at length, the richest and noblest had tried their fortune with as little success as the rest, he grew angry, and called his daughter, and said to her, "Hitherto I have left you to your free choice, but since I see that you reject all without any distinction, and the very best of your



suitors seem not good enough for you, I will keep measures no longer with you. What! shall my family be extinct, and my inheritance pass away into the hands of strangers? I will break your stubborn spirit. I give you now till the festival of the great Winter-night; make your choice by that time, or prepare to accept him whom I shall fix on."

Aslog loved a youth called Orm, handsome as he was brave and noble. She loved him with her whole soul, and she would sooner die than bestow her hand on another. But Orm was poor, and poverty compelled him to serve in the mansion of her father. Aslog's partiality for him was kept a secret; for her father's pride of power and wealth was such that he would never have given his consent to an union with so humble a man.

When Aslog saw the darkness of his countenance, and heard his angry words, she turned pale as death, for she knew his temper, and doubted not but that he would put his threats into execution. Without uttering a word in reply, she retired to her silent chamber, and thought deeply but in vain how to avert the dark storm that hung over her. The great festival approached nearer and nearer, and her anguish increased every day.

At last the lovers resolved on flight. "I know," says Orm, "a secure place where we may remain undiscovered until we find an opportunity of quitting the country." At night, when all were asleep, Orm led the trembling Aslog over the snow and ice-fields away to the mountains. The moon and the stars sparkling still brighter in the cold winter's night lighted them on their way. They had under their arms a few articles of dress and some skins of animals which were all they could carry. They ascended the mountains the whole night long till they reached a lonely spot inclosed with lofty rocks. Here Orm conducted the weary Aslog into a cave, the low and narrow entrance to which was hardly perceptible, but it soon enlarged to a great hall, reaching deep into the mountain. He kindled a fire, and they now, reposing on their skins, sat in the deepest solitude far away from all the world.

The Dwarf's Banquet

Orm was the first who had discovered this cave, which is shown to this very day, and as no one knew anything of

it, they were safe from the pursuit of Aslog's father. They passed the whole winter in this retirement. Orm used to

go a-hunting, and Aslog stayed at home in the cave, minded the fire, and prepared the necessary food. Frequently did she mount the points of the rocks, but her eyes wandered as far as they could reach only over glittering snow-fields.

The spring now came on—the woods were green—the meads put on their various colours, and Aslog could but rarely and with circumspection venture to leave the cave. One evening Orm came in with the intelligence that he had recognised her father's servants in the distance, and that he could hardly have been unobserved by them, whose eyes were as good as his own. "They will surround this place," continued he, "and never rest till they have found us; we must quit our retreat, then, without a moment's delay."

They accordingly descended on the other side of the mountain, and reached the strand, where they fortunately found a boat. Orm shoved off, and the boat drove into the open sea. They had escaped their pursuers, but they were now exposed to dangers of another kind: whither should they turn themselves? They could not venture to land, for Aslog's father was lord of the whole coast, and they would infallibly fall into his hands. Nothing then remained for them but to commit their bark to the wind and waves. They drove along the entire night. At break of day the coast had disappeared, and they saw nothing but the sky above, the sea beneath, and the waves that rose and fell. They had not brought one morsel of food with them, and thirst and hunger began now to torment them. Three days did they toss about in this state of misery, and Aslog, faint and exhausted, saw nothing but certain death before her.

At length, on the evening of the third day, they discovered an island of tolerable magnitude, and surrounded by a number of smaller ones. Orm immediately steered for it, but just as he came near it there suddenly rose a violent wind, and the sea rolled every moment higher and higher against him. He turned about with a view of ap-

proaching it on another side, but with no better success; his vessel, as oft as it approached the island, was driven back as if by an invisible power. "Lord God!" cried he, and blessed himself and looked on poor Aslog, who seemed to be dying of weakness before his eyes. But scarcely had the exclamation passed his lips when the storm ceased, the waves subsided, and the vessel came to the shore, without encountering any hindrance. Orm jumped out on the beach; some mussels that he found on the strand strengthened and revived the exhausted Aslog, so that she was soon able to leave the boat.

The island was overgrown with low dwarf shrubs, and seemed to be uninhabited; but when they had gotten about to the middle of it, they discovered a house reaching but a little above the ground, and appearing to be half under the surface of the earth. In the hope of meeting human beings and assistance, the wanderers approached it. They listened if they could hear any noise, but the most perfect silence reigned there. Orm at length opened the door, and with his companion walked in; but what was their surprise, to find everything regulated and arranged as if for inhabitants, yet not a single living creature visible. The fire was burning on the hearth, in the middle of the room, and a pot with fish hung on it apparently only waiting for someone to take it up and eat it. The beds were made ready to receive their wearied tenants. Orm and Aslog stood for some time dubious, and looked on with a certain degree of awe, but at last, overcome by hunger, they took up the food and ate. When they had satisfied their appetites, and still in the last beams of the setting sun, which now streamed over the island far and wide, discovered no human being, they gave way to weariness, and laid themselves in the beds to which they had been so long strangers.

They had expected to be awakened in the night by the owners of the house on their return home, but their expectation was not fulfilled; they slept undisturbed till the morning sun shone in upon them. No one appeared

on any of the following days, and it seemed as if some invisible power had made ready the house for their reception. They spent the whole summer in perfect happiness —they were, to be sure, solitary, yet they did not miss mankind. The wild birds' eggs, and the fish they caught yielded them provisions in abundance.

When autumn came, Aslog brought forth a son. In the midst of their joy at his appearance, they were surprised by a wonderful apparition. The door opened on a sudden, and an old woman stepped in. She had on her a handsome blue dress: there was something proud, but at the same time something strange and surprising in her appearance.

"Do not be afraid," said she, "at my unexpected appearance—I am the owner of this house, and I thank you for the clean and neat state in which you have kept it, and for the good order in which I find everything with you. I would willingly have come sooner, but I had no power to do so till this little heathen (pointing to the new-born babe) was come to the light. Now I have free access. Only fetch no priest from the main-land to christen it, or I must depart again. If you will in this matter comply with my wishes, you may not only continue to live here, but all the good that ever you can wish for I will do you. Whatever you take in hand shall prosper; good luck shall follow you wherever you go. But break this condition, and depend upon it that misfortune after misfortune will come on you, and even on this child will I avenge myself. If you want anything, or are in danger, you have only to pronounce my name three times and I will appear and lend you assistance. I am of the race of the old Giants, and my name is Guru. But beware of uttering in my presence the name of him whom no Giant may hear of, and never venture to make the sign of the cross, or to cut it on beam or board in the house. You may dwell in this house the whole year long, only be so good as to give it up to me on Yule evening, when the sun is at the lowest, as then we celebrate our great festival, and then only are we permitted to be merry. At least, if you should not be willing to go

out of the house, keep yourselves up in the loft as quiet as possible the whole day long, and as you value your lives do not look down into the room until midnight is past. After that you may take possession of everything again."

When the old woman had thus spoken she vanished, and Aslog and Orm, now at ease respecting their situation, lived without any disturbance contented and happy. Orm never made a cast of his net without getting a plentiful draught; he never shot an arrow from his bow that it was not sure to hit; in short, whatever they took in hand, were it ever so trifling, evidently prospered.

When Christmas came, they cleaned up the house in the best manner, set everything in order, kindled a fire on the hearth, and as the twilight approached, they went up to the loft, where they remained quite still and quiet. At length it grew dark; they thought they heard a sound of whizzing and snorting in the air, such as the swans use to make in the winter time. There was a hole in the roof over the fire-place which might be opened and shut either to let in the light from above, or to afford a free passage for the smoke. Orm lifted up the lid, which was covered with a skin, and put out his head. But what a wonderful sight then presented itself to his eyes! The little islands around were all lit up with countless blue lights, which moved about without ceasing, jumped up and down, then skipped down to the shore, assembled together, and came nearer and nearer to the large island where Orm and Aslog lived. At last they reached it, and arranged themselves in a circle around a large stone not far from the shore, and which Orm well knew. But what was his surprise, when he saw that the stone had now completely assumed the form of a man, though of a monstrous and gigantic one! He could clearly perceive that the little blue lights were borne by Dwarfs, whose pale clay-coloured faces, with their huge noses and red eyes, disfigured too by birds' bills and owls' eyes, were supported by misshapen bodies; and they tottered and wabbled about here and there, so that they

seemed to be at the same time merry and in pain. Suddenly, the circle opened; the little ones retired on each side, and Guru, who was now much enlarged and of as immense a size as the stone, advanced with gigantic steps. She threw both her arms round the stone image, which immediately began to receive life and motion. As soon as the first symptom of motion showed itself, the little ones began, with wonderful capers and grimaces, a song, or to speak more properly, a howl, with which the whole island resounded and seemed to tremble at the noise. Orm, quite terrified, drew in his head, and he and Aslog remained in the dark, so still, that they hardly ventured to draw their breath.

The procession moved on toward the house, as might be clearly perceived by the nearer approach of the shouting and crying. They were now all come in, and, light and active, the Dwarfs jumped about on the benches; and heavy and loud sounded at intervals the steps of the giants. Orm and his wife heard them covering the table, and the clattering of the plates, and the shouts of joy with which they celebrated their banquet. When it was over and it drew near to midnight, they began to dance to that ravishing fairy-air which charms the mind into such sweet confusion, and which some have heard in the rocky glens, and learned by listening to the underground musicians. As soon as Aslog caught the sound of this air, she felt an irresistible longing to see the dance. Nor was Orm able to keep her back. "Let me look," said she, "or my heart will burst." She took her child and placed herself at the extreme end of the loft, whence, without being observed, she could see all that passed. Long did she gaze, without taking off her eyes for an instant, on the dance, on the bold and wonderful springs of the little creatures who seemed to float in the air, and not so much as to touch the ground, while the ravishing melody of the elves filled her whole soul. The child meanwhile, which lay in her arms, grew sleepy and drew its breath heavily, and without ever thinking on the promise she had given the old woman, she made, as is usual, the

sign of the cross over the mouth of the child, and said "Christ bless you, my babe!"

The instant she had spoken the word there was raised a horrible piercing cry. The spirits tumbled heads over heels out at the door with terrible crushing and crowding, their lights went out, and in a few minutes the whole house was clear of them, and left desolate. Orm and Aslog frightened to death, hid themselves in the most retired nook in the house. They did not venture to stir till daybreak, and not till the sun shone through the hole in the roof down on the fire-place did they feel courage enough to descend from the loft.

The table remained still covered as the underground-people had left it; all their vessels, which were of silver, and manufactured in the most beautiful manner, were upon it. In the middle of the room, there stood upon the ground a huge copper vessel half full of sweet mead, and by the side of it, a drinking-horn of pure gold. In the corner lay against the wall a stringed instrument, not unlike a dulcimer, which, as people believe, the Giantesses used to play on. They gazed on what was before them, full of admiration, but without venturing to lay their hands on anything: but great and fearful was their amazement, when, on turning about, they saw sitting at the table an immense figure, which Orm instantly recognised as the Giant whom Guru had animated by her embrace. He was now a cold and hard stone. While they were standing gazing on it, Guru herself entered the room in her giant-form. She wept so bitterly, that her tears trickled down on the ground. It was long ere her sobbing permitted her to utter a single word: at last she spoke:—

"Great affliction have you brought on me, and henceforth I must weep while I live; yet as I know that you have not done this with evil intentions, I forgive you, though it were a trifle for me to crush the whole house like an egg-shell over your heads.

"Alas!" cried she, "my husband whom I love more than myself, there he sits, petrified for ever; never again will he

open his eyes! Three hundred years lived I with my father on the island of Kunnan, happy in the innocence of youth, as the fairest among the Giant-maidens. Mighty heroes sued for my hand; the sea around that island is still filled with the rocky fragments which they hurled against each other in their combats. Andfind won the victory, and I plighted myself to him. But ere I was married came the detestable Odin into the country, who overcame my father, and drove us all from the island. My father and sisters fled to the mountains, and since that time my eyes have beheld them no more. Andfind and I saved ourselves on this island, where we for a long time lived in peace and quiet, and thought it would never be interrupted. But destiny, which no one escapes, had determined it otherwise. Oluf came from Britain. They called him the Holy, and Andfind instantly found that his voyage would be inauspicious to the giants. When he heard how Oluf's ship rushed through the waves, he went down to the strand and blew the sea against him with all his strength. The waves swelled up like mountains. But Oluf was still more mighty than he; his ship flew unchecked through the billows like an arrow from a bow. He steered direct for our island. When the ship was so near that Andfind thought he could reach it with his hands he grasped at the forepart with his right hand, and was about to drag it down to the bottom, as he had often done with other ships. But Oluf, the terrible Oluf stepped forward, and crossing his hands over each other, he cried with a loud voice, 'Stand there as a stone, till the last day,' and in the same instant my unhappy husband became a mass of rock. The ship sailed on unimpeded, and ran direct against the mountain, which it cut through, and separated from the little island which lies out yonder.

"Ever since my happiness has been annihilated, and lonely and melancholy have I passed my life. On Yule-eve alone can petrified Giants receive back their life for the space of seven hours, if one of their race embraces them, and is at the same time, willing to sacrifice a hundred years

of their own life. But seldom does a Giant do that. I loved my husband too well not to bring him back cheerfully to life every time that I could do it, even at the highest price, and never would I reckon how often I had done it, that I might not know when the time came when I myself should share his fate, and at the moment that I threw my arms around him become one with him. But alas! even this comfort is taken from me; I can never more by any embrace awake him, since he has heard the name which I dare not utter; and never again will he see the light until the dawn of the last day shall bring it.

"I now go hence! You will never again behold me! All that is here in the house I give you! My dulcimer alone will I keep! But let no one venture to fix his habitation on the little islands that lie around here! There dwell the little underground ones whom you saw at the festival, and I will protect them as long as I live!"

With these words Guru vanished. The next spring Orm took the golden horn and the silver ware to Drontheim, where no one knew him. The value of these precious metals was so great, that he was able to purchase everything requisite for a wealthy man. He laded his ship with his purchases, and returned back to the island, where he spent many years in unalloyed happiness, and Aslog's father was soon reconciled to his wealthy son-in-law.

The stone image remained sitting in the house; no human power was able to move it. So hard was the stone, that hammer and axe flew in pieces without making the slightest impression upon it. The Giant sat there till a holy man came to the island, who with one single word removed him back to his former station, where he stands to this hour. The copper vessel, which the underground people left behind them, was preserved as a memorial upon the island, which bears the name of House Island to the present day.

"And now," said the old woman who lived in a Shoe, who as you all know was the wife of Old King Cole, "Now

it is time for me to catch all the little children and whack them all soundly and send them to bed. "Oh!" cried all the little children, and away they scurried and tried to hide themselves behind the courtiers, behind the ambassadors and behind the legs of Old King Cole.

"Not yet," said the little Princess, shaking her finger at her mother. "First let me tell a story."

"Yes," said Old King Cole, "Let the Princess tell a story."

So the Princess told them the story of *The Professor and the Wonderful Egg.*

The Professor and the Wonderful Egg

"It was the Great Auk that told me," said the Princess, "just as he told it to lots and lots of other children. I met him once on a mountain and asked the way. He was a nice old bird with such a kind face and he told me he fed on buttered eggs and marmalade."

"Buttered eggs!" said the German fiddler, and

"Marmalade!" said Old King Cole.

"Yes," said the Princess, "but once he ate something different and that is the story of which I am going to tell you. It was very sad for the Professor."

"Why was it sad for the Professor?" asked the German fiddler.

"Well," said the Princess, "perhaps it wasn't really sad because he deserved it. You see, he came late for breakfast. Now Mrs Professor, the Professor's wife, had many a time told him that if he did not have a care, something would happen. But still, day after day, it was the same old story, and everything began to go wrong. Till at last one day when the Professor came down, he found he had come too late—Mrs Professor had gone away for ever, in a rage."

"And didn't she leave any message behind her?" asked the German fiddler.

"Yes, there was a note," said the Princess, "and this is what it said—

"'Dear husband, this is the last and latest breakfast I shall ever prepare for you. Good-bye.'

"The Professor sighed as he read the note, but he was

not surprised. She had been a good wife to him in many ways, and he would miss her, but she had not enough

patience for a man of so great intellect as he. Wiping away a tear from his eye, he looked to see what had been

prepared for him. There was marmalade, there were scrambled eggs and that was all—no! horror! not all! His wife had taken the Great Auk's Egg, which he had found the other day, and had actually boiled it for breakfast. The Professor sank back in his chair with dismay and looked sadly at the egg.

"No one must know of this," he said, "it would ruin me. To think that a Great Auk's Egg, and so beautiful and rare a specimen of it, should have been cooked for breakfast!"

Still it was too late now—as usual—and he had to put up with it.

"Better finish it off as soon as possible," he said, and with a tap he broke the shell.

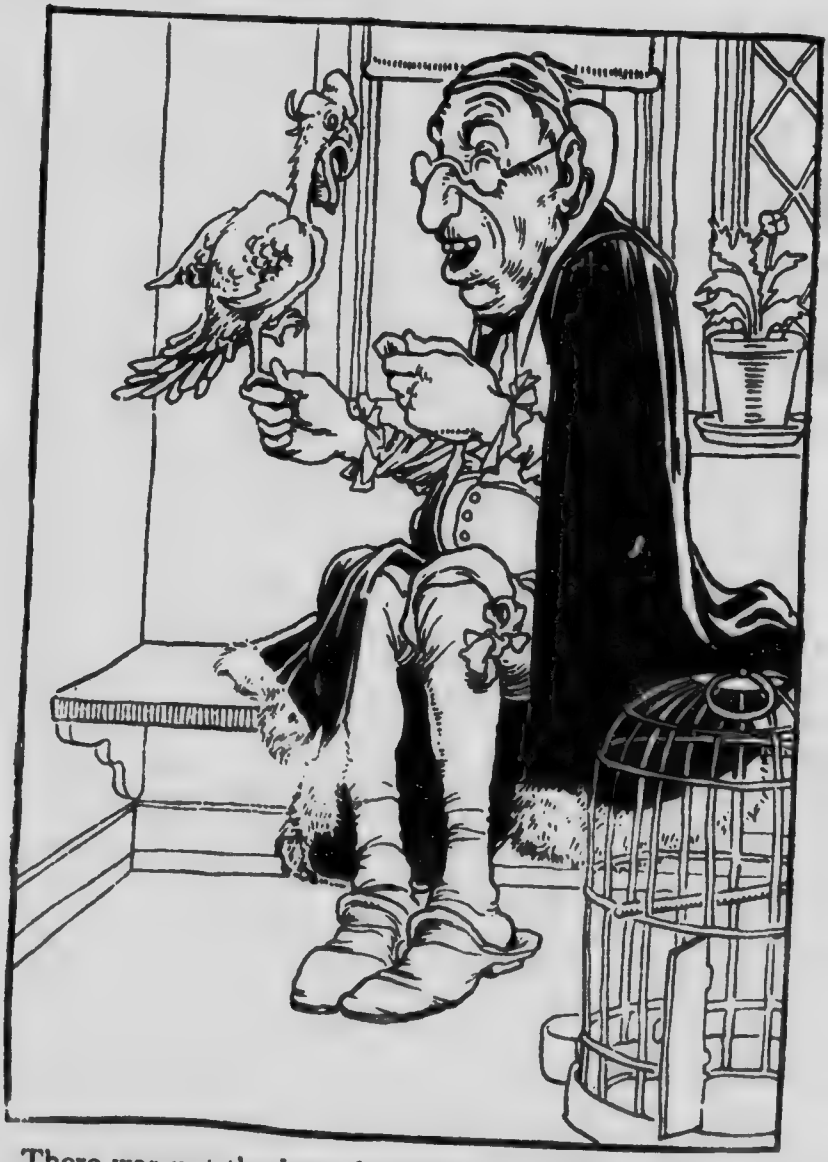
Worse and worse, the egg should never have been boiled at all, for out stepped a little Great Auk Chick, who coolly bowed to the Professor and said, "Thank you, my man." It was such a strange little bird to look at, that the Professor was quite as much pleased as frightened.

"A new specimen!" he cried, "what a discovery! I shall be famous now."

"Yes," said the little Great Auk Chick, "you will be famous, for I shall tell the story about you." And then without any further delay the strange little animal began to eat the Professor's breakfast, and in half a minute the marmalade and the scrambled eggs had disappeared down its throat for ever.

"Most extraordinary," said the Professor, and though he sadly missed his breakfast, he was more excited with the wonderful appearance of the bird than anything else. He began to examine the little Great Auk Chick more closely, so that he could report upon it to all the other professors in the world. But when he looked he started back with wonder. Perhaps it was the marmalade and perhaps it was the scrambled eggs. Anyhow, the little Great Auk Chick was growing visibly, and was by this time already the size of a full-grown hen. And it was still

growing. He turned his back, spun himself round three times and looked again.



There was not the least doubt about it. It was growing, growing, growing—and by this time was as big as a goose.

"What a pity my wife is away," said the Professor to

himself, "This would make a splendid dinner, even though it began by being only an egg for breakfast."

The little Great Auk Chick, who was gradually growing as big as a turkey, winked one eye slowly at this and solemnly raised its foot.

"You are rather hasty," it said to the Professor. "By dinner-time I may be bigger than you think."

"All the better," said the Professor, "all the more to eat."

If a bird could smile, you would have said that the little Great Auk Chick smiled at these words. And all the while it grew and grew and grew and grew till by the middle of the day it was as big as an ostrich.

And now, you say, it stopped growing, the Professor killed and ate it, and that is the end of the story.

Not at all, for if you can believe the story told me by the Great Auk itself, it was not the Professor who dined upon the little Great Auk Chick, but it was the little Great Auk Chick that dined on the Professor. By the afternoon it had a mouth as big as that of a rhinoceros. By dinner-time it was as big as a whale.

"Good-bye," said the little Great Auk Chick to the Professor.

"Good-bye," said the Professor who was trembling all over.

"Shall I give your love to your wife," said the little Great Auk Chick.

"Please, yes!" whispered the Professor with his heart in his mouth.

His heart was in his mouth, and in the next moment his whole body was in the mouth of the little Great Auk Chick. Down, down he went, till he thought the throat would never end. And that was the result of coming down late for breakfast."

"Ha, ha," laughed Old King Cole, who, to tell the truth sometimes came down late for breakfast himself, "a very true story and worthy of my daughter. What do you say, Mrs Cole?"

The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe took off her spectacles and rubbed them and smiled.

"I don't think," she said, "it is time just now to think of breakfast; it is time rather to go to bed, so Shoo! Shoo!" and off she went again chasing the children from

behind the courtiers, and from behind the ambassadors, and from behind the legs of Old King Cole.

Off they went helter-skelter, scampering here and scampering there till the whole court seemed a mass of scampering children. Then at last there began to be a

little quiet. Then at last the courtiers began to yawn and stretch themselves and slip off if they could to bed. Then at last the ambassadors bowed and said good-night to Old King Cole. And then at last Old King Cole went off to bed himself.

The court was empty—no, not quite. Jack was still there, the faithful ugly old dog who always came to listen when a story was being told. He sat back on his haunches thinking of all the tales that had been told, and he kept shaking his head at the thought of the little Great Auk Chick. At last a servant with bare legs came running in.

"Jack," cried the servant, "Jack, come away to your kennel."

Jack was unwilling to go, but dogs like little children must do what they are told, and the last I saw of Jack, was Jack being pulled away to his old kennel.

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